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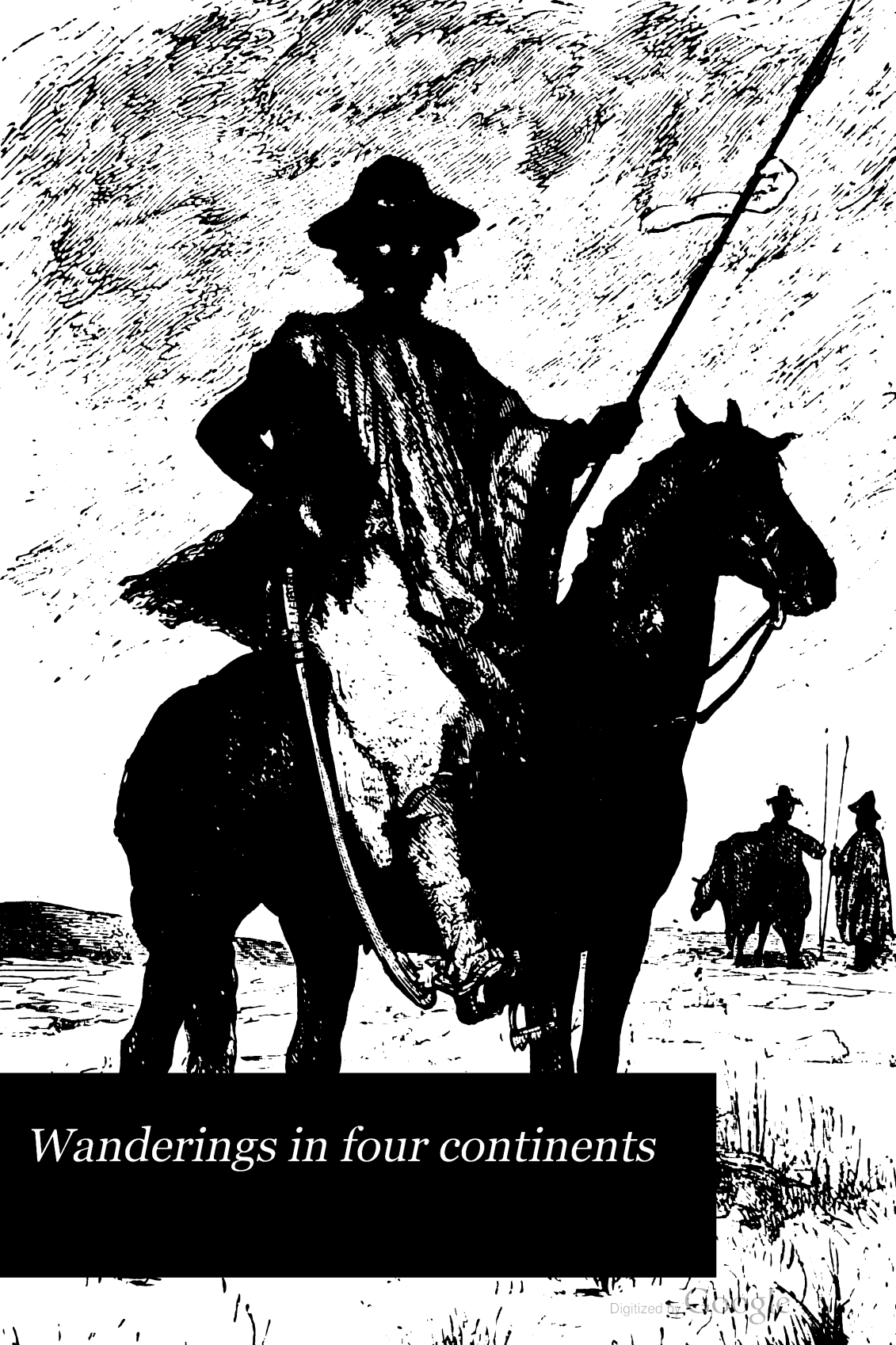

Wanderings in four continents

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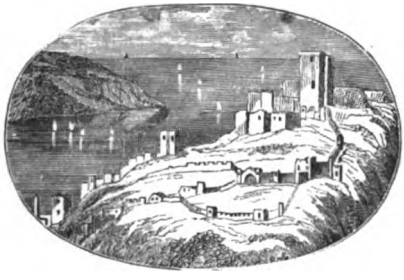

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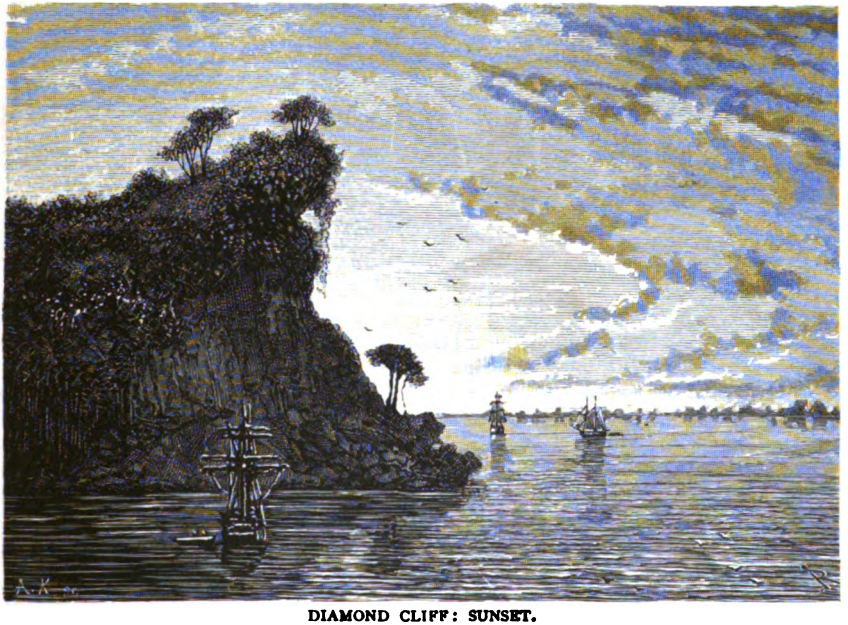
WANDERINGS IN FOUR CONTINENTS.

UP THE PARANA AND IN PARAGUAY.

TWO PARTS.—I.



DIAMOND CLIFF: SUNSET.

THE lot of the foreigner in Buenos Ayres during the rainy season is not an enviable one. The Englishman who finds himself in that city when the rain falls for weeks at a time becomes a victim to the spleen, the American to "the blues," the Frenchman to ennui. The houses, built with a view mainly to protection against the torrid heats of summer, are not adapted to shelter their inmates from the dampness of winter, which penetrates through doors that do not fasten and windows that do not fit as snugly as they should. The continual

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and monotonous drip of the rain, which ripples in streams or falls drop by drop on the pavement of the yards or of the street, is also highly depressing to the spirits when one is held an involuntary prisoner in the ground-floors of the houses, and must perforce listen to it for hours.

If, led by inclination or compelled by necessity, you go into the street, you find the space between the sidewalks transformed into a miniature river. In some of the streets the pavements are more than three feet high, and pedestrians walk on them as on the tow-path of a canal, passing from one side of the torrent to the other on small wooden crossings. The comfort that is derived elsewhere in inclement weather from fires may not be hoped for in Buenos Ayres, for the bed-rooms are rarely provided with fireplaces, and in cases where they do possess them the chimneys are liable to smoke dreadfully when the north-west wind sweeps over the city.

The natives, accustomed to these features of the rainy season in La Plata, look with indifference on the forlorn condition of the stranger within their gates, and the foreigner, thus left to struggle against the coalition of the elements with the thoughtless or selfish indifference of the native population, must resign himself with patience and resignation until the three months of watery affliction shall have passed away.

It was at a time when the reign of Pluvius was at its height, and Buenos Ayres daily wept blinding tears, as it were, from every roof and gable for its sins, that M. X——, the head of a commercial house in the city, put a most welcome question to one of the attachés of the establishment, M. Forgues, a Frenchman, who just then was suffering from the grievous burden of ennui.

"See here," he said: "I want somebody to go up into Paraguay to collect an outstanding debt. Are you the man for my purpose?"

M. Forgues readily accepted the commission, for as the head of the house spoke a vision passed through his mind of Paraguay with its old Jesuit missions, its mysterious and despotic dictators, and its legends of the terrible war waged by Lopez against Brazil, the Argentine Confederation and the Banda Oriental. And, moreover, the venture promised relief from the horrors of the rainy season in Buenos Ayres.

When Francisco Solano Lopez, late president of Paraguay, fell on the field on March 1, 1870, at the head of a few hundred followers, the survivors of that courageous army of sixty thousand men with which in 1865 he had begun his five years' struggle, he left behind him a devastated country, a decimated people and an impoverished population. It is to this land, almost remote enough from the pathway of our modern civilization to partake of the mystery of an unknown interior; where Nature has lavished her beauties with open hand; where a brilliant vegetation alternates with noble forests, solitudes that have rarely echoed the footfall of civilized man, and vast plains dotted with palms—a country of mountainous reaches in which the jaguar roams at will, of great lagoons, the home of a primitive race dwelling for the most part in villages,—to this land it is that we shall follow M. Forgues on his journey of more than a thousand miles, and see with his eyes its life and scenery.

From Buenos Ayres the traveler, issuing from the Rio de la Plata, ascends the Parana by steamer to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay; and on the morning after the conversation with his principal M. Forgues embarked on the Republica, a low-pressure steamboat furnished with a walking-beam, and similar in its architecture and equipments to the passenger steamers in use on the waters of the Northern and Middle States of the Union.

After steaming two hours the Republica reaches the vast delta of the Parana, skirting the Tigre Islands, a lovely group formed by the numerous winding mouths of the river. The month is August, and a charming effect is produced by the forests of palms, orange trees and wild peach trees, the latter rosy with blossoms, which cover the islands. The wild peach of the clingstone variety is almost the

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only fruit of the province of Buenos Ayres, and when the season for gathering it comes, a multitude of boats from the city may be seen moored in the high

DELTA OF THE PARANA.

grasses along the shores of the Tigre Islands, while the *barqueros* collect the peaches, which are free to whoever will pluck them, fill their boats and return to the capital to sell them.

The Republica ascends the river

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through the branch called the Parana de las Palmas, up which Sebastian Cabot sailed in 1525, when in a schooner of a hundred tons burden he penetrated to

TIGER ISLAND, MOUTH OF THE PARANA.

the heart of South America. It passes, to the left, a hamlet, Campana, the prominent feature of which is a handsome white building resembling a *palazzo* of Italy, and which, built on an elevation, dominates the other houses; Zarate, where are

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situated a number of *saladeros*, or salting-places for the salting of the hides of the province; and finally the mouth of the Baradero River, a small stream which leads to a village of the same name, the home of a prosperous colony of Swiss settlers.

Higher up, on the right shore, lies the drowsy old town of San Pedro, founded in the middle of the seventeenth century, and which is chiefly noticeable as having been at a standstill since that period, although within the past three or four years it has begun to show signs of development, one of which is a project to cut a ship-canal across a narrow reach of sand which separates the lagoon on which the town is built from the river, so as to give passage to Transatlantic vessels.

At San Pedro the steamer emerges from the Parana de las Palmas and enters the main channel of the river. A notable locality a few leagues above San Pedro is the Obligado, where the Parana becomes so narrow that the channel lies within pistol-shot of the right bank. The Obligado is interesting in an historical point of view as having been the scene in 1845 of a fierce engagement wherein the English and French fleets ran the gauntlet of the Argentine batteries there, which attempted to prevent their passage. One of the English vessels, under a withering fire, cut a chain that barred the channel. A humorous sequel to this brilliant feat of arms is this, that since that occurrence every French sailor, and especially every deserter from the French merchant marine who goes to La Plata, boasts that he "assisted" at the affair. He will narrate all the details in the most bombastic manner to any pecuniarily prosperous fellow-countryman who will listen to him, and will then close with a proposition that he and his compatriot shall "take something." The payment for the score naturally falls to the lot of the listener or victim, and hence has arisen a saying among Frenchmen in La Plata: "Distrust the gentleman who was at the combat of the Obligado."

Twenty-four hours after leaving Buenos Ayres the steamer stops at Rosario, having previously passed the town of San Nicolas de los Arragos, with its ten thousand inhabitants, its picturesque cathedral flanked with a white tower on either side, its progressive tramways or horse-cars, and its reputation for furnishing an excellent article of hides, the province being celebrated for the quality of its cattle.

Rosario is the second port of the confederation. It stands a short distance away from the river on a barranca or cliff. Passengers on landing are conveyed in horse-cars to the town, which is laid out in handsome streets and built up with charming and comfortable houses. The barn-like church, of the "horrible Jesuit style," as M. Forgues calls it (the heavy style of architecture common to nearly all the church edifices of South America), is very ugly, and as to the "faithful *élégantes*" who worshiped in it, our traveler did not deem them as handsome as their sisters of Buenos Ayres. Much of Rosario's increasing prosperity is owing to the railroad which connects it with the interior town of Cordova to the west. This road also extends down the Parana to a point about half-way to Buenos Ayres. When completed to the latter city and to its western terminus, which will be at no distant day, Buenos Ayres, on the Atlantic, will be connected with Valparaiso, in Chili, on the Pacific. There is also a line of English steamers which ply directly between Rosario and the English ports.

At Rosario the Republica takes on passengers, coal and freight, and resumes her voyage. Above the city, the cliffs, increasing in height, attain an altitude of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. They are composed entirely of a hard brown earth having the appearance of pulverized chocolate; and the river, rushing between them, assumes a dirty, brownish hue for many miles. In their shadow, as the steamer passes, lie a Brazilian gunboat and two monitors of the same nationality: one of the latter is deeply dented in places where she was struck by Paraguayan cannon-balls.

About twelve hours' distance from Rosario the Diamante, or Diamond Cliff, is reached. Here the cliffs that line the left

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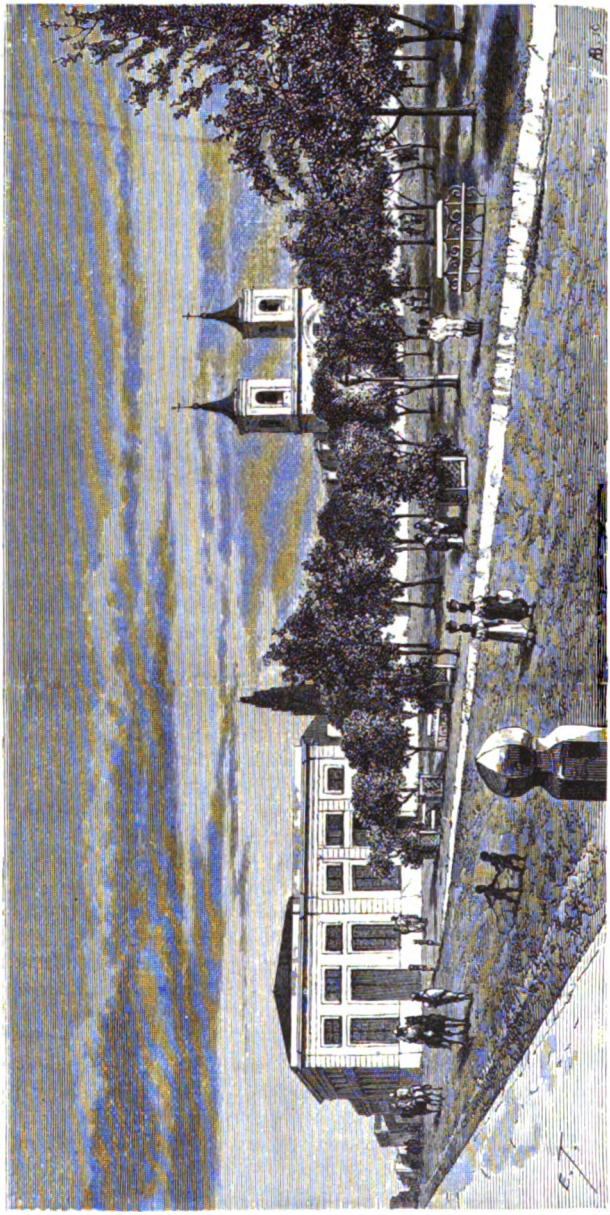
bank culminate. They are especially interesting to the geologist because of their extraordinary richness in fossils of various kinds. Fragments of the megatherium and of the glyptodon have been found there, but the most important discovery of all was a very complete skeleton of the former animal — the most complete in existence, in fact — which now adorns the museum at Buenos Ayres. The village of Diamante, with a population of five or six hundred souls, is situated near by. Twenty hours later the Republica arrives at Parana, a handsome city, formerly the capital of the confederation. The removal of the seat of government to Buenos Ayres was a great blow to the prosperity of the old capital. Once the diplomatic corps had their residences there. The climate of the place is delicious, and under its balmy influence the orange tree flourishes in the open air and bears fruit of exquisite flavor. The country around Parana is very picturesque, and the town itself, though since it has ceased to be the Argentine capital it presents an appearance of emptiness, is very gay. Among its attractions are a theatre and a fine public square adorned with shade trees. The community has musical tastes, and nearly every second house contains a piano



PUBLIC SQUARE IN PARANA.

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A BLANCO INSURGENT.

—a fact of which the stranger strolling through the place is kept constantly aware. Many of the streets are paved and macadamized.

Parana is the chief city of the province of Entre Rios, the people of which are possessed of a fierce spirit of independence, and, like the Basques of Spain, claiming the right to administer their domestic affairs in their own way, they are often in insurrection against the central government at Buenos Ayres, which

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resorts to force to check their "separatist" tendencies. Within four years two or three efforts at revolution have been made on the part of the people of Entre Rios under Lopez Jordan, their principal leader, General Mitre, and others. One year previous to the journey we are now describing our traveler had gone from Buenos Ayres to Parana on business. In consequence of a municipal election having gone in favor of the government candidates by a majority of thirty votes, a fresh insurrection had just broken out in the city, and when M. Forgues reached his destination he found the national troops in possession of Parana, which was closely besieged by the Blancos or "Whites," as the insurgents were called from their trappings, to distinguish them from the Colorados or "Reds," which was the name given to the Buenos Ayres party. On the occasion of this visit he had need to seek the insurgent camp in furtherance of his mission, which was to obtain possession of eight thousand hides that were within the insurgents' lines. He returned to Parana, after successfully conducting the negotiations, with a sketch of one of the mounted Blancos, a picturesque, stately fellow, with the proud bearing of a brigand, having enormous spurs on his heels, a white band around his hat, and armed with a lance and a long cavalry sword.

A SALADERO ON THE PARANA.

Immediately opposite Parana, on the other side of the river, which in this part is very wide, is the city of Santa Fé, the point of export for all the region occupied by the foreign agricultural colonies of the confederation—to wit, the Swiss, Piedmontese, Germans and Belgians. The chief industry in which these colonists are engaged is the cultivation of wheat, of which enormous quantities are raised and converted into flour on the spot, as there are several steam flour-mills in the district. The flour is shipped from Santa Fé and sold in Rosario or Buenos Ayres. These colonists number about thirteen thousand. Santa Fé is a remarkably indolent town—the

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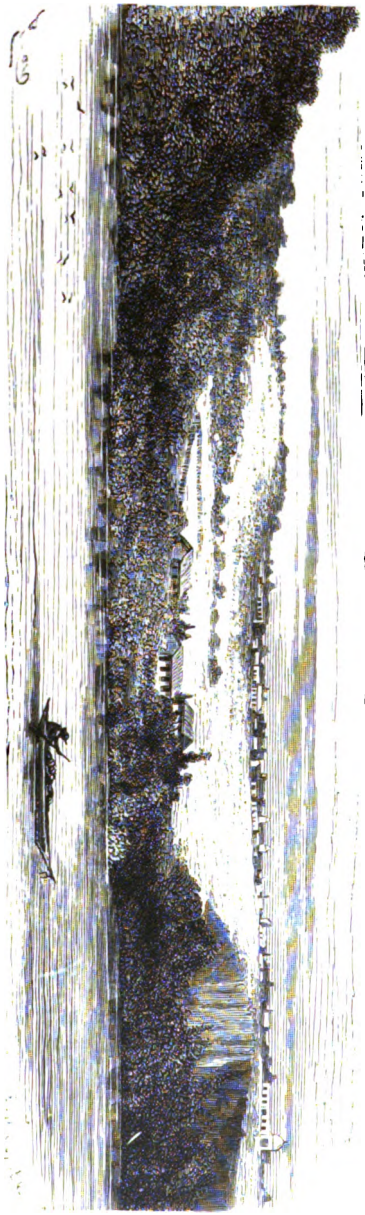
most indolent in the world, says M. Forgues. Its chief features are its great plaza, its church and the palace of the governor of Gran Chaco. Back of the country occupied by the colonists begins the land of the Chaco Indians. They enjoy the reputation of being savages, but as an example of the delicate line of demarkation in La Plata between the extreme of civilization and the extreme of savage life our traveler relates that riding thirty leagues to visit a tribe of wild Indians, he found the chief with a *poncho* of Manchester manufacture on his shoulders, a pair of gaiters from Latour, Rue Montorgueil, Paris, on his feet, and a hospitable glass of Hamburg gin in his hand.

Leaving Parana, the steamer passes, at a short distance above the city, the *saladero* of Messrs. Carbo y Carril, a picturesque spot situated on a cliff. From this point a fine view is obtained of Parana in the distance, stretching along its high barranca, with its white houses and belfries in bold relief against the blue sky, and borrowing from the elevation on which it stands a delusively majestic aspect.

As the Republica ascends the river the cliffs continue to be the prevailing feature of the shore-scenery. A Brazilian passenger steamer, one of a line of steamers which ply between Cuyaba in the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso and Montevideo, is met descending the stream. This line, established by the government of Brazil to maintain communication between its central South American possessions and the large cities of the coast, receives an imperial subsidy of nine thousand francs a month. A *saladero* is passed, and then a village. The river is thick with trees with twisted roots and short branches, floating downward to the ocean. Then the appearance of the banks changes: the cliffs gradually slope to a level with the river, and vegetation begins to line the shore, first in the shape of bushes, next of undergrowth, and finally of lofty forest trees,



VIEW OF PARANA FROM THE RIVER.

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some of them dead, and with a wall of tangled foliage overhead.

Passing Esquína, a hamlet at the mouth of the Rio Corrientes, vast volumes of smoke rising behind the trees on the right bank proclaim that the Indians of Gran Chaco are "burning a forest in order to roast a quarter of venison." Here the steamer's course lies among islands covered partly with undergrowth and partly with forests. In the shadow of the tall trees on one of the most lovely of these islands is seen from the deck a quaint, barefooted company consisting of two men, a woman and three small children, who have just stepped ashore from two boats made from the hollowed-out trunks of trees. Two dogs accompany them. The adults of the party are clothed in rags. These people are *monteros*, and are members of a tribe of gypsies who haunt the islands of the Parana. They live a life of lordly independence, subsisting as best they can, sleeping when fatigued wherever they may be when drowsiness overtakes them, eating whatever comes to hand, drinking the water of the river in the absence of anything stronger, and keeping themselves warm by firing a forest from time to time. At the moment the Republica hurries past they are preparing their evening meal, the material for which, a *carpincho*, a sort of aquatic hog, lies at their feet. The chief of the gypsy party stares at the steamer with bewildered eyes, and at the noise made by the paddles a great terror seizes on a colony of monkeys in the branches of the trees.

The town of La Goya, with a population of five thousand, is the next place of importance reached. A few miles above this point is a famous *saladero*, that of El Rincon de los Sotos (the "Fool's Corner"), which belongs to a fellow-countryman of M. Forgues, and which, after the *saladero* of Baron Liebig in Uruguay, is the most extensive in the valley of the Rio de la Plata. Here are slaughtered as many as fifteen hundred head of cattle a day. Nor far distant from it is the landing-place for the animals, a pretty spot which M. Forgues sketched *en passant*.

The Republica is approaching Corrientes, the last of the Argentine towns on the left bank of the Parana, and situated eighteen miles below the point at which the Paraguay unites with that stream. Now alligators appear, stretched lazily on the sand and basking in the sun, with their ugly black bodies resembling logs partly submerged. The river assumes a new aspect, widening into great sheets of water dotted with flat islands lying far apart, and in its lake-like proportions justifying the Guaranian meaning of its name—"like the sea." So far-reaching indeed are these expanses of water that when a brisk south-east wind rises large vessels in them roll and pitch as in the open bay. The belfries of Corrientes will loom before the eyes of the company on the Republica at ten o'clock the next morning, and in the mean time, and until the sun shall rise, the steamer is moored before a small island. In that balmy and odorous night myriads of insects cloistered in the leafy shades fill the air with murmurs and drowsy noises. Behind the dark foliage a swarm of fireflies illumines the gloom, until to the looker-on in the river the depths of the solitary island take to themselves the fantastic guise of a great city far away, with its gaslights twinkling merrily.

At Corrientes the Parana abruptly diverges to the east, marking the northern boundary of Argentine territory, and separating the latter from Paraguay. From the river the port presents a spectacle of groups of rocks of some beauty, and of palms and orange-trees growing close to the water's edge. Beyond the foliage are seen the belfries of several churches built after the prevailing fashion. Among them is visible also a handsome turret of Moorish architecture, which rears itself aloft with a charming effect. This building is the cabildo, or court-house, and dates from 1812. Near by is seen a white memorial pillar, built on the site of the cross that the first Spanish settlers planted in 1588. The population of Corrientes is about twenty thousand. From the country around are procured the best oranges grown in the confederation, and the city is the mart for the woods from the Para-

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GYPSIES OF THE ISLANDS IN THE PARANA.

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guayan, Chaco and Corrientes forests which are exported for manfacturing purposes.

The elbow formed by the junction of the Parana and the Paraguay is called by the natives *Las Tres Bocas*, or "The Three Mouths." From 1812 to 1865, under the rule of the dictators, this avenue of approach to Paraguay remained closed. But the fortunes of the last war opened it permanently, and the Republica quietly steams into the great water-highway that leads to Asuncion through the passes of the Cerrito. At the mouth of the river is the island of Cerrito, formerly the Paraguayan Gibraltar, and now the Gibraltar of the Brazilians, who maintain there a garrison and an arsenal for the equipment of their navy.

After passing the Cerrito the Paraguay winds in its course and becomes narrow—the width not exceeding twelve hundred feet—and of greater depth than the Parana. Hereabout and above are spots made memorable by the obstinate defence of the late President Lopez and the brave endurance of his people. On the right are the famous batteries of Curupaiti, where Lopez with thirty thousand Paraguayans and one hundred and fifty cannon resisted for eight months the attempts of the united Brazilian and Argentine forces to turn him out. But at last the condition of affairs became critical, and on a dark night he silently abandoned Curupaiti with his army, leaving his fires burning, wooden images of men on the ramparts, logs in the embrasures in lieu of cannon, and decamped to occupy a similar intrenched position at Humaita, six leagues above, where for five months longer he checked the advance of the allies. So adroitly was this change of position effected that the Brazilian commander was unaware of the abandonment of the place until four days after its desertion. To-day at Humaita a ruined belfry casts its melancholy shadow on the long-contested field of battle.

Leaving Humaita behind, the mouth of the Vermejo, a stream which tinges the Paraguay with the hue of its clay-colored waters, is reached and passed: then Villa del Pilar, a forlorn hamlet, where a few dejected inhabitants crouch in the shade of shattered houses. Next a magnificent forest of palms appears. In front the yellow sand of the shore is covered with alligators, which lie about in groups. From the boat M. Forgues fires at these, and a little later he tries his skill on a jaguar, which, however, with a fierce growl, scampers off, and is lost to sight in the mazes of the high grass beyond. These localities and Villa Oliva, which is next passed, are all on the left bank, the opposite side of the river being peopled only by the wandering Indians of Gran Chaco. A short distance above is the small and once prosperous town of Villeta, whence are shipped in season boatloads of oranges, but which at present is a mass of ruins that bear ample testimony to the excellent aim of the Brazilian gunners.

Just before a turn in the river reveals the presence of Asuncion the Republica steams by the Cerro de Lambare, a cone-shaped hill about three hundred and twenty feet high, covered with so dense a growth of bushes that no one has ever succeeded in climbing to its summit. The river-channel in its length between this elevation and Asuncion still contains remains of the obstructions which Lopez placed there to check the progress of the Brazilian fleet and protect the city. As the steamer rounds the bend the Paraguayan capital comes in sight. A prominent and historical object in the medley of houses is the high tower of Lopez's château, dominating the rest of the city, and now gilded with the rays of the setting sun. A portion of its top is missing, a shell having carried it away during the war. Two discharges of cannon from the deck of the Republica announce the arrival, and in due time the steamer, which draws too much water to approach the quay, is anchored two hundred yards from the shore, having happily concluded her voyage of a thousand miles, which has consumed nearly seven days.

The view from deck is a most picturesque one. In a little while a flotilla of small boats, headed by the armed tender of the port-captain, puts out from the

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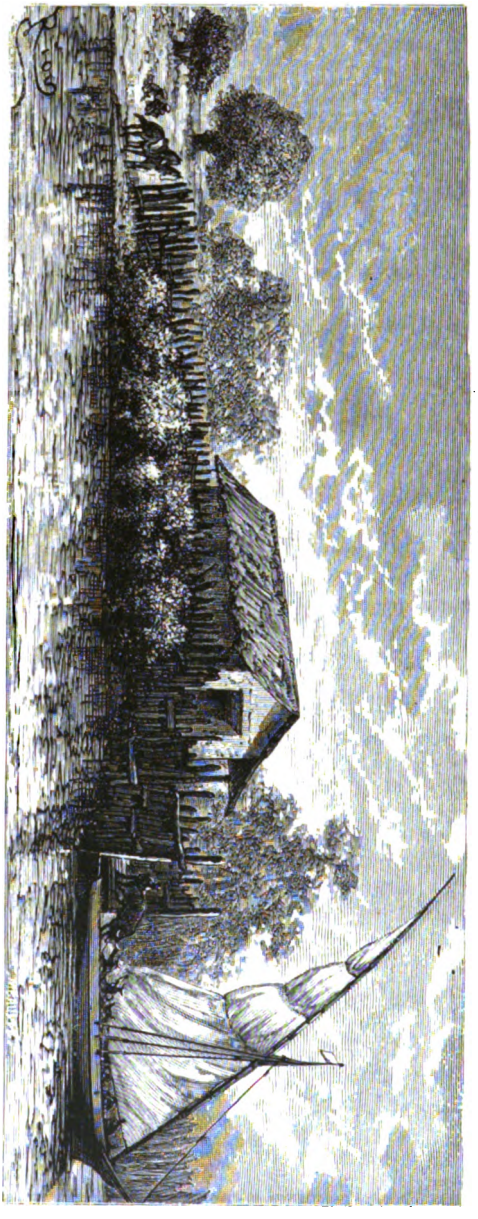
quay and swarms around the steamer. Some of the boats contain citizens who are expecting the arrival of friends, and in others are hucksters, who jabber and gesticulate in frantic recommendation of their fruits and small wares. Immediately in front is the custom-house with its colonnade of white pillars, resembling a cloister. To the left Lopez's palace rears its shattered tower, and on the right hand is the arsenal, which serves as the barracks for the three or four thousand troops composing the Brazilian army of occupation. Near it is the horse-car station, connected by the street-cars with the station of the Asuncion and Paraguari railroad, a line about twenty-five leagues in length. Carts drawn by horses move slowly to and fro on the quay. Here and there along the shore, with the look of skeletons about them, are frames of unfinished ships: one of them is an iron vessel which was in process of construction, under the orders of Lopez, at the breaking out of the war in 1865. The Brazilian conquerors have left these vessels in the condition in which they found them.

When the war supervened, Asuncion and all Paraguay, under the despotic but intelligent sway of Lopez, were moving rapidly in the path of progress. In fact, twelve years ago no country in La Plata was blessed with so flourishing and perfected a system of industry as Paraguay. But the war came, waged by the allies expressly to destroy for ever the dictatorial authority wielded by Lopez; Paraguay was invaded and overrun; and the fierce and destructive character of the contest has left shattered walls in the capital, and in the interior the blackened ruins of ranchos. These traces of the terrible conflict give a melancholy aspect to the city, and its future is further shadowed by the hopelessness of the people, who seem to have no heart to repair the damage done to the houses.



LANDING-PLACE FOR CATTLE, PARANA RIVER.

In coming to Asuncion, M. Forgues

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had taken on himself a commission far more troublesome than that of collecting the money due to the commercial house with which he was connected; and this was to deliver into the hands of the French *chargé d'affaires* at Buenos Ayres, the comte A. de C——, who happened to be at the time in Asuncion, the despatch-bag of the legation, which had been consigned to his care by the French consul in the former city. Behold, then, our traveler, as, accompanied by the captain of the Republica, he sets foot on the quay, intent on relieving himself of his precious valise, the possession of which is doubly embarrassing because of its very preciousness. He has a hope that he may meet the *chargé* at the Progreso Club, whither he is going, but whether he is to be met or not, he does not dare to leave behind him the valise, which to him is a veritable Old Man of the Sea. Night has fallen when they leave the steamer. The dark, sandy streets are badly graded, and he stumbles repeatedly on the uneven brick pavements which line them, at every step anathematizing the valise, which is far from being a light burden. The club-house was the residence of Lopez before the allied armies occupied the city. From its seclusion he went forth to meet his death at Cerro Cora. In the

THE HILL OF LAMBARE.

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parlor is a large mirror with gilded mouldings, and the dining-room walls are hung with painted paper representing in vivid colors, and with much gilding and silvering, scenes from French history, in which musqueteers, courtiers and the cardinal de Richelieu figure. A large and notable company is present, among them many high civil functionaries, but the *chargé d'affaires* is not there. In the billiard-room the honorable minister of finance plays a game with the honorable minister of the interior. They are both of unpretending manners, polite and affable, and during the pauses of the game they call for and drink their beer in true democratic fashion. M. Forgues learns that his *chargé* lives two leagues out of town, and, hugging his exasperating valise—which, we may here remark, was delivered safely to the *chargé* next day—he returns in company with the captain to the steamer, where, seated on the deck, he listens with horror to the stories told by a citizen of divers murders committed in the town and vicinity, one of the victims, a French pioneer, having been slain lately at his *quinta*, or small farm, just on the other side of the river, by the fierce Indians of Gran Chaco, whose camp-fires, about six miles distant, even while they are conversing, light up one-fourth of the horizon in that direction.

M. Forgues, introduced to General Vedia, who commands the Argentine forces in Paraguay, is invited by that officer to go with him to Villa Occidental, a town situated a few miles above Asuncion on the river, and capital of the new province of Gran Chaco, claimed by the Argentine Confederation. He accepts. The voyage is made in a small Argentine gunboat, with its guard of thirty Argentine soldiers dressed in gray linen, with green facings to their coats, and armed with Minié rifles. This detachment is on its way to Villa Occidental to relieve the guard at that place, which has been on duty for eight days protecting the infant capital of Gran Chaco against the incursions of the Indians of the province. Around them are grouped a number of Paraguayan women, clad in the costume of the country—a chemise and a white rebozo—which gives them a certain statuesque appearance. The general and M. Forgues are received with military honors at Villa Occidental by the commandant of the place and his garrison of three soldiers. A walk of ten minutes brings them to the spot, a short distance out of the village, where twenty years ago was established a colony of Frenchmen who had been sent out from France by the late President Lopez at the time of the dictatorship of Carlos Antonio Lopez, his father. The elder Lopez, it appears, desired agriculturists from France, and the younger Lopez, who was then in that country, despatched to him two or three hundred boot-blacks, organ-grinders, street vagabonds, etc. whom he had collected on the quays of Bordeaux and in the suburbs of Paris. Carlos Antonio was at first grieved to see the class of immigrants that had been forwarded as tillers of the soil, but he became furious when he discovered that his unwelcome colonists had brought with them certain dangerous ideas of liberty which threatened to excite a mutinous spirit among his docile Paraguayans. He therefore assembled them at a spot near Villa Occidental, and placed them under the control of the governor of the province of Gran Chaco, in spite of the protests of the French consul. Here they were treated with the utmost cruelty. They were bastinadoed and otherwise punished for the most trivial offences. Many died under these inflictions. Of the few survivors some endeavored to escape through the forests of Gran Chaco to Bolivia and Peru. Three were caught, brought back and tortured, while the others, of whom no tidings were ever received afterward, probably perished of hunger or were killed by the Indians or jaguars. All that now remains of this ill-starred enterprise is a few half-decayed palm-tree posts symmetrically planted in the ground on the site of the unfortunate colony of New Bordeaux.

Villa Occidental is at present merely a village of eight hundred or one thousand inhabitants. Its greatness, if it is ever to be great, lies in the future. General Vedia.

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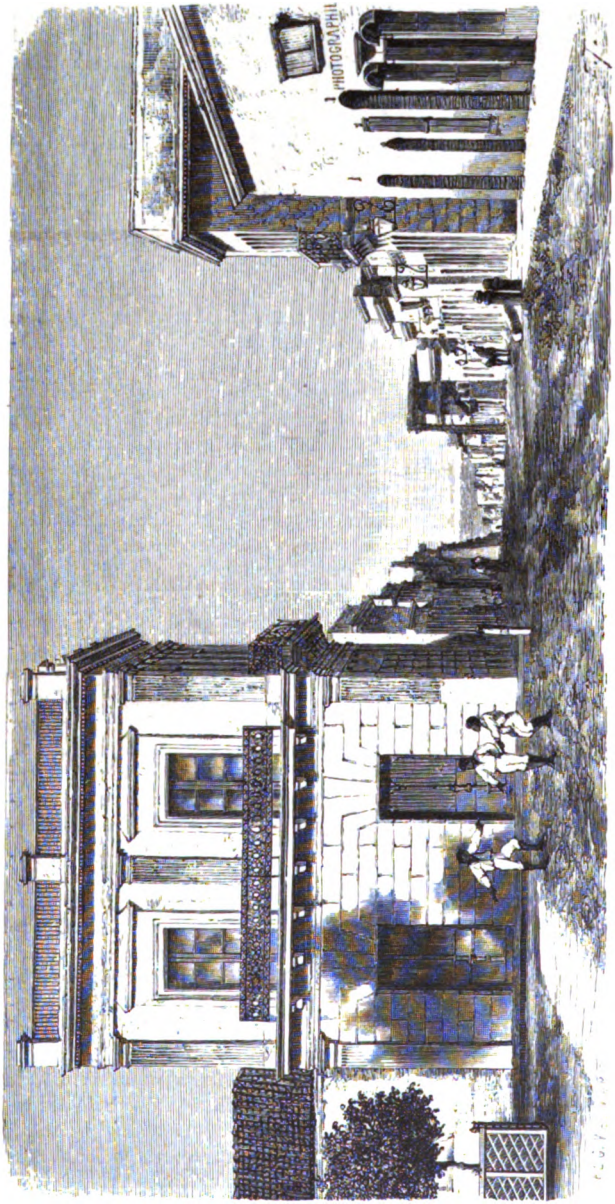
having ample room at his command for a metropolitan experiment, has laid it out in long avenues seventy-five feet wide, with a view to its future magnificence when it shall have become the outlet of the northern regions of the Argentine Confederation and the emporium of the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso.



A STREET IN ASUNCION.

At Villa Occidental, M. Forgues meets a fellow-countryman, who belongs to the class of adventurers who flourish in the wake of great wars. His name is Auriguau, and he was once a soldier in the Franco-Spanish free corps which fought against Lopez in the campaign of 1870. His head is filled with sublime ideas, and his pocket is empty. He has come to Villa Occidental to propose to General Vedia the formation of a military corps, of which he shall be chief, composed of his old companions-in-arms, to serve against the Indians of Gran Chaco. He explains his plan with much enthusiasm, and then begs our traveler to present him with his gun, his revolver, his money, his hat, and even his boots.

M. Forgues is of course General Vedia's guest for the night. As he is about to dismiss the soldier who has conducted him to his chamber, which is on the ground-floor of the house, an unexpected visitor

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glides into the room through the open door. This visitor is a snake three feet long. The soldier kills him, turns him on his back, and calmly remarks that he is one of the most dangerous specimens of his kind in the neighborhood. M. Forgues's curiosity is aroused. "Are there many like this in the houses here?" he asks. "Sometimes yes, sometimes no," replies the soldier philosophically, retiring from the presence. M. Forgues goes to sleep to dream of a snake for a bedfellow, and to be bitten by mosquitoes of a peculiarly virulent kind through the cords of his hammock.

At early dawn our traveler is up and his toilet is made. Before the door silently file the women of the colony on their way to the bank of the river. Each bears on her head a large jug of red clay ornamented with fanciful designs, the clay resembling that of which the bowl of an Arab's pipe is made. When these jugs are empty the women carry them in a pretty way inclining to one side, as the French soldier wears his *képi*. This gives to their walk an air of ease and nonchalance that is extremely graceful. They are draped after a charming fashion in a piece of white cotton called the rebozo, which is scrupulously clean, and they walk one behind the other in bare feet and with elastic step. Their garment consists of

AN EARLY LESSON IN SMOKING.

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a white cotton chemise embroidered around the neck and at the top of the sleeves with black worsted. It is cut very low in the neck, leaving a part of the breast bare, and descends to a point below the knee. A cotton cord tied around the waist keeps the chemise to the figure, and serves as girdle and corset at the same time. The space between the top of the chemise and the belt is used as a receptacle for cigars, money, and generally for all the small objects that elsewhere people carry in their pockets. The rebozo is worn over the head and shoulders, with the ends thrown back over the left shoulder. As they thus pass in single file, the customary mode of walking with the Guaranian women, nothing can be more coquettish than the pose of the jugs on their heads. They resemble an ancient bas-relief. Some of them have admirable figures, and nearly all have fine teeth. Though the type of the race is not a handsome one, owing to the high check-bones and square chin, many individuals are pretty. Their large dark eyes are shaded with heavy eyebrows, and their hair is as black as the crow's wing, but very coarse, notwithstanding the constant attention which its owners devote to it. Add to this, and spoiling all, an immense cigar in each mouth, for the Paraguayan women all smoke incessantly. Even children of tender years smoke, and the only ones exempt from the habit are babes at the breast. Indeed, M. Forgues remembers to have seen a Guaranian mother, with her little one straddling her hip, endeavoring to quiet the child's cries by placing between its lips the half-chewed end of her cigar. Among the women of this class marriages are rare. Their principal characteristics are attachment to the companions whom they have chosen, a scrupulous cleanliness, great reserve in speaking, superstition, industry and intelligence.

The general awakes. Horses are brought bridled and saddled for a ride, and the two set out in the direction of the mouth of the Rio Confuso, about five miles distant from the village. The road crosses a vast plain shaded here and there with a few palms of small growth. After half an hour's ride they reach a saw-mill, the property of an eccentric Italian named Perucchino, who had served in his time as an officer of the Italian volunteers of Montevideo under Garibaldi, at the period of the latter's residence in South America. Perucchino receives them with *evvivas*, gestures, and with even more than the usual demonstrations of the Italian character, and invites them into his house, before which are planted three cannon mounted on a large piece of timber. His bed-room is an arsenal, supplied with enough old muskets, veterans of the war of independence, rusty swords and pikes, to arm fifteen men. He loves noise, and in proof thereof, after killing two chickens for breakfast with two separate discharges of a dangerous-looking double-barreled rifle—dangerous to him who fires it—he announces that the meal is ready with a discharge of one of the cannon at the door—a noisy proclamation which causes M. Forgues to jump in his seat. The breakfast, consisting of chicken and corn and rice omelettes, washed down with heavy Spanish wine, disappears as if by magic under the eager appetites of the guests. Perucchino has been dwelling in this solitude of Gran Chaco for three years with his wife, a Spanish woman. With two fellow-countrymen to assist him, he has worked indefatigably, and at the time of this visit his considerable property has greatly improved. In two years more, when his fields of corn, tobacco and sugar-cane shall begin to yield a return, the ex-beggar of Montevideo will be in the enjoyment of a yearly income of fifteen thousand francs.

At noon M. Forgues and the general return to Villa Occidental under a burning sun, and in the evening they embark for Asuncion on the gunboat, accompanied by the relieved garrison of thirty men. M. Forgues regretfully leaves this little colony, so peaceful and verdurous. As he is about to embark some one runs after him and overtakes him. It is Auriguau, who asks him for his traveling-bag and his pipe, and takes possession,

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without asking, of his tobacco, promising him in return a present of an entire museum of curiosities, among which are enumerated tiger robes, dried butterflies

ROAD TO TRINIDAD.

and some enormous snakes, and in addition a complete collection of all the woods of Gran Chaco, the total approximate value of which is about forty thousand francs.

The return journey is along the Chaco

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side of the Paraguay. Here and there on the sandbanks amid which the boat threads its way are sunk two or three hulls of vessels covered with a rich growth of vegetation. They represent so many incipient islands. It is amusing to observe the soldiers and their wives busily employed in extinguishing the burning cinders and sparks—small beginnings of conflagrations—which have been deposited in their hair and on their clothing and bundles from the wood-fed furnaces of the gunboat.

The scenery in the vicinity of Asuncion is very fine, and possesses a special feature of its own with the dark shadows of the trees falling on a reddish-yellow sand. Immense avenues lead out in a straight line from the city. They are from seventy to eighty feet wide, but the sand is so deep in them and in the streets that men and horses sink in it above the ankle. Since the war the people have had very few horses, and have been compelled to import them; and it very often happens that newly-arrived saddle and draught horses die from exhaustion consequent on their efforts to gallop in the streets and country roads. One of the most charming of these avenues leads to the church of the Trinidad in the outskirts of the town.

Sugar-cane grows to perfection in this part of Paraguay, but as the methods employed in the manufacture of sugar are of the most rudimentary kind, resulting in the loss of eighty per cent. of the juice the cane contains, and as the sugar is made chiefly by private individuals for their own use, and rarely reaches the market, this industry, which should be a great source of revenue to the country, languishes. The sugar used in Asuncion comes from Europe and Brazil. The cost of machinery probably has been the obstacle to the establishment of a sugar-house of sufficient importance to supply the people with all the sugar of home manufacture they may require. The cane when cut is ground between three large cylinders made of a hard wood—a process which, instead of extracting the juice from the cane, leaves two-thirds of it in the half-crushed stalk. The portion thus expressed flows through a sort of wooden trench into pails, which are emptied as fast as they become full into a large vat, under which a fire is constantly kept burning. In this receptacle it is boiled for a considerable time, but owing to the carelessness of those in charge of the vat about a third of it is spilled on the ground. What is left is reduced to a kind of sugary molasses, to which is given the name of "honey." Some of the cane-growers distill with rude alembics a sort of sweet liquor from the cane-juice, which is called *caña*. Another distillation is from the juice of oranges, and is called *caña de naranja*. In the manufacture of the latter birds of various kinds—ducks, paroquets, young chickens, etc.—are sometimes placed in the liquor to be distilled, and the curious mixture that results is known as *caña de substancia*, and is much affected by gourmets.

Life in Asuncion is remarkably monotonous. It is a long course of *maté*-drinking varied with meals, the inevitable siesta and cigars. The *maté* is the popular beverage of the country, as it is of nearly the whole of South America. It is a tea of less fragrance but more strength than the Chinese product, and is made of the *yerba*, the leaf of the Paraguayan holly, which grows in immense profusion in the Cordillera of Caaguazu in the interior. The Paraguayan women are active and industrious, but the men elevate the *far niente* into an institution. The people rise early to enjoy the freshness of the morning, but at noon they make up for their loss of sleep by indulging in a three hours' siesta in the heat of the day. A singular fact, however, regarding the climate is, that at Buenos Ayres, where the temperature is a third less heated than in Asuncion, the heat is more overpowering than in the latter city, and that one perspires far less in Asuncion than in the Argentine capital.

While in Asuncion, M. Forgues attended a Te Deum which was sung at the cathedral to celebrate the anniversary of the proclamation of Brazilian independence, and a ball given by the Brazilian general in the house that was formerly

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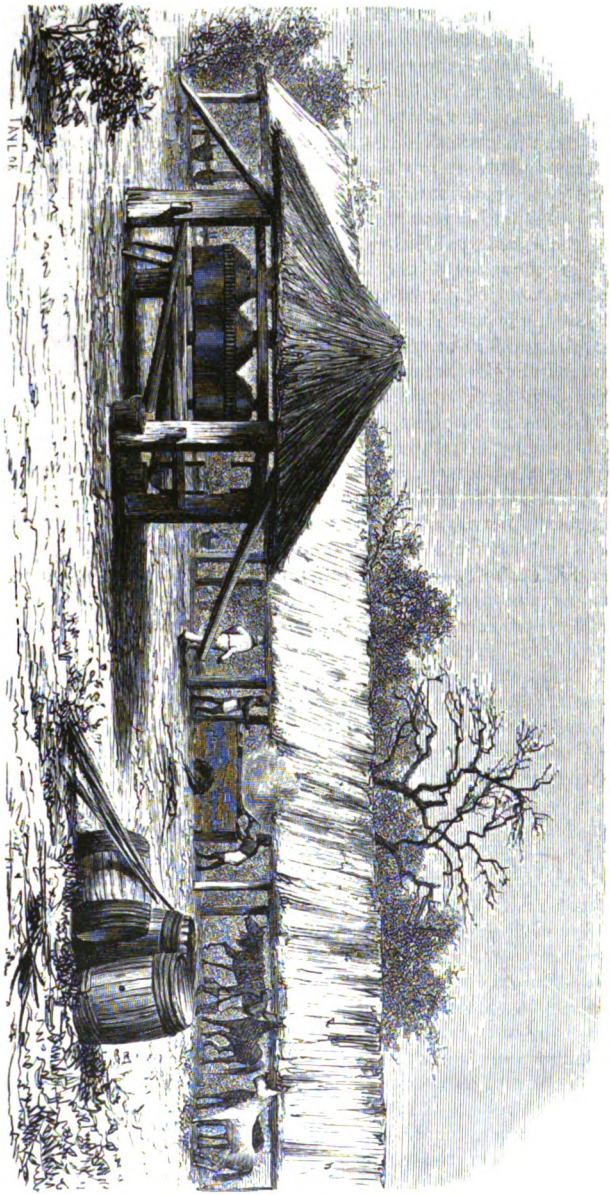
the residence of the somewhat famous Madame Lynch, a star of the Parisian demi-monde whom the late President Lopez had brought with him from Paris and installed in Asuncion as his favorite. Each of these events was interesting in its way — the former as showing how completely Brazilian supremacy shadows Paraguayan authority even in the very capital of Paraguay, and the latter as offering our traveler a glimpse of Paraguayan "high life" under its most favorable auspices.



A SUGAR-HOUSE.

The cathedral is one of the masterpieces of M. Forgues's *bête noire*, the Jesuit style of architecture. On the occasion of the Te Deum the altar is brilliant with light. Silver plates cover it, as they do all its accessories. Behind it is a carved wainscoting painted red and green and gilded profusely, while in a niche is a small effigy of the Blessed Virgin. At the beginning of the service a curtain rises to the sound of music and exposes this niche to view. The Brazilian minister, M. d'Azambuja, is the "marquis of Carabas" of Asuncion, and hence, as the representative of the nation that conquered Paraguay, he enjoys his privileges, one of which, apparently, is to keep the ceremony waiting for half an hour, while the president of the republic, his cabinet

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ministers, the foreign representatives and the officers of the army of occupation who are present twiddle their thumbs, the Paraguayan officials showing in their faces their sense of the Brazilian's want of respect. Finally the minister arrives in a coach-and-four. The vehicle is of the hackney-coach variety. The horses stop in the thick sand in the middle of the street, unable or unwilling to go farther, and the coachman in gold-lace livery jumps from his seat and opens the door of the coach, exhibiting as he does so, in consequence of the inopportune displacement of his coat-tails, a very undiplomatic spectacle in the way of soiled stockings. The minister, however, makes amends for the lackey's shortcomings, for he is brilliantly attired in white cassimere breeches and a marquis's coat with embroidery, while a three-cornered chapeau with white plumes adorns his head. As he descends from his carriage the guard presents arms, and a horrible noise ensues of two brass bands—one military and one marine—playing different tunes on every separate instrument in the hands of the performers, while the discharge of petards mingles with military commands. Amid all this tumult and under a broiling sun the Brazilian minister makes a majestic entrance into the cathedral, passing solemnly through the line of authorities to the place of honor.

The celebration of Brazil's independence opens with a salvo of petards at the door, after which follows a medley of trombones, flutes, triangles and big drums, the whole dominated by an exasperating tenor voice. With the exception of the president of the republic, his cabinet, who wear scarfs of the Paraguayan colors—blue, white and red—and the officiating priests, there is not a Paraguayan in the church. Lovers of noise and of the excitement of festivals though they be, the people thus protest mutely against a ceremony that exalts their conquerors and recalls their own powerless condition.

The ball given by the Brazilian general was, as before stated, at the house once occupied by Madame Lynch—Madame Elisa, as they call her in Paraguay—where that functionary resided. The best society of the capital, composed exclusively of the families of the higher officials, attended, and what was curious was that most of the women present in their ball-room attire, three years before, owing to the exigencies of war, had little more than a brief garment wherewith to protect themselves from the inclemencies of the weather. The dancing goes on in the parlor of the establishment and under the verandah which surrounds the courtyard. At the first glance, the parlor in its adornments presents the appearance of a *salon* of the Faubourg St. Germain, with silken hangings vivid in color on the walls, gilded stucco-work on the ceiling, and a brilliant carpet under foot. But on closer inspection all these splendors are seen to be merely a stage-decoration, for the effects—with the exception of the carpet—have been produced by some skillful wandering artist with his paint-brush and an adequate supply of gold-leaf. The illusion, however, is complete for a few minutes. The women—among whom are some handsome representatives of Paraguayan beauty—have wonderfully graceful manners. Their complexions are dark, their eyes large and black, and their hair of the color of ebony. The *décolleté* style prevails in the cut of the dresses, which are made simply, and generally present the combination of white and black. The dances are those of Europe, and as the women dance a smile parts their lips.

This is the bright side of the picture of the feminine element at the ball. The reverse of the medal is not so satisfactory, for at the door of entrance, seated on chairs or standing along the wall, are collected groups of old women with wrinkled faces and coarse gray hair negligently tucked on the tops of their heads with combs. These elders, rolled up, rather than wrapped, in shawls of various sombre hues, and who look on listlessly as if in a daze, are the mothers of the smiling dancers. It is dreadful, however, to observe their proceedings when refreshments are handed round, for suddenly a singular agitation is observable among them, their long thin arms shoot

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from under their tightly-drawn shawls, they rush for the refreshments as they are carried past them, and swallow the liquids while stowing away supplemental cakes under their wrappings. Casting his eyes toward the centre of the room, where the young beauties are separating at the close of the dance, the observer notices that several of them are directing their steps away from the parlor to their retiring room. They have departed to smoke at their ease.

Reference has been made to the scantiness of the attire of the Paraguayan women at one period of the war. Some terrible facts are related in connection with this matter, showing the horrible desperation and sternness with which Lopez conducted his military operations, bringing untold woe on his own people in his savage resolve to retard at any cost the advance of the army of invasion. When the allies captured Humaita, Lopez, retreating, decided to convert the country lying in the enemy's front into a desert. He issued a proclamation ordering the entire population living south of Asuncion to retire with all their animals toward the interior, and to follow him into the cordillera, eighty leagues to the east of the city. This order applied to all classes without exception, the families of high dignitaries, ministers and superior officers being included as well as the humbler sort. The result was a terrified hegira of the people *en masse*, while behind them the Paraguayan rearguard destroyed houses and whatever could afford shelter or subsistence to the enemy, leaving only bare fields where once had flourished prosperous estancias and peaceful villages. Terrible scenes ensued. Twenty-four hours' notice only was given to the people to leave their homes. Delinquents and laggards were sabred mercilessly or killed with lance-thrusts. This mode of massacre was preferred, as it was a saving of valuable powder and shot. Women and children were slaughtered in this way, as well as infirm old men. No provision had been made to feed the famishing multitude that sought the cordillera, and thousands of the homeless wretches died of starvation and exposure in the mountains, where all that the women and children could obtain in the way of food was oranges and roots. There were numerous instances of cannibalism among these starving people, and our traveler was shown a woman in Asuncion who had eaten a portion of her sister to allay the pangs of hunger.

The effect on the allies of this frightful course was to compel them to pay a fabulous price for provisions and for their transportation to the army. Another effect was that at times, in the heat of the pursuit of Lopez's forces, after an engagement the bodies of the soldiers who had been killed in the battle were left to rot where they fell, as there were no civilians to bury them. On one occasion, after a heavy skirmish, two or three hundred slain Argentines remained unburied, the army having marched forward in pursuit of the retreating Paraguayans. The horrors of this campaign were relieved by one prosaic fact, which in itself bridges the chasm between the terrible and the ridiculous: this was, that the allied troops were accompanied amid all these scenes of carnage by a poor Italian organ-grinder, carrying his organ on his back, who played during the halts in the march while the Brazilian soldiers danced to his music.

When the war ended with the death of Lopez at Cerro Cora, women, even of the richest and most influential families, returned to their homes nearly naked: the large majority made their reappearance in a still more forlorn plight. The population of the republic, which had numbered about one million three hundred thousand at the beginning of the conflict, had dwindled to two hundred thousand or two hundred and fifty thousand. These were mainly women and children, for the men were nearly all dead, and of the few male adults in the population the majority have immigrated to the country since the war. The national army, which under Lopez was sixty thousand strong, comprised at the time of M. Forgues's visit two hundred and fifty youths of fifteen or sixteen years of age, clad in

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the cast-off uniform of the French mobiles of 1870 and 1871. Of the Paraguayan children made orphans by the war, hundreds now live in Argentine families, either as adopted children or as servants. They were picked up by the Argentine soldiers during the flight of their parents to the mountains, their mothers having perished of fatigue or hunger, and Lopez's horsemen having spared them through pity or indifference to continued slaughter.

The sequel of the resistance of Lopez surpasses in gloomy details almost any similar struggle recorded in history. It has already been shown how women and children died by thousands or survived to poverty and want. But to understand the melancholy story at its worst, one should visit the valley of the Aquidaban River, where Lopez fought his last fight, or follow the line of his army's march from its camp at Panadero to the encampment at Cerro Cora, where he perished miserably. A traveler in that part of Paraguay—not M. Forgues, but Keith Johnston, the geographer—who visited these localities in the summer and autumn of 1874, says that the march of the army in its final retreat can still be traced by the heaps of human bones, with rusty swords or guns or weather-stained saddles lying beside them, under every little shade-giving tree. These skeletons he saw everywhere at very short intervals. Cerro Cora is described as a splendid amphitheatre surrounded by hills, with precipitous sides of red sandstone, and crowned with dark forests. Here and there amid the undulations are grassy knolls flanked by palm trees, and in one of these Lopez, driven to desperation, pitched his tent with a handful of followers. Madame Lynch, his children and his brother were with him. The single pass that led to this hiding-place was guarded with cannon, but the Brazilian horsemen, strangely enough, entered the retreat unperceived and surprised its occupants. Exactly how Lopez died is a matter of dispute in Paraguay. There are those in that country who revere his memory, and their story of his death represents him as issuing from his tent at the approach of the enemy and valiantly engaging them single-handed, while he bade his few adherents seek safety in flight. According to this account, he fell gloriously after slaying many Brazilians, refusing quarter and declaring his devotion to his country with his dying breath. The generally accepted report, however, is that he made a fruitless endeavor to escape from his encampment, and, overtaken by a Brazilian horseman, died in a matter-of-fact way from a lance-thrust. His grave is in that wild and lonely valley. At first a wooden cross marked the spot where he lies, but this has disappeared, and a bush, one of many that grow around, is pointed out as growing above it.

Even at this day, though more than four years have elapsed since the enactment of that tragedy, the scene remains as the Brazilians left it. The wrecks of the camp lie thickly on every side—bones of men, broken weapons, ammunition and the débris of gun-carriages, baggage-carts and boxes. This region is the heart of the country occupied by the Cangua Indians, a peaceable tribe who speak the Guarani language, without the admixture of Spanish words which prevails in the language as spoken in the more civilized parts of Paraguay. They rarely leave their forest homes except to seek a market for their wax, which they exchange for tobacco and other commodities. Their complexion is a dark brown, and the men, who usually go armed with bows and iron-tipped lances, wear a splinter of a substance like amber, about two inches in length, run through a hole in their under lips. In the almost inaccessible country of these Indians is situated the great cascade of the Panama River, known as the Gran Salto de la Guayra. This Paraguayan Niagara is the object of a superstitious reverence on the part of the Indians, who deem it the gateway to the infernal regions, and hence fear to approach it. The waters fall into a deep gorge with a roaring sound which may be heard twelve miles away, while splendid rainbows are generated in the clouds of spray that rise from the depths.

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UP THE PARANA AND IN PARAGUAY.

CONCLUDING PART.

ONE day — to return to our traveler and his personal experiences—M. Forgues makes the acquaintance of a Swiss who resides at Paraguari, a small interior town distant about twenty-five leagues from Asuncion. His new acquaintance invites him to go with him to Paraguari, but before complying with the invitation M. Forgues crosses the river and rides into the territory of Gran Chaco as far as the Quinta de la Miseria, situated about two miles and a half from the river-bank. The owner of this farm, Mequelain, a French pioneer, his wife and three servants, had been surprised and murdered by the Chaco Indians a short while before the arrival of M. Forgues in Asuncion. The quinta is on the edge of a vast plain. The unfortunate Mequelain had surrounded his house with ditches and a small fence of posts. Besides this, he had built a sort of observatory from which to watch the movements of the Indians. But his precautions, as the end showed, proved useless. The farm was occupied by new tenants at the time of M. Forgues's visit, and the bodies of the five victims were buried in one of the ditches. The Quinta de la Miseria derives its gloomy name from the tragic event that had given it its melancholy prominence in the minds of the people of Asuncion. To reach Paraguari our traveler avails himself of the railroad which extends between that town and the capital. The railroad-station presents a lively scene with its crowd of savage-looking natives thronging it. In connection with this station M. Forgues mentions a curious circumstance — that in order to prevent the rush of the multitude to the cars on the departure of the train the station-master has ingeniously replaced gates and fences, which might be climbed easily, with brushes steeped in pitch and tar, so disposed as to bar the passage. As the Paraguayan women hold cleanliness to be one of the cardinal virtues, they religiously avoid these defiling brushes for fear of soiling their garments. The cars are built on the most approved American model. The train, furthermore, has two platform-cars attached to it, which are reserved exclusively for the gratuitous use of the poor, who are permitted to ride on them with as much as they can carry in the way of bundles and other goods. Sometimes the platforms are so crowded that they are lost to sight under the passengers' heads and legs. Another feature of railway travel in Paraguay—for a foreigner

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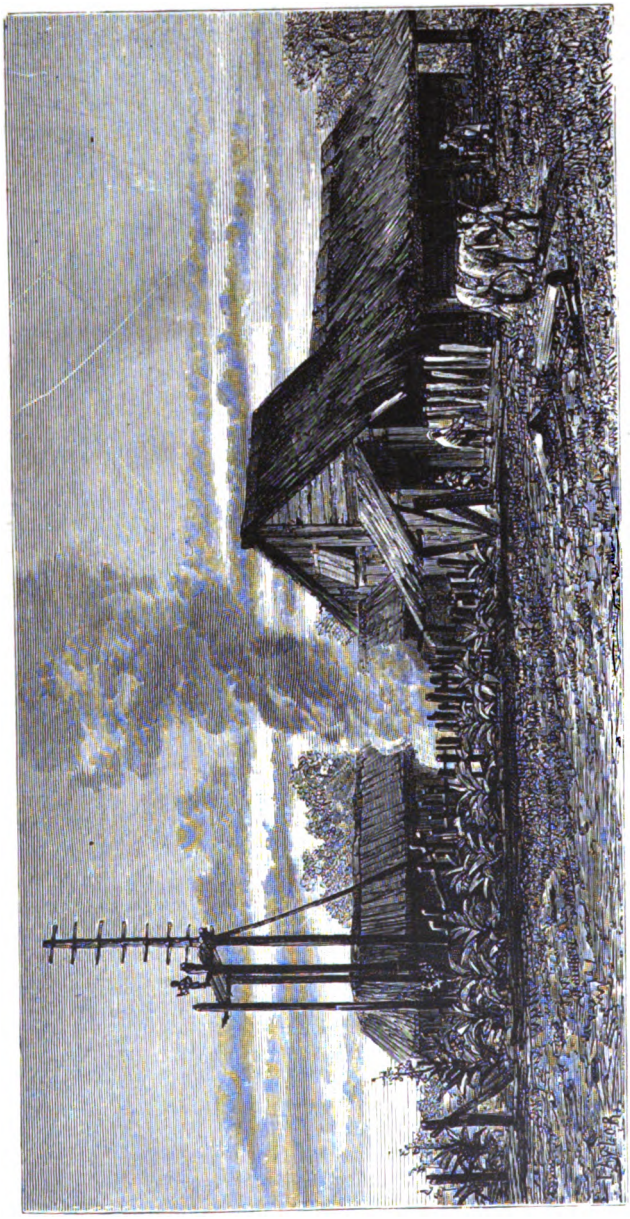
a sensation—is to observe a woman clad in the Arcadian simplicity of a single garment enter a car and take a seat opposite you or alongside of you with the most unconstrained air imaginable.

The train on its way to Paraguari passes Trinidad and many other stations. The station-houses are all small structures covered with tile roofs. At Luque, a village where the passengers stop for refreshments, the women of the place flock at the windows and offer for sale embroideries of their own invention worked on tulle or on a special kind of netting, while the venders of lunches appear, not with the traditional fried oysters, fried chickens or sandwiches of our own favored land, but with bottles of fresh milk and *chiapa*, a kind of bread made from manioc, among the ingredients of which are starch and eggs, and for which Luque is famous. The engineer of the train, an Englishman, is a person who is as important in his way as is the Brazilian minister in his. At Luque he descends from his locomotive to chat with a friend on the platform. Time — or what would be "time" elsewhere—is up, but our Englishman continues to talk, notwithstanding that after the utterance of impatient cries the



THE QUINTA DE LA MISERIA.

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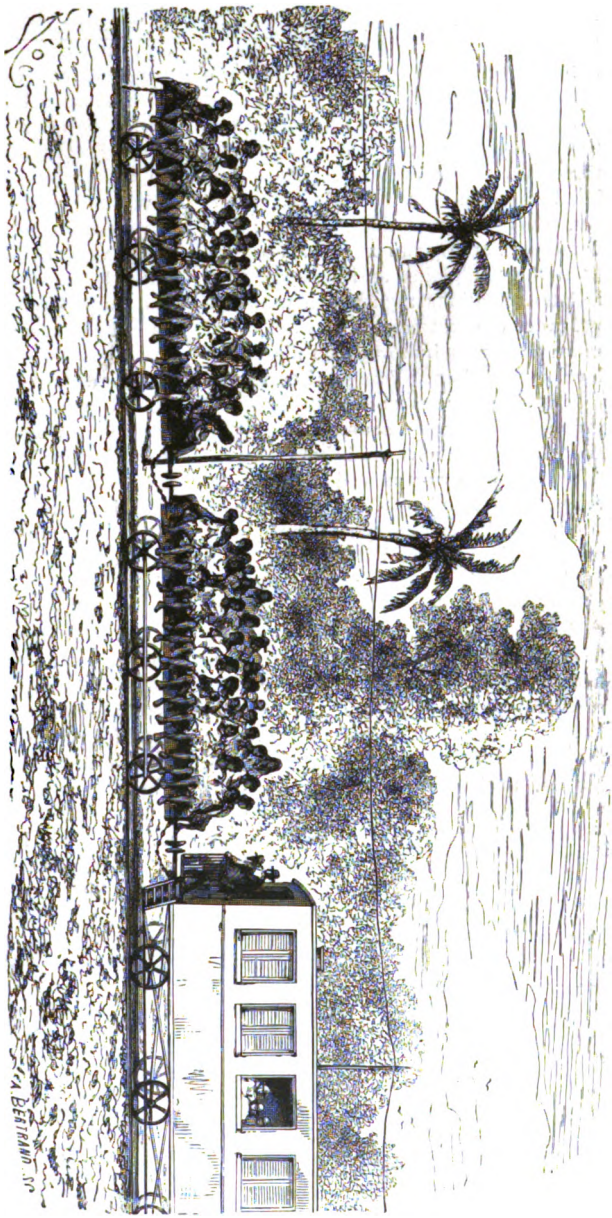
passengers leave the cars in wrath to crowd around him and overwhelm him with abusive words. An admirable representative of English phlegm, he finishes his conversation at his ease, looks at his watch, climbs in a leisurely way to his position on the engine and puts the train in motion. There is no danger of collision with any other train, however, for this train is the only one on the line. It leaves Asuncion every morning, moving at an average rate of fifteen miles an hour, and arrives at Paraguari some time during the day, at the will of the engineer. Returning from Paraguari the same day, it reaches Asuncion, remarks M. Forgues, when it pleases Heaven that it shall do so.



HOW THE POOR TRAVEL IN PARAGUAY.

The scenery along the road is beautiful, but the country is almost a desert. Around the stations are groups of dwellings of varied appearance, the most solidly built of which are connected with farms that belonged to the late President Lopez. At times appear palm trees, the feathery leaves of which mingle with beautiful effect with the pale or dark foliage of an exuberant vegetation. Lopez had established telegraphic communication between the mouth of the Paraguay and Paraguari, but the line having

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been broken between the latter terminus and a place called Cerro Leon, and nobody having been sufficiently interested in it to have it repaired, it now stops at Cerro Leon, the only telegraphic wire in the country, as the Asuncion and Paraguari Railroad is the only railroad.

As the train approaches its destination the passengers see in the distance the three *cerros* of Paraguari. These isolated sugar-loaf-shaped hills called *cerros*, covered with verdure, are a marked feature of Paraguayan scenery. They rise from the flat plains, and although their isolated situations impart to them an appearance of great height, they are rarely more than four hundred feet above the level of the plain. Paraguari comprises fifty or sixty houses worthy of the appellation, built around a square. In the outskirts are numerous mud-huts, all well populated with women and children. Its inhabitants number about three thousand, and in its quality as terminus of an unfinished railroad it has that flavor of desperadoism which usually attaches to positions of that kind. Here gather malefactors, generally of foreign birth, from Asuncion and elsewhere—refugees from the central authority and the metropolitan police—who are more free in Paraguari to prey on whomsoever chance may throw in their way. Of the sixty houses, twelve are *tiendas*, shops in which are sold at retail English cotton goods, Hamburg gins, etc., in exchange for the products of the country—hides, tobacco, *maté* and other commodities.

The Paraguayan is an inveterate gambler, and in Paraguari two at least of the houses are devoted to public play. They are crowded nightly, and often the stakes amount to five hundred or a thousand francs. Quarrels frequently arise over the play, and then the knife is brought into requisition, but the affrays are due more to the presence of the Italian, Argentine and Brazilian adventurers who flock there than to the Paraguayans, who are not, naturally, a quarrelsome race. On the night of his arrival, M. Forgues, with revolver in belt and accompanied by his Swiss friend, walks through the village. The *tiendas* are lighted up, but the other houses are in darkness. They look in on the gamblers. The dingy room is partially illuminated by a petroleum lamp which hangs from the ceiling and casts its rays on groups of men with hang-dog countenances seated or standing around a long table, smoking pipes and playing at cards for silver coin, or else engaged in a certain game played on a billiard-table, in which a handful of small balls is thrown on the table by the players, the end to be attained being to cause as many of the balls as possible to enter the pockets. Then M. Forgues and his companion leave the scene of the gambling orgie and look on another phase of life in Paraguari after dark. Not far distant is a lighted stable-lantern on the ground: around it, with a confused medly of ponchos and white skirts flying in the air, goes on the merry dance to the sound of an organ's whining notes. This is all that can be seen from where they stand, for the faces of the dancers, too dark to be distinguishable in the night, are invisible.

The village square is a kind of permanent fair-ground filled with diminutive booths, each one composed of four posts stuck in the ground and upholding a bit of cloth not much larger than a handkerchief, under which the hucksters, women and children, sit as under a tent. There is a multitude of sellers, and a pitiful lack of goods to be sold. One woman, with her four children seated near her, offers six eggs to the passer-by as her little store of merchandise: another booth is presided over by two women and three children, and a dozen ears of corn constitute their stock. There is a sad suggestion of poverty about all this which is very depressing. The day before the arrival of M. Forgues in the place an enterprising baker, the first who had ever set foot in Paraguari, began the making and selling of wheat bread. Everybody deserted his customary manioc and bought a loaf of the good fellow, who rubbed his hands with delight at the success of his speculation. The next day, not satisfied with a legitimate profit, he raised the price of his loaves. Human nature is the same all over the world, and

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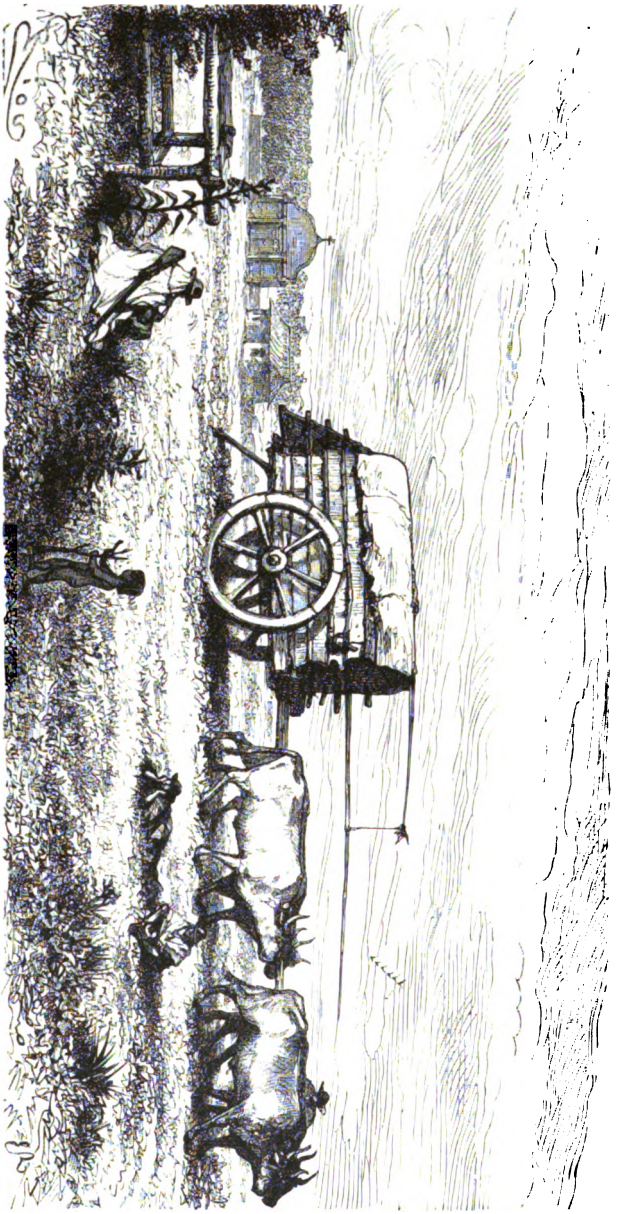
the speculator found his bread left on his hands. Nobody would pay his price, and everybody returned to manioc.

From Paraguari our traveler's course next led him toward Villa Rica, a thriving town situated still farther in the interior, and near the Cordillera of Caaguazu. He sets out accompanied by his Swiss acquaintance. The journey is made in two days and on horseback. Their route in the beginning lies across a small mountain-range, and then through a piece of thick woods bearing an evil reputation as the home of footpads. But the two pass through in safety, for the robbers are either asleep or absent from their haunts. Reaching the head-waters of the Yuqueri, which empties into the Canabe, a tributary of the Paraguay, they skirt the heights of Angostura, where Lopez, after the evacuation of Humaita, planted his batteries, and which he made his final strategic point. Near by, on the right bank of the Canabe, is the field of Las Lomas Valentinas, where the Paraguayan president fought his last great battle. So far, the route had been through an almost unpeopled solitude. In the evening they reach Ibitimi, a village built, as are all the Paraguayan hamlets, in the shape



VIEW OF IBITIMI.

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of a square, with its little church in the centre. Here the ravages of war are painfully apparent. Many of the houses have gone to ruin, dismantled piecemeal by passers-by, their owners never having come back from the battlefield to reoccupy them. The surrounding country is charming, and, seated on one side, M. Forgues sketches a cart drawn by oxen which goes by slowly with the declining sun shining on its leather top. An eight-year-old boy of the village, whose attire is limited strictly to a necklace of black seeds, approaches him, looks over his shoulder, and reads aloud the word which he writes under his sketch: "Ibitimi." Returning from his little sketching excursion to where his companion is awaiting him, he observes that he has suddenly become an object of mingled curiosity and respect on the part of the villagers. The cause of this prominence is a mystery to him until he learns that during his absence his friend had spread the rumor that he is a civil engineer who has come to make a definite survey of the line of the Asuncion and Villa Rica Railroad, which, although it was completed only to Paraguari, was originally intended to extend to Villa Rica, taking Ibitimi in its route. Thus become a great man in the little community, M. Forgues is besought by the political chief of the village — a functionary who fulfills the duties of mayor—almost the only male adult in Ibitimi, to command his services. These services are pressed on him with so much warmth that he is fain to seek relief from this persecuting hospitality by announcing his desire to sleep that night under the canopy of heaven. Consequently, a bed of girths is carried out into the public square for his use, a sort of leather ticking is stretched on it, and he sleeps quietly with his face to the stars.

A long day's journey to Villa Rica lies before our traveler and his companion, and so they rise early while the moon is still brightly shining. They bid the friendly political chief farewell, and take their departure for Villa Rica. As they emerge from the village the moon silvers with its pure light the tops of the palms and of the bushes that line the road. Away from Ibitimi their course lies through a pretty forest, wherein the party is increased by the addition of two Paraguayans on horseback, one of them armed with a long sword, and of a Paraguayan woman, who rides her horse man-fashion. A few miles farther on they come to a vast marsh, a common feature of the topography of Paraguay, and one of the great drawbacks to travel in the country, for when the rains fall these marshes become dangerous and impassable, and the traveler is compelled to go miles out of his way to turn them before he can continue his journey. The lagoon which lies before them on this occasion, however, is empty, and they are thus saved the détour of more than ten leagues which they would be compelled to make if it were filled with water. The sun, dispersing the last vestige of the morning fog, rises in a clear blue sky, and this spectacle they witness from a slight eminence, in front of which extends an immense plain with its limit at the bank of the Tebicuari-mi, the waters of which shine like a mirror.

M. Forgues now begins to enter a stretch of wooded country in which the solitude of the day previous is replaced by a thickly-settled region, wherein are to be seen in quick succession a multitude of pretty ranchos nestled in the foliage. The day before, on the journey from Paraguari to Ibitimi, scarcely ten persons had been met with, but now they pass groups of men—the fact is more noticeable because of the rarity of men in Paraguay—and women. The men salute the party by removing their hats, and the women with a *Buen dia* ("Good-day"), uttered with a gracious smile. The whole of this forest is peopled like the environs of Paris. Rancho succeeds rancho at short distances apart, and each shelters under its blackened thatched roof many women and children, of whose number its small dimensions give no idea. In the towns the houses need to be large to protect their occupants from the heat, but in this forest the people live in the open air chiefly, entering their hovels

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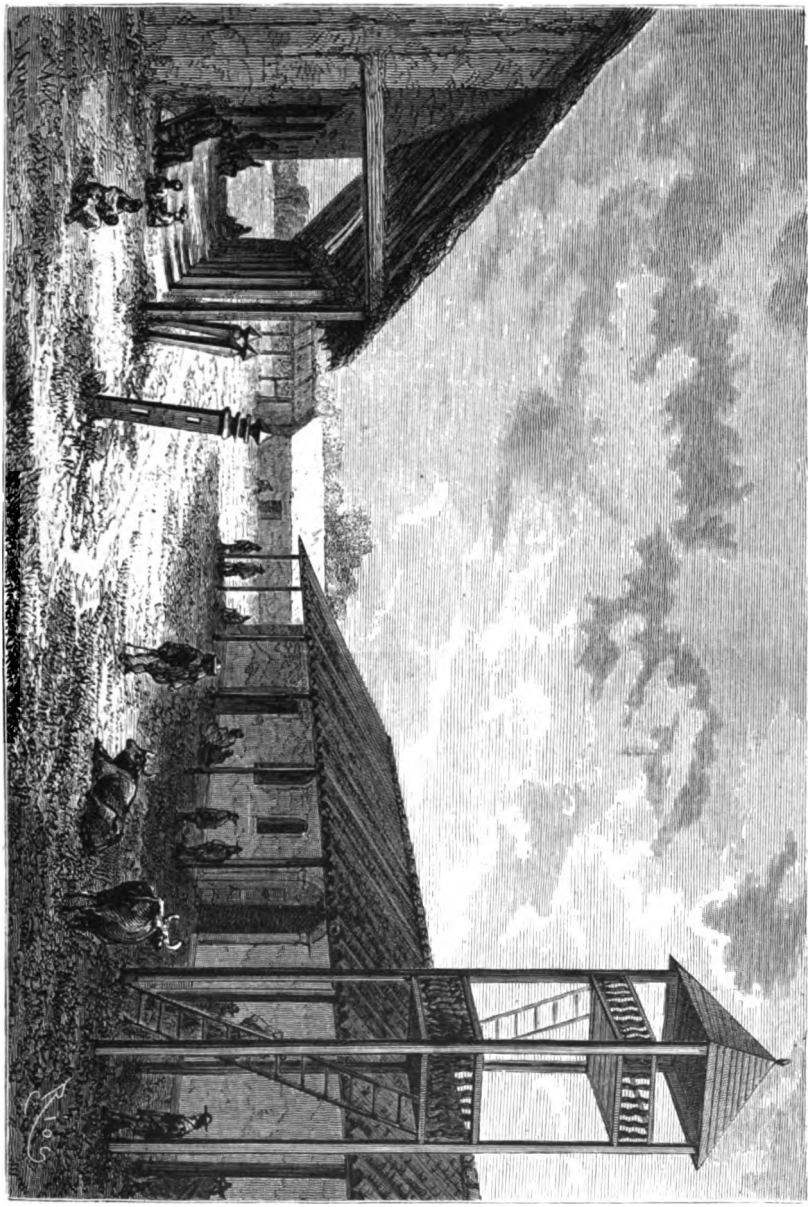
only to sleep, be it during the day or the night. In strange contrast with the humble aspect of the houses is the heavy silver pitcher, weighing at least two



ITAPE: PALACE AND CHURCH.

pounds, from which M. Forgues is given to drink by the owner of one of the huts of whom he has asked water.

Leaving these cheerful forest-homes behind him, our traveler fords the Tebicuari-mi, which rises in the cordillera

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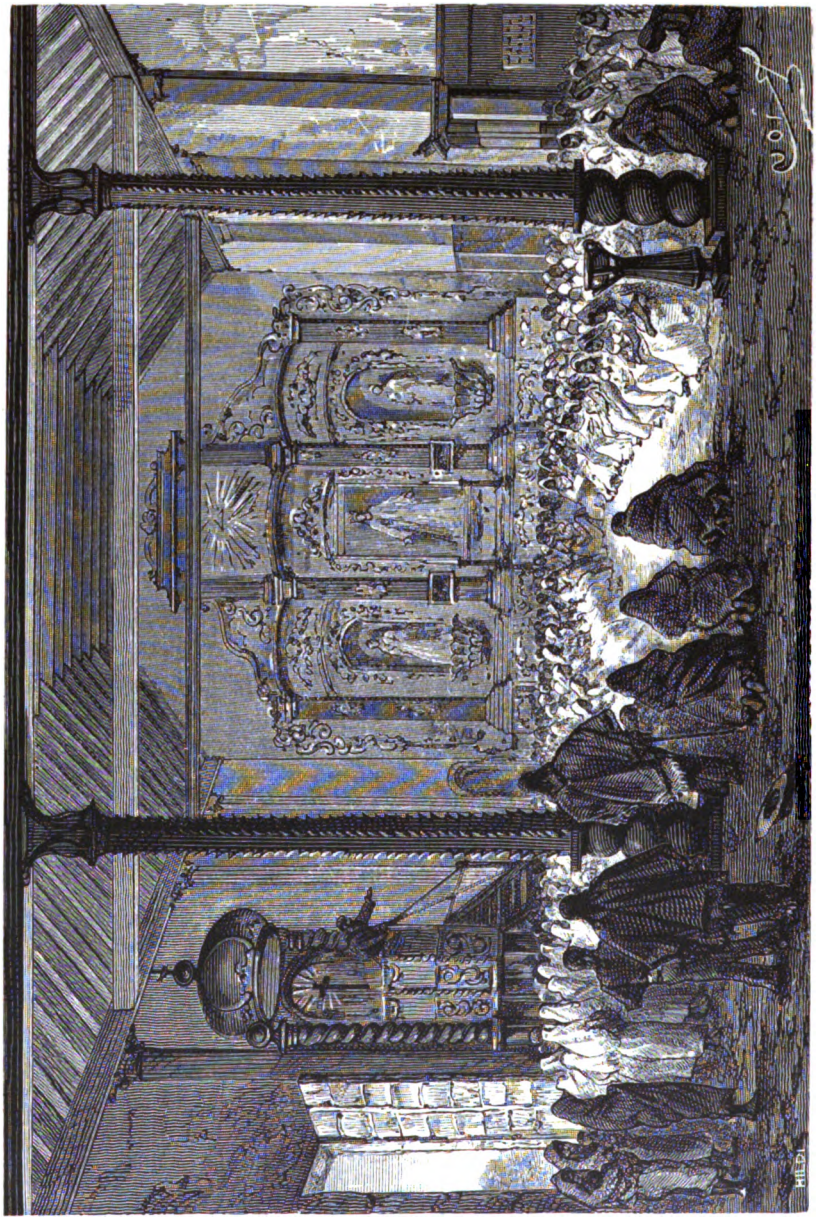
where are gathered the yerba-leaves from which is made the *maté*. The water at Paso de Itape, as the ford is called, is shallow enough to permit the party to



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT VILLA RICA.

walk their horses through it, although usually the passage is made on the flat-boat and the two long canoes which are tied to the bank near by. The ford de-

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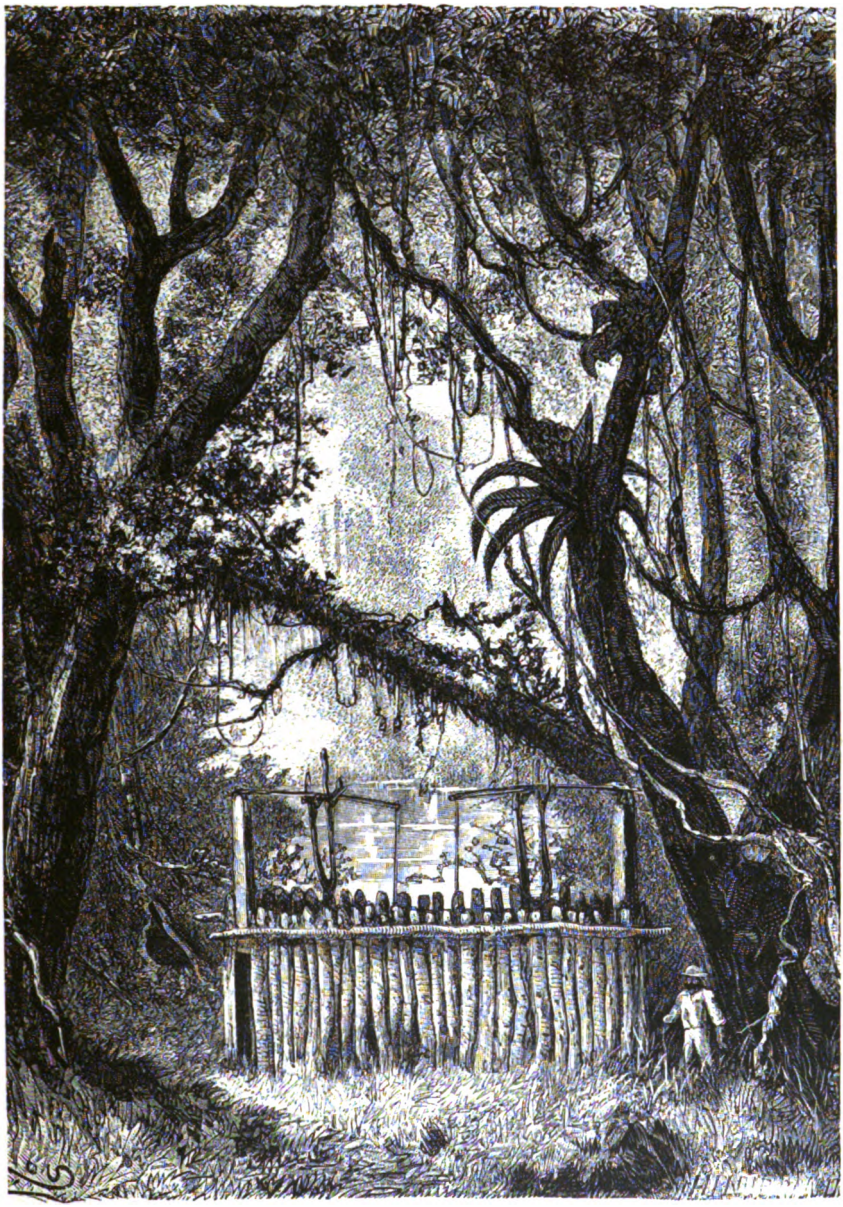
rives its name from the village of Itape, which lies a short distance beyond—a pleasant, prosperous hamlet with cultivated lands surrounding it, and built in



A JAGUAR TRAP.

a square, with its church and its bell-tower in the centre. The space at the entrance of the sacred edifice is covered with sweet, fine grass, and contented-

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looking oxen and horses browse at the foot of the wall.

It is the breakfast-hour, and M. Forgues and his companion stop in front of the first house they reach as they enter the village and utter the traditional *Ave Maria*, thus requesting the hospitality of the owner. In response, from the shadow of the verandah in which he is seated comes a tall, superb-looking, bearded man, who replies, "*Sin peccado concebida*" ("conceived without sin"), which indicates that the hospitality asked for is granted. When the Paraguayan gives this response to the invocation of the traveler, the latter may consider himself at home; and so is it on this occasion with M. Forgues. His host proves to have been one of that body of the Paraguayan army, eight or ten thousand strong, which, besieged by the Brazilians in the town of Uruguayana in 1865, at the very beginning of the war, became prisoners when the town was surrendered. They fared far better than their unfortunate fellow-soldiers, for, sent to Brazil, they remained there four years before they were exchanged. In addition to this, they returned to their own country more instructed and more civilized than when they left it. It is to this long relief from the perils of battle, by which the troops drawn from the department of Itape were so generally spared the fate that overtook their comrades in the field, that are due the evident prosperity and the large male adult population of the district, as M. Forgues observed it. His host of the rancho is as gracious in manners and as affable as it is possible to be, and serves up for breakfast a soup of Indian corn, a chicken fricasee and some delicious bread of crusty *chipa*—a frugal meal assuredly, and one entirely out of keeping with the richness of the service of silver plate which burdens the table, and which, worth fully two thousand francs, includes three large plates, an enormous dish and several massive mugs. The spoons and the forks, however, are of more modest material, for the former are made of horn and the latter of iron.

After a brief siesta M. Forgues and his companion resume their journey toward Villa Rica. Under a shed on the roadside they see a dozen women, all talking at the same time, and engaged in grating manioc-roots in pails of water. The mixture thus obtained composes the dough of manioc. This dough is very white, and is made into small balls which are pressed between the hands—an operation which, when completed, constitutes the entire process of making a coarse kind of bread, not at all of delicate flavor, called *galetta*, which is furnished to laborers of both sexes. Under another shed a young girl with a complexion like bronze is seated before a loom weaving, with a light and elegant shuttle, a hammock out of the cotton thread of the country.

Evening is about deepening into night when M. Forgues arrives at Villa Rica. His host in the town, a prosperous shopkeeper, invites him to dinner, and at the table he meets the mistress of the house, a tall, handsome Paraguayan woman, who receives him and his fellow-traveler with polished courtesy. She belongs to the class of the posterity of the old Spanish colonists. She is dressed in a long calico dress with a white train, and with a row of small red buttons down the front. The sleeves have deep cuffs, also fastened with small buttons. A wide, turned-down collar partly covers the shoulders, and exposes to the sight the lower part of a very shapely neck. In the course of conversation this lady informs M. Forgues that the department of Villa Rica is perhaps the only part of the country which may give an idea of what Paraguay was before the war. The men, it is true, were killed off, as were the men of the other departments, but by a happy chance the women and children were spared that terrible flight to the Cordilleras whereby thousands of their sex and age perished. His hostess relates to him her experiences during that fearful period. After the occupation of Asuncion by the Brazilians, and their advance as far as Paraguari, Lopez gave the order that Villa Rica should be abandoned and that the population should follow him to the mountains. As it hap-

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THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL BENEDICTION.

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pened, however, the commanding officer of the two hundred men who constituted the Paraguayan force at Villa Rica just about that time committed some breach of discipline, for which he was arrested by order of Lopez and sent to another point to be tried and shot. Coincidently with this his detachment suddenly fell back, leaving word with the inhabitants to quit the town within twenty-four hours or take the consequences of disobedience. Despair and terror prevailed among the people, and while they were hesitating as to what course to pursue, before the twenty-four hours of grace had expired news came to them that the Brazilians had reached Ibitimi in the pursuit. Then the whole population fled in the night to the Brazilians for protection, traveling until morning to Ibitimi, twelve leagues distant.

The Guayrinos, as the inhabitants of Villa Rica are called, are industrious, amiable and temperate. They possess great independence of character, and speak somewhat contemptuously of the submissiveness of the rest of Paraguay to the slightest caprice of the dictators who have successively ruled the country. Foreigners meet with a cordial welcome from them, and are often voluntarily selected by them to be the godfathers of their children. The Guayrinos are, moreover, a contented community, and are disposed to congratulate themselves on the fact that they are spared the presence of the adventurers and cut-throats of the class that infests Asuncion and Paraguari. The women are very devout, and on Sundays the church is filled with worshipers of the female sex, while the men are possibly engaged in attending a cock-fight. Apropos of the religious fervor of the Paraguayan women, M. Forgues relates that there is not a single house in Paraguay occupied by natives which does not possess its two penates in the shape of wooden images of a saint, which are kept enclosed in a glass box and are the objects of incessant devotion. This box stands on a small table which serves as a sort of altar, and is placed in a certain corner of the hut, sacred for that reason from all other use. From time to time the family, with a pious inspiration on them, walk abroad in the village carrying the box with them. Then all the neighbors, observing this, issue from their houses and follow the bearers of the box. Family and escort chant while marching, and everybody uncovers as the little procession passes. After a while the transient ceremony is over, the box is brought back to its accustomed corner, the neighbors disperse and quiet resumes its sway in the hovel.

The department of Villa Rica produces excellent cotton, which is cultivated, however, only in infinitesimal quantities. Indigo, called by the natives *añil*, grows wild. The tobacco of the district is especially renowned, and in the cordillera, the tops of which compose the background of the beautiful region lying to the east of the town, *maté* is grown successfully. The very name of the Cordillera of Caaguazu bears testimony to the abundance of the yerba, *caa* meaning *maté* in the Guaranian language, and *guazu*, "great" or "much." As seen from the elevation on which Villa Rica stands, this mountain-range, twelve leagues distant, stretches along the horizon an undulating mass of blue. The intervening space nearer the town is filled with beautiful forests, while beyond are vast plains, the monotony of which is broken by lagoons and clumps of palms. The population of the region around Villa Rica is estimated at fifteen thousand. There are good opportunities here for immigrants, for Nature, like a fruitful mother, holds ample treasures in her bosom, which need only a little well-directed labor to bring the tiller of the soil his reward. Laborers receive a sum equal to about twenty cents of our money for a day's work, and carpenters about fifty cents. Food of coarse quality, however, is supplied by the employer.

Owing to the decrease in the population—which, as before stated, is composed almost altogether of women and children—and the simple life of the people, the importations into Paraguay are limited to a few articles. Of these products of foreign industry, the observer may see exposed for sale in the

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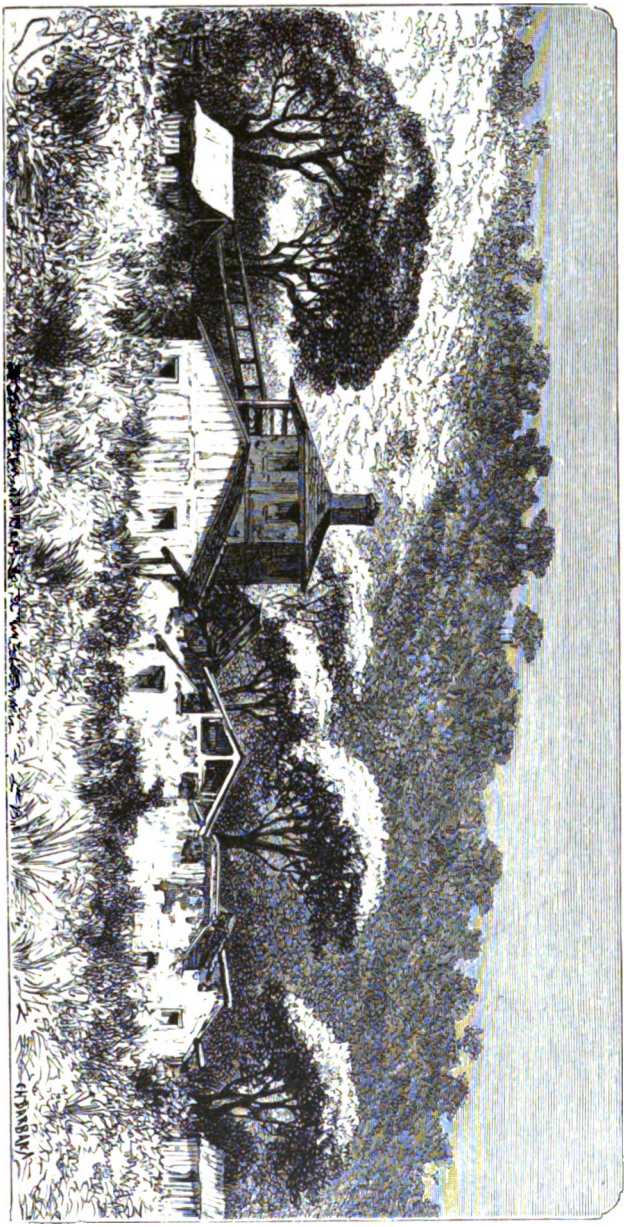
shops coarse cotton goods and hardware of an inferior quality, both manufactured in England; boots and shoes, the former of which are worn chiefly, of Buenos Ayres make; and ready-made garments of linen and poor cloths. The imported liquors and articles of food are principally a small quantity of sugar, lard, wine of an execrable quality, and Hamburg gin, together with a few boxes of candles and some oil and soap. To this list of imports must be added the inevitable Chinese fire-crackers, without which noisy accessories no Paraguayan holiday would be complete. Throughout South America a passion for fire-crackers and fireworks prevails; and as an example of this mania, M. Forgues relates that when the Argentine troops were on their return to Buenos Ayres after the close of the war, great preparations were made by the authorities to greet them on their arrival at three o'clock in the afternoon with a great display of fireworks. There was a delay in the coming of the troops, however, and so, to satisfy the people, the fireworks were



FOUNDRY AT IBICUY, DESTROYED DURING THE WAR.

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let off a half hour after the appointed time, although the soldiers had not yet made their appearance. Still the troops delayed, and the populace, satiated with pageantry, retired to their homes and to bed. About eleven o'clock at night a tumult of trumpets, cymbals and drums was heard in the dark and deserted streets: it was the army, which, landed at last, was making a solemn entry into the city, with nobody on the sidewalks to admire it. The timely—or perhaps untimely—fireworks had appeased the desire for show, and the spectacle of the marching soldiers was only of secondary importance in a celebration that included skyrockets and Roman candles. Yerba is the principal article exported, and as the use of maté is so general on the continent, this trade is a very important branch of industry. In addition to these leaves, a small quantity of tobacco, a few hides, hard woods and demijohns of a primitive kind of rum constitute the exportations of a country in which cotton and indigo grow wild, and where sugar and rice could be made to yield large revenues.

The lack of money and of banking facilities in Paraguay has made the process of buying and selling, in reality, but not professedly, a matter of exchange of commodities. For instance, a shopkeeper will barter his imported cotton stuffs, his demijohns of wine, his candles, etc. for the tobacco grown by the natives. The merchants also endeavor to buy as much tobacco as possible, when the crop is first in, for specie. Usually, large profits are derived from this course, as the planters have pretty well exhausted their receipts for the crop of the previous year, and hence are disposed at that time to sell at a sacrifice. The money thus obtained returns to the merchant in the usual way of business, and thus the latter is enabled to buy more tobacco. The result is, that in the end the merchant gets the planter's cash as well as his tobacco. It is a curious fact, however, that the Paraguayans do not admit the principle of exchange. They must touch the value of their wares in the shape of coin before parting with them. Thus, no woman of the country will exchange outright a quantity of yerba, large or small, or any product of her industry, for cotton or thread. She will first insist on holding in her hand, even if it be for a moment, the price in silver of her wares, and with this money she will pay for what she obtains from the merchant.

During his sojourn in Villa Rica, M. Forgues purchases a house there, to the great gratification of the community, who, in the simplicity of their hearts, see in him the pioneer of European immigration, the influential capitalist who is to introduce foreign money among them. Attentions are showered on him. The political chief of the town invites him to a twelve-o'clock breakfast to meet the notabilities of the place. A salvo of firecrackers at noon announces that the chief is prepared to welcome his friends, and the invited guests, male and female, hasten to the prefecture. Before entering the banquet-hall the guests, as they arrive, take seats in wooden chairs in a large ball-room which adjoins it, receiving as they do so, from the hands of the host, a glass of *caña*. The breakfast-table is decked with flowers, and under it grunts and roots about among the feet of the guests a very tame tapir as large as a decently-sized pig. The hard and dry Spanish wine used at the entertainment is drunk out of large beer-glasses. The mistress of the house and the officers of the Paraguayan guard that composes the political chief's escort act as waiters. After many toasts have been offered and honored, M. Forgues, mustering up his few words of Spanish-Guaranian, drinks to the health of the pretty girls of Villa Rica amid the enthusiastic hurrahs of the guests, one of whom, with exclamations of *Bueno! bravo!* and the like, leaves his seat to scatter flowers over our traveler's head, wishing him at the same time every prosperity. At this moment a bass drum and a clarionet intervene in the clamor with a delicious French melody, "Ah! zut alors si Nadar est malade!" and the company retire to the ball-room to dance, and also, women as well as men, to smoke immense cigars.

Yakaguazu, a large square village near Villa Rica, is visited by M. Forgues. It

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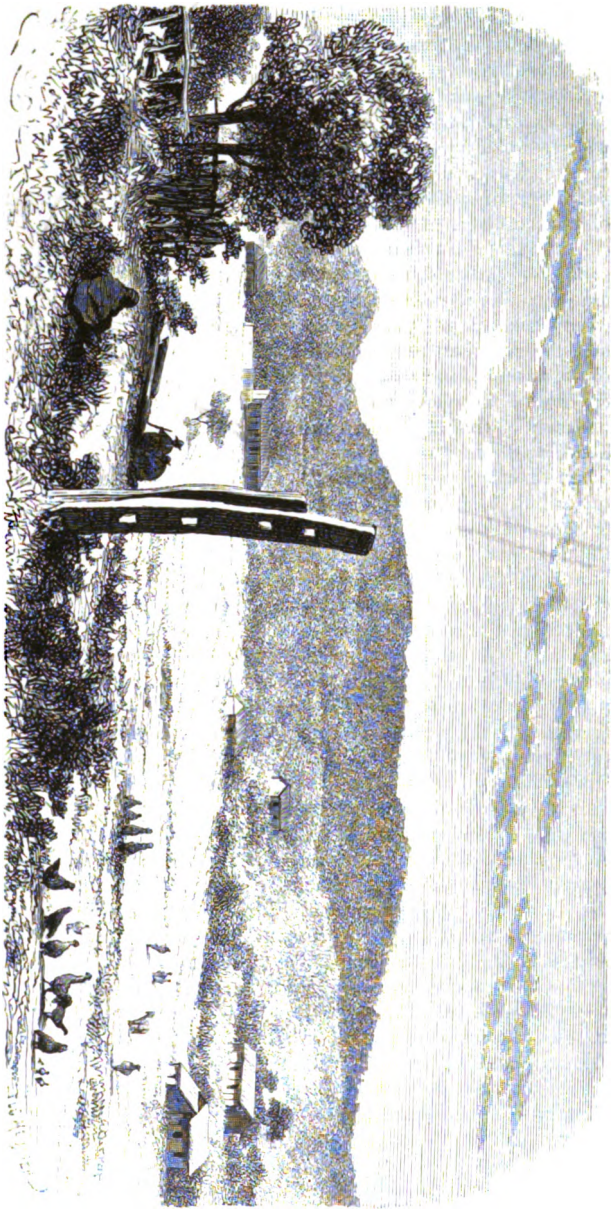
contains eighty or ninety houses, and a church which is the counterpart of that at Itape. There is a school in the place attended by one hundred and twenty-five pupils, who secure a patriotic but limited education with nothing in the way of a printed text-book but a lot of surplus copies of the constitution of Paraguay. Their teacher informs M. Forgues that of the three hundred and sixty-five school-children in his district, three hundred are orphans.



VILLAGE OF CARAPEGUA.

Continuing his journey the next day, with his host of Yakaguazu added to the party, M. Forgues reaches the dwelling of an old and very rich Paraguayan, Vicente Fleytas, whose farm, happily spared the ravages of war, is a fair sample of what the farms of the country were in the days of Lopez. Fleytas lives in patriarchal style, and he entertains his visitors most hospitably. At night, seated under the verandah, they smoke, or eat delicious oranges which the wife and daughters of old Vicente peel in a large silver dish, and the hours of sleep are passed in hammocks, the doors of the house having first been closed carefully to keep out any wandering jaguars that may be prowling around. In regard to these fierce animals, M. Forgues says that

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enough of them are to be met with in the forests of Paraguay to affright the bravest man, but it is more difficult to avoid them than to see them. They are sometimes caught in traps resembling enormous rat-traps and baited with raw meat. The skin of the jaguar sells for eight dollars, and consequently the man who is so lucky as to catch one in his trap rejoices greatly. The next night a ball is given at the patriarch's in honor of our traveler. During the day they ride around the neighborhood and personally invite to the entertainment the guests to the number of seventy-four, of whom seventy are young women, some of them very handsome. The music is of the modest kind that might be expected from a clarionet and a guitar. The majority of the participants come to the house with their chairs on their heads. The dances are the polka, the waltz, quadrilles, including the Lancers, and two or three native dances called La Polomila, the Dondon Karapé and La Santa Fé, which are accompanied with graceful poses, while the women, as they dance, snap their fingers in imitation of castanets. While the dance is in progress the good and hospitable Vicente remains outside to fire off his gun at intervals with the view of frightening away the jaguars, one of these animals having been killed only eight days before in the very room wherein the revelers are enjoying themselves. Before taking leave of the brave Fleytas, M. Forgues is regaled with several jaguar stories which doubtless admirably prepare him for the remainder of his journey through forest and jungle.

The next morning he bids the patriarch farewell. On the women and children of the family, grouped in front of the house, he bestows a benediction with the utterance of a "Peace be with you!" Then with his Swiss acquaintance he rides away, to return not to Villa Rica, but to Paraguari, on his way to Asuncion. His course lies nearly due west, and for six leagues he rides through a beautiful country, but on a road so muddy that the horses sink up to the saddle-girths. He tarries for dinner at the estancia of another Paraguayan, Don Matias Ramirez —not as rich a man, but as hospitable a host, as Don Vicente—who spreads before his guests for dinner a simple repast of boiled turnips and small manioc doughnuts. But before reaching the estancia our traveler has had the good fortune to shoot three large birds of the pheasant variety called *mutus*, and thus the humble board of Don Matias is graced with meat, a rare commodity in those parts.

After a short siesta—as much an institution in Paraguay as dinner itself—M. Forgues pushes forward, furnished with a youthful guide mounted on a mule whom Don Matias has bidden accompany him. For six hours the route lies through a virgin forest composed of orange, cedar and other trees, mingled with dense thorny thickets, trunks of decayed trees and a twisted network of climbers. The passage through this forest is attended with many vexatious incidents, owing to the difficulty experienced in making a way through the undergrowth and thickly-growing climbers. After having his spectacles, his maps, his gun and his hat jerked from him, M. Forgues himself is pulled from his horse. The horses are attacked by a multitude of small yellow flies, which sting them unmercifully in the nostrils, the ears and in whatever part of their bodies the animals cannot reach with their tails, so that, maddened with pain, they break into a fierce gallop to avoid the pest, carrying their riders in their course along the edge of a hole in the ground in which swarms about a bushel of small snakes of a bright green color. When the party finally emerge from this beautiful but inhospitable forest, their clothes are hanging in rags about their persons, and their faces and hands are covered with scratches caused by the thorns.

Their next troublesome experience, although not so long continued, is almost as exhausting, for when the forest is left behind they enter on a marshy waste, through which they are compelled to ride for two hours. Finally, worn out with fatigue, hunger and thirst, they arrive at an estancia, where sleeping accommoda-

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tions are offered them in the shape of the under side of a cart, nourishment in the shape of fire wherewith to cook a *mutus*, and assistance comes in the persons of two servants, whose service consists in aiding M. Forgues and his companion to devour, without thanks, salt or manioc, the frugal supper. After that, "Good-night to you!" At daybreak our traveler takes his departure from his churlish—or, it may be, hungry—entertainers, tending in the direction of the foundry of Ibicuy, where in the days of Lopez was smelted the iron ore of San Miguel. Before the war this foundry was a small model establishment with a handsome tile-covered roof, and was thoroughly equipped for the purpose to which it was devoted. All the machinery was destroyed by the Brazilians, and the foundry was left a wreck. Near by is the estancia of Margarita Rivarola, where our traveler and his companion stop to breakfast. Margarita is a poor widow with a beautiful daughter. She is a cousin of a former president of the republic, but so destitute did M. Forgues find her that she and her daughter led an existence bordering on starvation. As in the case of his entertainment at the dwelling of Don Matias, he fortunately brings his breakfast with him. He had killed that morning an *ara*, a beautiful bird, but not so pleasant to the taste, and this constitutes the meal.

Leaving this spot, and traveling five leagues farther in the direction of Paraguari, M. Forgues and his companion reach the village of Mbuyapey at eight o'clock at night. Here they meet with an adventure. As they enter the village three men, composing the guard of the place and armed with rusty pikes of the Lopez period, challenge them and order them to halt. An interview is held in the darkness, and after a thousand explanations they are permitted to pass. Early next morning they are aroused from sleep by a tumult at their window. Through the grating a number of boys are glaring in on them, capering and uttering a variety of ejaculations. The secret of this popular demonstration is soon explained, for almost at the same moment the door is opened abruptly and the magistrate of the place makes his appearance, asking in Spanish to see their passports and the passports of their horses. The dispute thickens. Finally, M. Forgues, toying with his revolver, proclaims that he and his companion are Frenchmen, and not Paraguayans, that no passports are necessary to travel in the country, and that they cannot be interfered with with impunity. At this a change comes over the magistrate. He begs a thousand pardons, and justifies his course as being merely in the interest of good order, while declaring his belief in the entire respectability of our traveler and his friend. Even in this solitary and almost deserted village a school flourishes (and here it may be remarked in passing that so diffused is public instruction in Paraguay that it is a rare thing to meet with a Paraguayan who cannot sign his name), and when M. Forgues and his companion ride away they are followed by the benign smiles of the magistrate and the bewildered looks of the scholars.

In this departure from the retired hamlet of Mbuyapey our traveler falls into the great highway that passes through the Missiones between Asuncion and Encarnacion on the Parana, in the southeastern corner of Paraguay. It includes in its extent the towns and villages of Jesus, Yuti, Ibicuy, Quindi, Carapegua and Paraguari. The road presents a busy scene, for it is along this route that the *troperos* drive their herds of cattle obtained from the Argentine province of Corrientes, on the other side of the Parana. These drovers are free livers, and they spend their money lavishly in the villages. The aspect of the Missiones differs from the part of Paraguay lying to the north of it, as the names of the villages in the province differ from the nomenclature elsewhere. Pampas covered with water prevail, for the country south of the Tebicuari is generally marshy, and during a part of the year is transformed into a lake. Throughout this region decay and ruin have set their seal on what was formerly one of the most prosperous parts of the republic.

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Orange trees grow in wild profusion on the spots where once stood farm-houses; while mud ranchos, tenanted by a few old women who sustain life with oranges and manioc, here and there disturb the monotony of desolation. The early Jesuits have left their traces in their churches, college squares now empty, and houses gone to wreck, while their labors in the cause of religion and civilization are recalled in the names of saints borne by the villages. At Carapegua, which owes what importance it possesses to its proximity to Paraguari and the railroad, our traveler once more finds himself amid the products of civilization, for on the shelves of the grocery stores are displayed, among other wares, cans of preserved fruits and meats from Europe.

From Carapegua, M. Forgues journeys to Paraguari, a day's ride. Eight days later he is in Asuncion, and ready to take passage on the Republica for Buenos Ayres. "From the preceding extracts," he writes, "a very exact idea may be formed of a journey in the interior of Paraguay at the present time. How to procure a piece of bread is a matter of serious moment: riding on horseback fifteen leagues at a stretch, or threatening to blow out somebody's brains, is, as it were, a matter of daily occurrence. What is seen and done there is often monstrous compared with our European customs, and yet is not even shocking there where it is seen and done."

The political future of the country is still an unsolved problem. The rule of the dictators, which the allied powers specifically covenanted among themselves to destroy, has ended, probably for ever. When the war closed with the death of Lopez, chaos prevailed in Paraguay, and the people were both bankrupt in fortune and degraded in morals. The reign of outlaws commenced, and it was dangerous to go beyond Asuncion and into the interior. But the Brazilians and the Argentines occupied the capital with a force strong enough to maintain order, and to convince the Paraguayans that their rule must be respected. To-day Paraguay possesses only a nominal independence. She has her president, and he has his cabinet, who hold their offices under the constitution of the republic; but from the glimpse that M. Forgues has given us of the submissive spirit of these officials, it is clear that they themselves feel that they govern only by the sufferance of their conquerors. The policy of Dom Pedro's government is to intervene Paraguay between Brazil and the Argentine Confederation in order to prevent a clashing of interests between his empire and its late ally. In the mean time, Paraguay is loaded with heavy debts, contracted under Brazilian auspices since the war, in the shape of loans and obligations which must weigh her down for a long time. To illustrate the attitude of Brazil toward the conquered state one incident, and a recent one, will suffice. In the autumn of 1874 the boundary commission, composed of Brazilian and Paraguayan officers, set out for the final survey of the new boundary-line between Paraguay and Brazil. The commission had been engaged on this duty for two years, and last November it brought its work to a close. The line fixed by the Brazilians follows the Apa River from its junction with the Paraguay to its source, and thence extends along the summit of the cordillera to the falls of the Parana—the Salto de la Guayra of the Paraguayans and the Siete Quedas of the Brazilians. The Brazilian commissioners took advantage of the fact that the Apa River has two forks, and chose the south fork as the boundary. This selection added a few hundred square miles to the territory of the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso, but, in spite of the protests and objections of Paraguay, the boundary treaty has been made on the basis of the Brazilian idea of what is right between the two governments. The liberty of opinion accorded to Paraguay by Brazil is merely the liberty which a cat grants to a captive mouse, to run about within reach of its sheathed claws.

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SKETCHES OF INDIA.

I.

"COME," says my Hindu friend, "let us do Bombay."

The name of my Hindu friend is Bhima Gandharva. At the same time, his name is *not* Bhima Gandharva. But—for what is life worth if one may not have one's little riddle?—in respect that he is *not* so named let him be so called, for thus will a pretty contradiction be accomplished, thus shall I secure at once his privacy and his publicity, and reveal and conceal him in a breath.

It is eight o'clock in the morning. We have met—Bhima Gandharva and I—in "The Fort." The Fort is to Bombay much as the Levee, with its adjacent quarters, is to New Orleans; only it is—one may say *Hibernice*—a great deal more so. It is on the inner or harbor side of the island of Bombay. Instead of the low-banked Mississippi, the waters of a tranquil and charming haven smile welcome out yonder from between wooded island-peaks. Here Bombay has its counting-houses, its warehouses, its exchange, its "Cotton Green," its docks. But not its dwellings. This part of the Fort where we have met is, one may say, only inhabited for six hours in the day—from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. At the former hour Bombay is to be found here engaged at trade: at the latter it rushes back into the various quarters outside the Fort which go to make up this many-citied city. So that at this particular hour of eight in the morning one must expect to find little here that is alive, except either a philosopher, a stranger, a policeman or a rat.

"Well, then," I said as Bhima Gandharva finished communicating this information to me, "we are all here."

"How?"

"There stand you, a philosopher; here I, a stranger; yonder, the policeman; and, heavens and earth! what a rat!" I accompanied this exclamation by shooing a big musky fellow from behind a bale of cotton whither I had just seen him run.

Bhima Gandharva smiled in a large, tranquil way he has, which is like an Indian plain full of ripe corn. "I find it curious," he said, "to compare the process which goes on here in the daily humdrum of trade about this place with that which one would see if one were far up yonder at the northward, in the appalling solitudes of the mountains, where trade has never been and will never be. Have you visited the Himalaya?"

I shook my head.

"Among those prodigious planes of snow," continued the Hindu, "which when level nevertheless frighten you as if they were horizontal precipices, and which when perpendicular nevertheless lull you with a smooth deadly half-sense of confusion as to whether you should refer your ideas of space to the slope or the plain, there reigns at this moment a quietude more profound than the Fort's. But presently, as the sun beats with more fervor, rivulets begin to trickle from exposed points; these grow to cataracts and roar down the precipices; masses of undermined snow plunge into the abysses; the great winds of the Himalaya rise and howl, and every silence of the morning becomes a noise at noon. A little longer, and the sun again decreases; the cataracts draw their heads back into the ice as tortoises into their shells; the winds creep into their hollows, and the snows rest. So here. At ten the tumult of trade will begin: at four it will quickly freeze again into stillness. One might even carry this parallelism into more fanciful extremes. For, as the vapors which lie on the Himalaya in the form of snow have in time come from all parts of the earth, so the tide of men that will presently pour in here is made up of people from the four quarters of the globe. The Hindu, the African, the Arabian, the Chinese, the Tartar, the European.

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the American, the Parsee, will in a little while be trading or working here."

"What a complete *bouleversement*," I said, seating myself on a bale of cotton

A DWELLING AT MAZAGON.

and looking toward the fleets of steamers and vessels collectéd off the great cotton-presses awaiting their cargoes, "this particular scene effects in the mind of a traveler just from America! India has been to me, as to the average American,

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a dream of terraced ghauts, of banyans and bungalows, of Taj Mahals and tigers, of sacred rivers and subterranean temples, and—and that sort of thing. I come here and land in a big cotton-yard. I ask myself, 'Have I left Jonesville—dear Jonesville!—on the other side of the world, in order to sit on an antipodal cotton-bale?'"

"There is some more of India," said Bhima Gandharva gently. "Let us look at it a little."

One may construct a good-enough outline map of this wonderful land in one's mind by referring its main features to the first letter of the alphabet. Take a capital A; turn it up side down, ∀; imagine that the inverted triangle forming the lower half of the letter is the Deccan, the left side representing the Western Ghauts, the right side representing the Eastern Ghauts, and the cross-stroke standing for the Vindhya Mountains; imagine further that a line from right to left across the upper ends of the letter, trending upward as it is drawn, represents the Himalaya, and that enclosed between them and the Vindhyas is Hindustan proper. Behind—*i. e.* to the north of—the centre of this last line rises the Indus, flowing first north-westward through the Vale of Cashmere, then cutting sharply to the south and flowing by the way of the Punjab and Scinde to where it empties at Kurrachee. Near the same spot where the Indus originates rises also the Brahmaputra, but the latter empties its waters far from the former, flowing first south-eastward, then cutting southward and emptying into the Gulf of Bengal. Fixing, now, in the mind the sacred Ganges and Jumna, coming down out of the Gangetic and Jumnatic peaks in a general south-easterly direction, uniting at Allahabad and emptying into the Bay of Bengal, and the Nerbudda River flowing over from the east to the west, along the southern bases of the Vindhyas, until it empties at the important city of Brooch, a short distance north of Bombay, one will have thus located a number of convenient points and lines sufficient for general references.

This A of ours is a very capital A indeed, being some nineteen hundred miles in length and fifteen hundred in width. Lying on the western edge of this peninsula is Bombay Island. It is crossed by the line of 19° north latitude, and is, roughly speaking, halfway between the Punjab on the north and Ceylon on the south. Its shape is that of a lobster, with his claws extended southward and his body trending a little to the west of north. The larger island of Salsette lies immediately north, and the two, connected by a causeway, enclose the noble harbor of Bombay. Salsette approaches near to the mainland at its northern end, and is connected with it by the railway structure. These causeways act as breakwaters and complete the protection of the port. The outer claw, next to the Indian Ocean, of the lobster-shaped Bombay Island is the famous Malabar Hill; the inner claw is the promontory of Calaba; in the curved space between the two is the body of shallow water known as the Back Bay, along whose strand so many strange things are done daily. As one turns into the harbor around the promontory of Calaba—which is one of the European quarters of the manifold city of Bombay, and is occupied by magnificent residences and flower-gardens—one finds just north of it the great docks and commercial establishments of the Fort; then an enormous esplanade farther north; across which, a distance of about a mile, going still northward, is the great Indian city called Black Town, with its motley peoples and strange bazars; and still farther north is the Portuguese quarter, known as Mazagon.

As we crossed the great esplanade to the north of the Fort—Bhima Gandharva and I—and strolled along the noisy streets, I began to withdraw my complaint. It was not like Jonesville. It was not like any one place or thing, but like a hundred, and all the hundred *outré* to the last degree. Hindu beggars, so dirty that they seemed to have returned to dust before death; three fakirs, armed with round-bladed daggers with which they were wounding themselves apparently in the most reckless manner, so as to send streams of blood flowing to the

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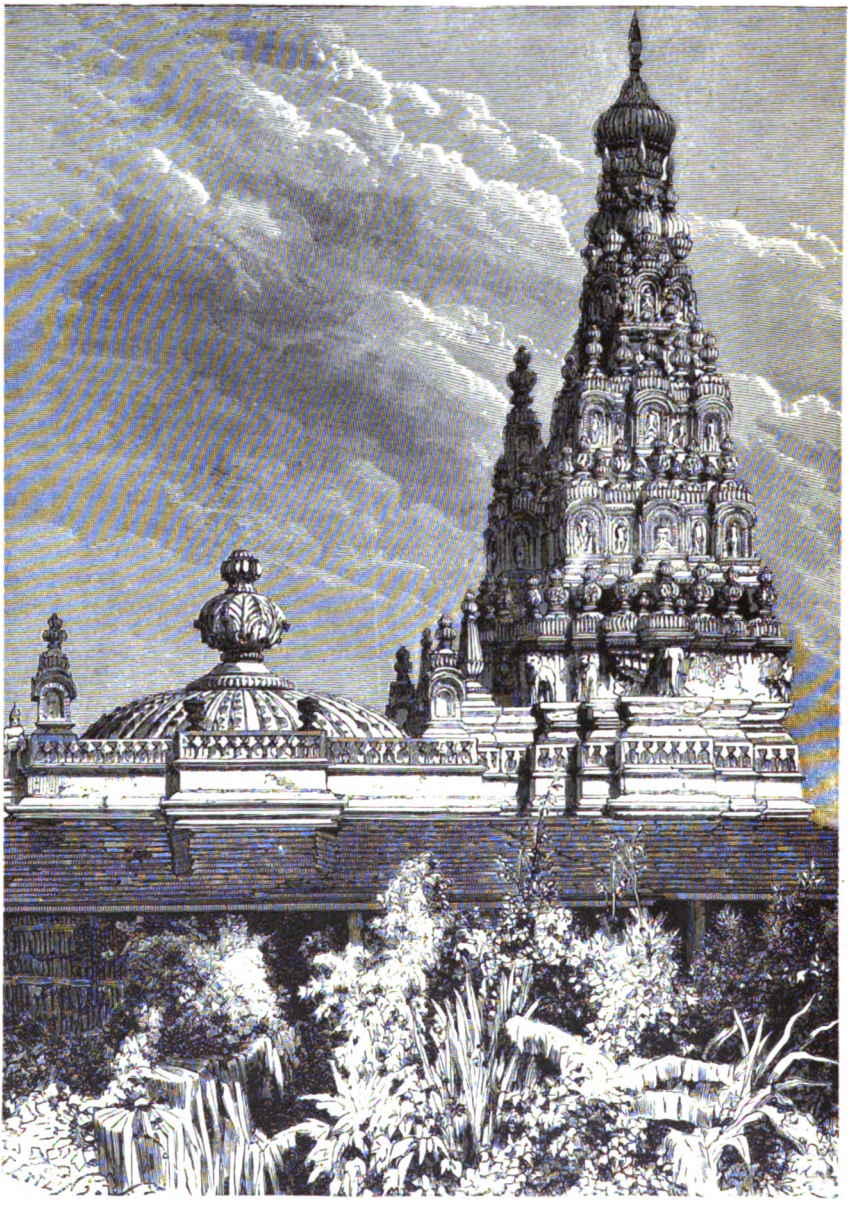
ground, and redly tattooing the ashes with which their naked bodies were covered; Parsees with their long noses curving over their moustaches, clothed in



HINDU TEMPLE IN THE BLACK TOWN, BOMBAY.

white, sending one's thoughts back to Ormuz, to Persia, to Zoroaster, to fire-worship and to the strangeness of the fate which drove them out of Persia more

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than a thousand years ago, and which has turned them into the most industrious traders and most influential citizens of a land in which they are still exiles; Chinese, Afghans—the Highlanders of the East—Arabs, Africans, Mahrattas, Malays, Persians, Portuguese half-bloods; men that called upon Mohammed, men that called upon Confucius, upon Krishna, upon Christ, upon Gotama the Buddha, upon Rama and Sita, upon Brahma, upon Zoroaster; strange carriages shaded by red domes that compressed a whole dream of the East in small, and drawn by humped oxen, alternating with palanquins, with stylish turnouts of the latest mode, with cavaliers upon Arabian horses; half-naked workmen, crouched in uncomfortable workshops and ornamenting sandal-wood boxes; dusky curbstone shopkeepers, rushing at me with strenuous offerings of their wares; lines of low shop-counters along the street, backed by houses rising in many stories, whose black pillared verandahs were curiously carved and painted: cries, chafferings, bickerings, Mussulman prayers, Arab oaths extending from "Praise God that you exist" to "Praise God *although* you exist;"—all these things appealed to the confused senses.

The tall spire of a Hindu temple revealed itself.

"It seems to me," I said to Bhima Gandharva, "that your steeples—as we would call them in Jonesville—represent, in a sort of way, your cardinal doctrine: they seem to be composed of a multiude of little steeples, all like the big one, just as you might figure your Supreme Being in the act of absorbing a large number of the faithful who had just arrived from the dismal existence below. And then, again, your steeple looks as if it might be the central figure of your theistic scheme, surrounded by the three hundred millions of your lesser deities. How do you get on, Bhima Gandharva, with so many claims on your worshiping faculties? I should think you would be well lost in such a jungle of gods?"

"My friend," said Bhima Gandharva, "a short time ago a play was performed in this city which purported to be a translation into the Mahratta language of the *Romeo and Juliet* which Shakespeare wrote. It was indeed a very great departure from that miraculous work, which I know well, but among its many deviations from the original was one which for the mournful and yet humorous truth of it was really worthy of the Master. Somehow, the translator had managed to get a modern Englishman into the play, who, every time that one of my countrymen happened to be found in leg-reach, would give him a lusty kick and cry out 'Damn fool!' Why is the whole world like this Englishman?—upon what does it found its opinion that the Hindu is a fool? Is it upon our religion? Listen! I will recite you some matters out of our scriptures: Once upon a time Arjuna stood in his chariot betwixt his army and the army of his foes. These foes were his kinsmen. Krishna—even that great god Krishna—moved by pity for Arjuna, had voluntarily placed himself in Arjuna's chariot and made himself the charioteer thereof. Then—so saith Sanjaya—in order to encourage him, the ardent old ancestor of the Kurus blew his conch-shell, sounding loud as the roar of a lion. Then on a sudden trumpets, cymbals, drums and horns were sounded. That noise grew to an uproar. And, standing on a huge car drawn by white horses, the slayer of Madhu and the son of Pandu blew their celestial trumpets. Krishna blew his horn called Panchajanya; the Despiser of Wealth blew his horn called the Gift of the Gods; he of dreadful deeds and wolfish entrails blew a great trumpet called Paundra; King Yudishthira, the son of Kunti, blew the Eternal Victory; Nakula and Sahadeva blew the Sweet-toned and the Blooming-with-Jewels. The king of Kashi, renowned for the excellence of his bow, and Shikandin in his huge chariot, Dhrishtyadumna and Virata, and Satyaki, unconquered by his foes, and Drupada and the sons of Drupadí all together, and the strong-armed son of Subhadrá, each severally blew their trumpets. That noise lacerated the hearts of the sons of Dhartarashtra, and uproar resounded both through heaven and earth. Now when Arjuna beheld

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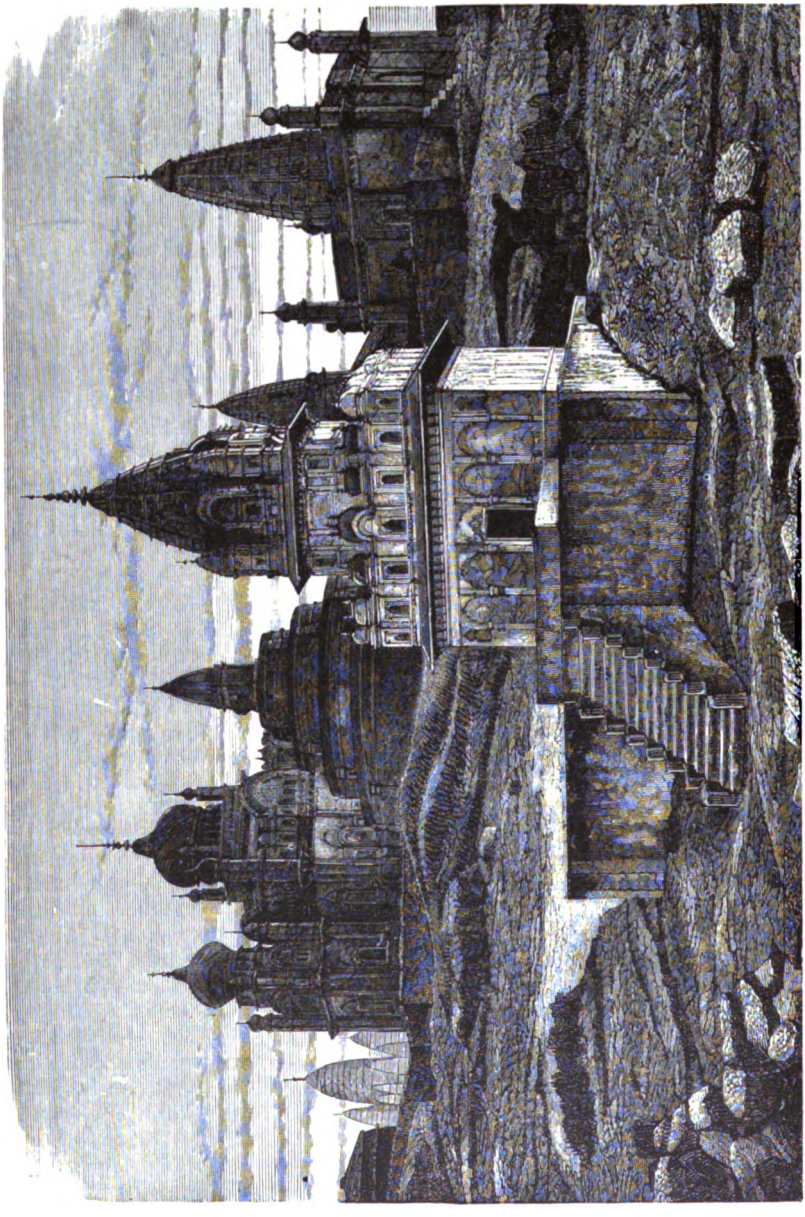
the Dhartarashtras drawn up, and that the flying of arrows had commenced, he raised his bow, and then addressed these words to Krishna:



JAIN TEMPLES AT SUNAGHUR.

"'Now that I have beheld this kindred standing here near together for the purpose of fighting, my limbs give way and my face is bloodless, and tremor is produced throughout my body, and my hair stands on end. My bow Gandiva

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slips from my hand, and my skin burns. Nor am I able to remain upright, and my mind is as it were whirling round. Nor do I perceive anything better even when I shall have slain these relations in battle. I seek not victory, Krishna, nor a kingdom, nor pleasures. What should we do with a kingdom, Govinda? What with enjoyments, or with life itself? Those very men on whose account we might desire a kingdom, enjoyments or pleasures are assembled for battle. Teachers, fathers, and even sons, and grandfathers, uncles, fathers-in-law, grandsons, brothers-in-law, with connections also,—these I would not wish to slay, though I were slain myself, O Killer of Madhu! not even for the sake of the sovereignty of the triple world—how much less for that of this earth! When we had killed the Dhartarashtras, what pleasure should we have, O thou who art prayed to by mortals? How could we be happy after killing our own kindred, O Slayer of Madhu? Even if they whose reason is obscured by covetousness do not perceive the crime committed in destroying their own tribe, should we not know how to recoil from such a sin? In the destruction of a tribe the eternal institutions of the tribe are destroyed. These laws being destroyed, lawlessness prevails. From the existence of lawlessness the women of the tribe become corrupted; and when the women are corrupted, O son of Vrishni! confusion of caste takes place. Confusion of caste is a gate to hell. Alas! we have determined to commit a great crime, since from the desire of sovereignty and pleasures we are prepared to slay our own kin. Better were it for me if the Dhartarashtras, being armed, would slay me, harmless and unresisting in the fight.'

"Having thus spoken in the midst of the battle, Arjuna, whose heart was troubled with grief, let fall his bow and arrow and sat down on the bench of the chariot."

"Well," I asked after a short pause, during which the Hindu kept his eyes fixed in contemplation on the spire of the temple, "what did Krishna have to say to that?"

"He instructed Arjuna, and said many wise things. I will tell you some of them, here and there, as they are scattered through the holy *Bhagavad-Gitâ:* Then between the two armies, Krishna, smiling, addressed these words to him, thus downcast:

"'Thou hast grieved for those who need not be grieved for, yet thou utterest words of wisdom. The wise grieve not for dead or living. But never at any period did I or thou or these kings of men not exist, nor shall any of us at any time henceforward cease to exist. There is no existence for what does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists. . . . These finite bodies have been said to belong to an eternal, indestructible and infinite spirit. . . . He who believes that this spirit can kill, and he who thinks that it can be killed—both of these are mistaken. It neither kills nor is killed. It is born, and it does not die. . . . Unborn, changeless, eternal both as to future and past time, it is not slain when the body is killed. . . . As the soul in this body undergoes the changes of childhood, prime and age, so it obtains a new body hereafter. . . . As a man abandons worn-out clothes and take other new ones, so does the soul quit worn-out bodies and enter other new ones. Weapons cannot cleave it, fire cannot burn it, nor can water wet it, nor can wind dry it. It is impenetrable, incombustible, incapable of moistening and of drying. It is constant; it can go everywhere; it is firm, immovable and eternal. And even if thou deem it born with the body and dying with the body, still, O great-armed one! thou art not right to grieve for it. For to everything generated death is certain: to everything dead regeneration is certain. . . . One looks on the soul as a miracle; another speaks of it as a miracle; another hears of it as a miracle; but even when he has heard of it, not one comprehends it. . . . When a man's heart is disposed in accordance with his roaming senses, it snatches away his spiritual knowledge as the wind does a ship on the waves. . . . He who does not practice devotion has neither intelligence nor reflection. And

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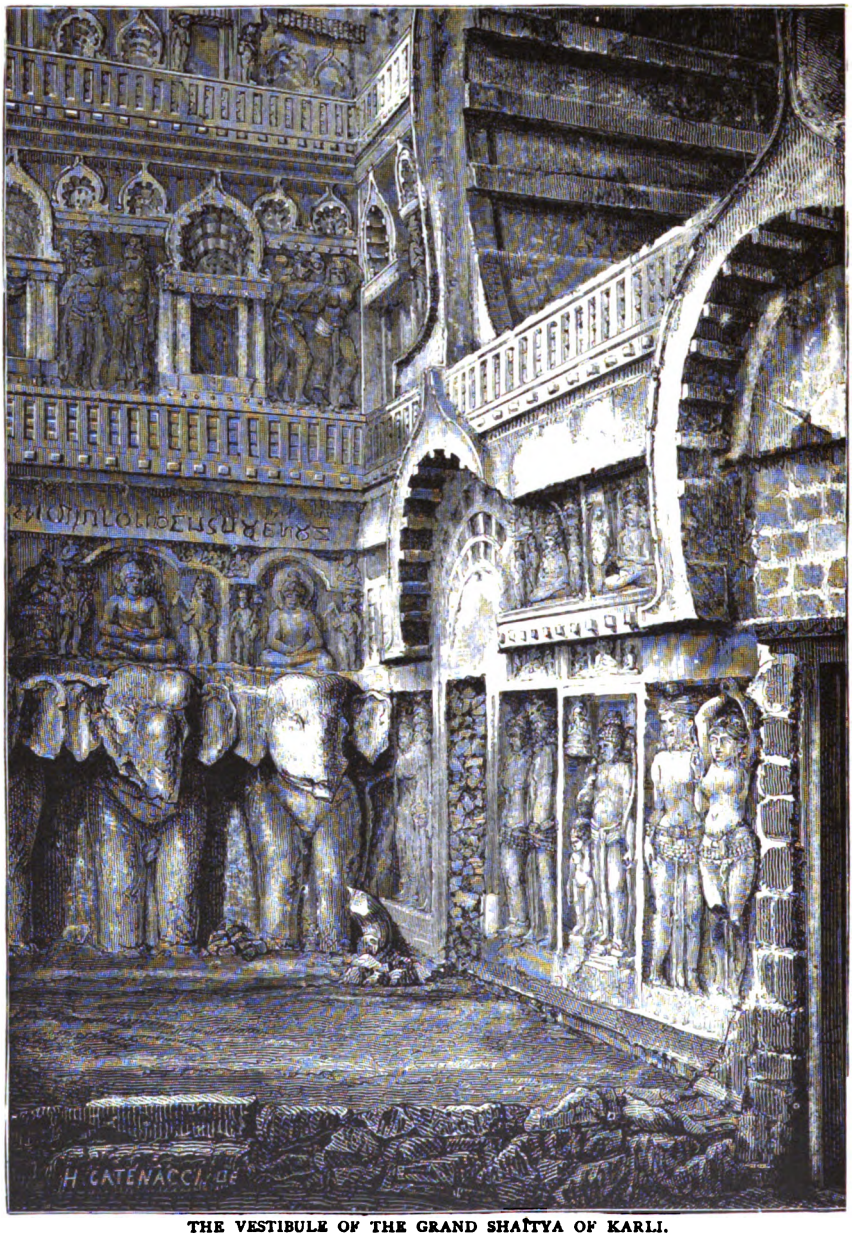
he who does not practice reflection has no calm. How can a man without calm obtain happiness? The self-governed man is awake in that which is night to



THE VESTIBULE OF THE GRAND SHAÎTYA OF KARLI.

all other beings: that in which other beings are awake is night to the self-governed. He into whom all desires enter in the same manner as rivers enter the ocean,

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which is always full, yet does not change its bed, can obtain tranquillity. . . . Love or hate exists toward the object of each sense. One should not fall into the power of these two passions, for they are one's adversaries. . . . Know that passion is hostile to man in this world. As fire is surrounded by smoke, and a mirror by rust, and a child by the womb, so is this universe surrounded by passion. . . . They say that the senses are great. The heart is greater than the senses. But the intellect is greater than the heart, and passion is greater than the intellect. . . .

"'I and thou, O Arjuna! have passed through many transmigrations. I know all these. Thou dost not know them. . . . For whenever there is a relaxation of duty, O son of Bharata! and an increase of impiety, I then reproduce myself for the protection of the good and the destruction of evil-doers. I am produced in every age for the purpose of establishing duty. . . . Some sacrifice the sense of hearing and the other senses in the fire of restraint. Others, by abstaining from food, sacrifice life in their life. (But) the sacrifice of spiritual knowledge is better than a material sacrifice. . . . By this knowledge thou wilt recognize all things whatever in thyself, and then in me. He who possesses faith acquires spiritual knowledge. He who is devoid of faith and of doubtful mind perishes. The man of doubtful mind enjoys neither this world nor the other, nor final beatitude. Therefore, sever this doubt which exists in thy heart, and springs from ignorance, with thy sword of knowledge: turn to devotion and arise, O son of Bharata! . . .

"'Learn my superior nature, O hero! by means of which this world is sustained. I am the cause of the production and dissolution of the whole universe. There exists no other thing superior to me. On me are all the worlds suspended, as numbers of pearls on a string. I am the savor of waters, and the principle of light in the moon and sun, the mystic syllable *Om* in the Vedas, the sound in the ether, the essence of man in men, the sweet smell in the earth; and I am the brightness in flame, the vitality in all beings, and the power of mortification in ascetics. Know, O son of Prithá! that I am the eternal seed of all things which exist. I am the intellect of those who have intellect: I am the strength of the strong. . . . And know that all dispositions, whether good, bad or indifferent, proceed also from me. I do not exist in them, but they in me. . . . I am dear to the spiritually wise beyond possessions, and he is dear to me. A great-minded man who is convinced that *Vasudevu* (Krishna) *is everything* is difficult to find. . . . If one worships any inferior personage with faith, I make his faith constant. Gifted with such faith, he seeks the propitiation of this personage, and from him receives the pleasant objects of his desires, which (however) were sent by me alone. But the reward of these little-minded men is finite. They who sacrifice to the gods go to the gods: they who worship me come to me. I am the immolation. I am the whole sacrificial rite. I am the libation to ancestors. I am the drug. I am the incantation. I am the fire. I am the incense. I am the father, the mother, the sustainer, the grandfather of this universe — the path, the supporter, the master, the witness, the habitation, the refuge, the friend, the origin, the dissolution, the place, the receptacle, the inexhaustible seed. I heat. I withhold and give the rain. I am ambrosia and death, the existing and the non-existing. Even those who devoutly worship other gods with the gift of faith worship me, but only improperly. I am the same to all beings. I have neither foe nor friend. I am the beginning and the middle and the end of existing things. Among bodies I am the beaming sun. Among senses I am the heart. Among waters I am the ocean. Among mountains I am Himalaya. Among trees I am the banyan; among men, the king; among weapons, the thunderbolt; among things which count, time; among animals, the lion; among purifiers, the wind. I am Death who seizes all: I am the birth of those who are to be. I am Fame, Fortune, Speech, Memory, Meditation, Perseverance and Patience among feminine words. I am the game of dice among things which de-

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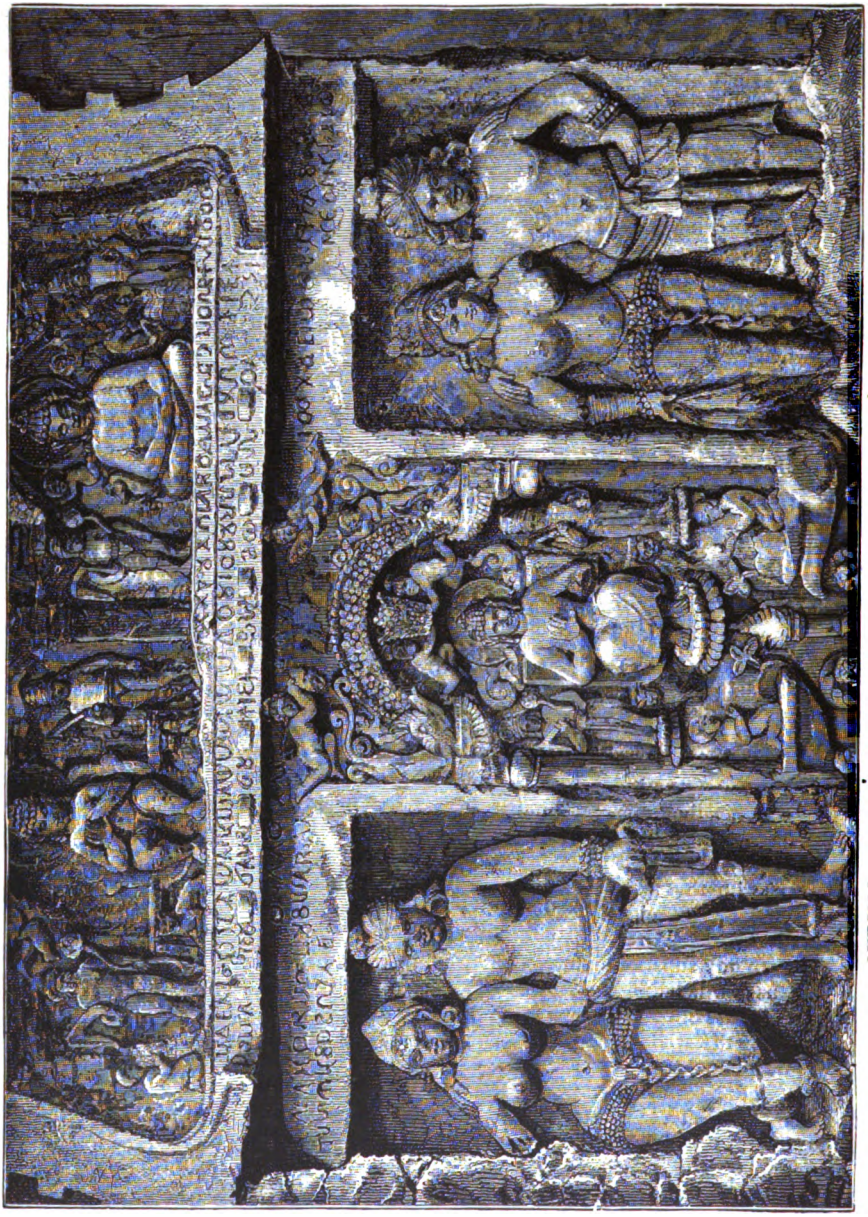
ceive: I am splendor among things which are shining. Among tamers I am the rod; among means of victory I am polity; among mysteries I am silence, the knowledge of the wise. . . .

"'They who know me to be the God



SCULPTURED FIGURES IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE GREAT SMAÏTYA OF KARLI.

of this universe, the God of gods and the God of worship—they who know me to be the God of this universe, the God of gods and the God of worship—yea, they

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who know me to be these things in the hour of death, they know me indeed.'"

When my friend finished these words there did not seem to be anything particular left in heaven or earth to talk about. At any rate, there was a dead pause for several minutes. Finally, I asked — and I protest that in contrast with the large matters wherof Bhima Gandharva had discoursed my voice (which is American and slightly nasal) sounded like nothing in the world so much as the squeak of a sick rat — "When were these things written?"

"At least nineteen hundred and seventy-five years ago, we feel sure. How much earlier we do not know."

We now directed our course toward the hospital for sick and disabled animals which has been established here in the most crowded portion of Black Town by that singular sect called the Jains, and which is only one of a number of such institutions to be found in the large cities of India. This sect is now important more by influence than by numbers in India, many of the richest merchants of the great Indian cities being among its adherents, though by the last census of British India there appears to be but a little over nine millions of Jains and Buddhists together, out of the one hundred and ninety millions of Hindus in British India. The tenets of the Jains are too complicated for description here, but it may be said that much doubt exists as to whether it is an old religion of which Brahmanism and Buddhism are varieties, or whether it is itself a variety of Buddhism. Indeed, it does not seem well settled whether the pure Jain doctrine was atheistical or theistical. At any rate, it is sufficiently differentiated from Brahmanism by its opposite notion of castes, and from Buddhism by its cultus of nakedness, which the Buddhists abhor. The Jains are split into two sects —the *Digambaras*, or nude Jains, and the *Svetambaras*, or clothed Jains, which latter sect seem to be Buddhists, who, besides the Tirthankars (*i. e.* mortals who have acquired the rank of gods by devout lives, in whom all the Jains believe), worship also the various divinities of the Vishnu system. The Jains themselves declare this system to date from a period ten thousand years before Christ, and they practically support this traditional antiquity by persistently regarding and treating the Buddhists as heretics from their system. At any event, their religion is an old one. They seem to be the gymnosophists, or naked philosophers, described by Clitarchos as living in India at the time of the expedition of Alexander, and their history crops out in various accounts—that of Clement of Alexandria, then of the Chinese Fu-Hian in the fourth and fifth centuries, and of the celebrated Chinese Hiouen-Tsang in the seventh century, at which last period they appear to have been the prevailing sect in India, and to have increased in favor until in the twelfth century the Rajpoots, who had become converts to Jainism, were schismatized into Brahmanism and deprived the naked philosophers of their prestige.

The great distinguishing feature of the Jains is the extreme to which they push the characteristic tenderness felt by the Hindus for animals of all descriptions. Jaina is, distinctly, *the purified*. The priests eat no animal food; indeed, they are said not to eat at all after noon, lest the insects then abounding should fly into their mouths and be crushed unwittingly. They go with a piece of muslin bound over their mouths, in order to avoid the same catastrophe, and carry a soft brush wherewith to remove carefully from any spot upon which they are about to sit such insects as might be killed thereby.

"Ah, how my countryman Bergh would luxuriate in this scene!" I said as we stood looking upon the various dumb exhibitions of so many phases of sickness, of decrepitude and of mishap—quaint, grotesque, yet pathetic withal—in the precincts of the Jain hospital. Here were quadrupeds and bipeds, feathered creatures and hairy creatures, large animals and small, shy and tame, friendly and predatory — horses, horned cattle, rats, cats, dogs, jackals, crows, chickens; what not. An attendant was tenderly bandaging the blinking lids of a sore-eyed duck: another was feeding a blind crow, who.

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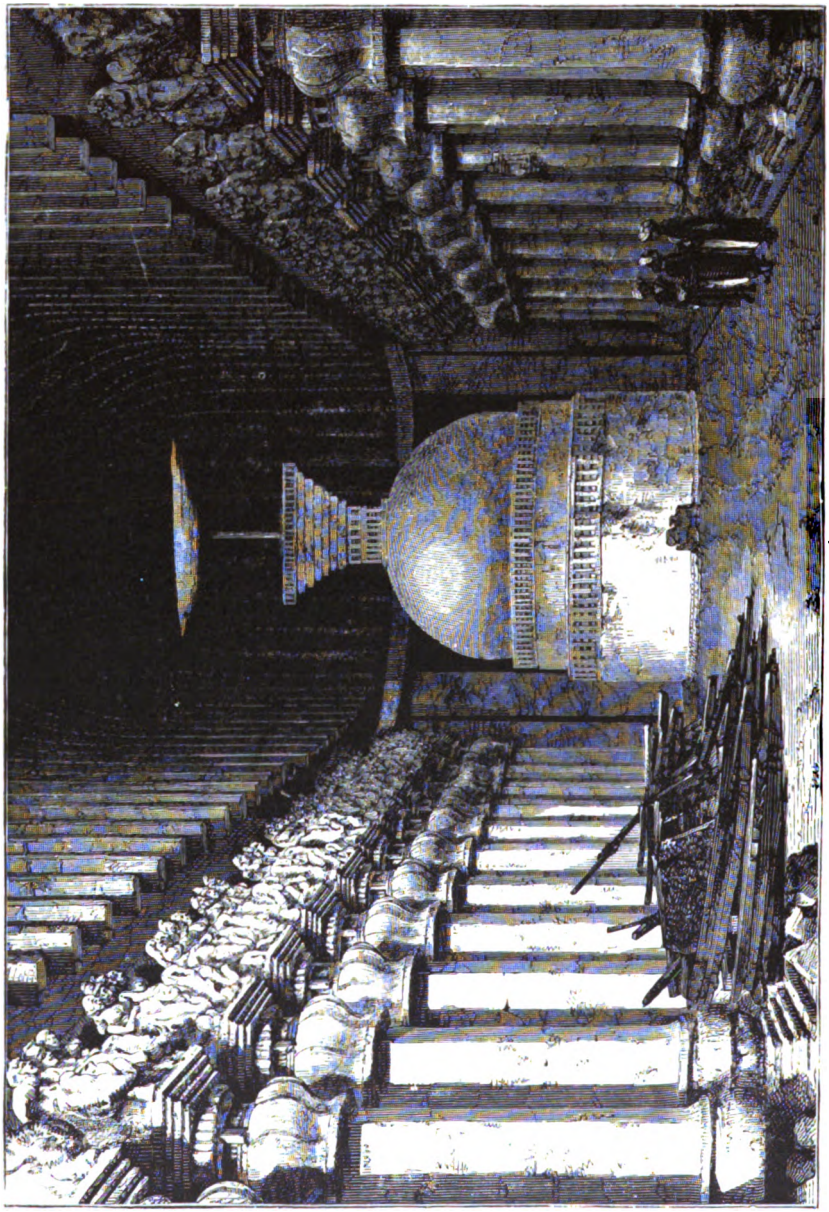
it must be confessed, looked here very much like some fat member of the New York Ring cunningly availing himself of the more toothsome rations in the sick



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT SHAITYA OF KARLI.

ward of the penitentiary. My friend pointed out to me a heron with a wooden leg.

"Suppose a gnat should break his shoulder-blade," I said, "would they put his wing in a sling?"

Bhima Gandharva looked me full in

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the face, and, smiling gently, said, "They would if they could."

The Jains are considered to have been the architects *par excellence* of India, and there are many monuments, in all styles, of their skill in this kind. The strange statues of the Tirthankars in the gorge called the Ourwhaï of Gwalior were (until injured by the "march of improvement") among the most notable of the forms of rock-cutting. These vary in size from statuettes of a foot in height to colossal figures of sixty feet, and nothing can be more striking than these great forms, hewn from the solid rock, represented entirely nude, with their impassive countenances, which remind every traveler of the Sphinx, their grotesque ears hanging down to their shoulders, and their heads, about which plays a ring of serpents for a halo, or out of which grows the mystical three-branched *Kalpa Vrich*, or Tree of Knowledge.

The sacred hill of Sunaghur, lying a few miles to the south of Gwalior, is one of the Meccas of the Jains, and is covered with temples in many styles, which display the fertility of their architectural invention: there are over eighty of these structures in all.

"And now," said Bhima Gandharva next day, "while you are thinking upon temples, and wondering if the Hindus have all been fools, you should complete your collection of mental materials by adding to the sight you have had of a Hindu temple proper, and to the description you have had of Jain temples proper, a sight of those marvelous subterranean works of the Buddhists proper which remain to us. We might select our examples of these either at Ellora or at Ajunta (which are on the mainland a short distance to the north-east of Bombay), the latter of which contains the most complete series of purely Buddhistic caves known in the country; or, indeed, we could find Buddhistic caves just yonder on Salsette. But let us go and see Karli at once: it is the largest *shaîtya* (or cave-temple) in India."

Accordingly, we took railway at Bombay, sped along the isle, over the bridge to the island of Salsette, along Salsette to Tannah, then over the bridge which connects Salsette with the mainland, across the narrow head of Bombay harbor, and so on to the station at Khandalla, about halfway between Bombay and Poonah, where we disembarked. The caves of Karli are situated but a few miles from Khandalla, and in a short time we were standing in front of a talus at the foot of a sloping hill whose summit was probably five to six hundred feet high. A flight of steps cut in the hillside led up to a ledge running out from an escarpment which was something above sixty feet high before giving off into the slope of the mountain. From the narrow and picturesque valley a flight of steps cut in the hillside led up to the platform. We could not see the façade of the shaîtya on account of the concealing boscage of trees. On ascending the steps, however, and passing a small square Brahmanic chapel, where we paid a trifling fee to the priests who reside there for the purpose of protecting the place, the entire front of the excavation revealed itself, and with every moment of gazing grew in strangeness and solemn mystery.

The shaîtya is hewn in the solid rock of the mountain. Just to the left of the entrance stands a heavy pillar (*Silasthamba*) completely detached from the temple, with a capital upon whose top stand four lions back to back. On this pillar is an inscription in Pali, which has been deciphered, and which is now considered to fix the date of the excavation conclusively at not later than the second century before the Christian era. The eye took in at first only the vague confusion of windows and pillars cut in the rock. It is supposed that originally a music-gallery stood here in front, consisting of a balcony supported out from the two octagonal pillars, and probably roofed or having a second balcony above. But the woodwork is now gone. One soon felt one's attention becoming concentrated, however, upon a great arched window cut in the form of a horseshoe, through which one could look down what was very much like the nave of a church running straight back into the depths of

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the hill. Certainly, at first, as one passes into the strange vestibule which intervenes still between the front and the interior of the shaîtya, one does not think at all—one only *feels* the dim sense of mildness raying out from the great faces of the elephants, and of mysterious far-awayness conveyed by the bizarre postures of the sculptured figures on the walls.

Entering the interior, a central nave stretches back between two lines of pillars, each of whose capitals supports upon its abacus two kneeling elephants: upon each elephant are seated two figures, most of which are male and female pairs. The nave extends eighty-one feet three inches back, the whole length of the temple being one hundred and two feet three inches. There are fifteen pillars on each side the nave, which thus enclose between themselves and the wall two side-aisles, each about half the width of the nave, the latter being twenty-five feet and seven inches in width, while the whole width from wall to wall is forty-five feet and seven inches. At the rear, in a sort of apse, are seven plain octagonal pillars—the other thirty are sculptured. Just in front of these seven pillars is the *Daghaba*—a domed structure covered by a wooden parasol. The Daghaba is the reliquary in which or under which some relic of Gotama Buddha is enshrined. The roof of the shaîtya is vaulted, and ribs of teak-wood—which could serve no possible architectural purpose—reveal themselves, strangely enough, running down the sides.

As I took in all these details, pacing round the dark aisles, and finally resuming my stand near the entrance, from which I perceived the aisles, dark between the close pillars and the wall, while the light streamed through the great horseshoe window full upon the Daghaba at the other end, I exclaimed to Bhima Gandharva, "Why, it is the very copy of a Gothic church—the aisles, the nave, the vaulted roof, and all—and yet you tell me it was excavated two thousand years ago!"

"The resemblance has struck every traveler," he replied. "And, strange to say, all the Buddhist cave-temples are designed upon the same general plan. There is always the organ-loft, as you see there; always the three doors, the largest one opening on the nave, the smaller ones each on its side-aisle; always the window throwing its light directly on the Daghaba at the other end; always, in short, the general arrangement of the choir of a Gothic round or polygonal apse cathedral. It is supposed that the devotées were confined to the front part of the temple, and that the great window through which the light comes was hidden from view, both outside by the music-galleries and screens, and inside through the disposition of the worshipers in front. The gloom of the interior was thus available to the priests for the production of effects which may be imagined."

Emerging from the temple, we saw the Buddhist monastery (*Vihara*), which is a series of halls and cells rising one above the other in stories connected by flights of steps, all hewn in the face of the hill at the side of the temple. We sat down on a fragment of rock near a stream of water with which a spring in the hillside fills a little pool at the entrance of the Vihara. "Tell me something of Gotama Buddha," I said. "Recite some of his deliverances, O Bhima Gandharva!—you who know everything."

"I will recite to you from the *Sutta Nipata*, which is supposed by many pundits of Ceylon to contain several of the oldest examples of the Pali language. It professes to give the conversation of Buddha, who died five hundred and forty-three years before Christ lived on earth; and these utterances are believed by scholars to have been brought together at least more than two hundred years before the Christian era. The *Mahâmangala Sutta*, of the *Nipata Sutta*, says, for example: 'Thus it was heard by me. At a certain time Bhagavá (Gotama Buddha) lived at Sávatthi in Jetavana, in the garden of Anáthupindika. Then, the night being far advanced, a certain god, endowed with a radiant color illuminating Jetavana completely, came to where Bhagavá was, [and] making obeisance to him, stood on one side. And, standing on one

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side, the god addressed Bhagavá in [these] verses:

1. Many gods and men, longing after what is good, have considered many things as blessings. Tell us what is the greatest blessing.

2. Buddha said: Not serving fools, but serving the wise, and honoring those worthy of being honored: this is the greatest blessing.

3. The living in a fit country, meritorious deeds done in a former existence, the righteous establishment of one's self: this is the greatest blessing.

4. Extensive knowledge and science, well-regulated discipline and well-spoken speech: this is the greatest blessing.

5. The helping of father and mother, the cherishing of child and wife, and the following of a lawful calling: this is the greatest blessing.

6. The giving alms, a religious life, aid rendered to relatives, blameless acts: this is the greatest blessing.

7. The abstaining from sins and the avoiding them, the eschewing of intoxicating drink, diligence in good deeds: this is the greatest blessing.

8. Reverence and humility, contentment and gratefulness, the hearing of the law in the right time: this is the greatest blessing.

9. Patience and mild speech, the association with those who have subdued their passions, the holding of religious discourse in the right time: this is the greatest blessing.

10. Temperance and charity, the discernment of holy truth, the perception of Nibbána: this is the greatest blessing.

11. The mind of any one unshaken by the ways of the world, exemption from sorrow, freedom from passion, and security: this is the greatest blessing.

12. Those who having done these things become invincible on all sides, attain happiness on all sides: this is the greatest blessing'

"At another time also Gotama Buddha was discoursing on caste. You know that the Hindus are divided into the Brahmans, or the priestly caste, which is the highest; next the Kshatriyas, or the warrior and statesman caste; next the Vaishyas, or the herdsman and farmer caste; lastly, the Sudras, or the menial caste. Now, once upon a time the two youths Vásettha and Bháradvaja had a discussion as to what constitutes a Brahman. Thus, Vásettha and Bháradvaja went to the place where Bhagavá was, and having approached him were well pleased with him; and having finished a pleasing and complimentary conversation, they sat down on one side. Vásettha, who sat down on one side, addressed Buddha in verse: . . .

3. O Gotama! we have a controversy regarding [the distinctions of] birth. Thus know, O wise one! the point of difference between us: Bháradvaja says that a Brahman is such by reason of his birth.

4. But I affirm that he is such by reason of his conduct. . . .

7. Bhagavá replied: . . .

53. I call him alone a Brahman who is fearless, eminent, heroic, a great sage, a conqueror, freed from attachments—one who has bathed in the waters of wisdom, and is a Buddha.

54. I call him alone a Brahman who knows his former abode, who sees both heaven and hell, and has reached the extinction of births.

55. What is called 'name' or 'tribe' in the world arises from usage only. It is adopted here and there by common consent.

56. It comes from long and uninterrupted usage, and from the false belief of the ignorant. Hence the ignorant assert that a Brahman is such from birth.

57. One is not a Brahman nor a non-Brahman by birth: by his conduct alone is he a Brahman, and by his conduct alone is he a non-Brahman.

58. By his conduct he is a husbandman, an artisan, a merchant, a servant;

59. By his conduct he is a thief, a warrior, a sacrificer, a king. . . .

62. One is a Brahman from penance, charity, observance of the moral precepts and the subjugation of the passions. Such is the best kind of Brahmanism."

"That would pass for very good republican doctrine in Jonesville," I said. "What a pity you have all so backslidden from your orthodoxies here in India, Bhima Gandharva! In my native land there is a region where many orange trees grow. Sometimes, when a tree is too heavily fertilized, it suddenly shoots out in great luxuriance, and looks as if it were going to make oranges enough for the whole world, so to speak. But somehow, no fruit comes: it proves to be all wood and no oranges, and presently the whole tree changes and gets sick and good for nothing. It is a disease which the natives call 'the dieback.' Now, it seems to me that when you old Aryans came from—from—well, from wherever you *did* come from—you branched out at first into a superb magnificence of religions and sentiments and imaginations and other boscage. But it looks now as if you were really bad off with the dieback."

It was, however, impossible to perceive that Bhima Gandharva's smile was like anything other than the same plain full of ripe corn.

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SKETCHES OF INDIA.

II.

I HAD now learned to place myself unreservedly in the hands of Bhima Gandharva. When, therefore, on regaining the station at Khandallah, he said, "The route by which I intend to show you India will immediately take us quite away from this part of it; first, however, let us go and see Poona, the old Mahratta capital, which lies but a little more than thirty miles farther to the south-eastward by rail,"—I accepted the proposition as a matter of course, and we were soon steaming down the eastern declivity of the Ghâts. As we moved smoothly down into the treeless plains which surround Poona I could not resist a certain feeling of depression.

"Yes," said Bhima Gandharva when I mentioned it to him, "I understand exactly what you mean. On reaching an unbroken expanse of level country, after leaving the tops of mountains, I always feel as if my soul had come bump against a solid wall of rock in the dark. I seem to hear a dull *thud* of discouragement somewhere back in my soul, as when a man's body falls dead on the earth. Nothing, indeed, could more heighten such a sensation than the contrast between this and the Bombay side of the Ghâts. There we had the undulating waters, the lovely harbor with its wooded and hilly islands, the ascending terraces of the Ghâts: everything was energetic, the whole invitation of Nature was toward air, light, freedom, heaven. But here one spot is like another spot; this level ground is just the same level ground there was a mile back; this corn stands like that corn; there is an oppressive sense of bread-and-butter about; one somehow finds one's self thinking of ventilation and economics. It is the sausage-grinding school of poetry—of which modern art, by the way, presents several examples — as compared with that general school represented by the geniuses who arise and fly their own flight and sing at a great distance above the heads of men and of wheat."

Having arrived and refreshed ourselves at our hotel, whose proprietor was, as usual, a Parsee, we sallied forth for a stroll about Poona. On one side of us lay the English quarter, consisting of the houses and gardens of the officers and government employés, and of the two or three hundred other Englishmen residing here. On the other was the town, extending itself along the banks of the little river Moota. We dreamed ourselves along in the lovely weather through such of the seven quarters of the town as happened to strike the fancy of my companion. Occasionally we were compelled to turn out of our way for the sacred cattle, which, in the enjoyment of their divine prerogatives, would remain serenely lying across our path; but we respected the antiquity, if not the reasonableness, of their privileges, and murmured not.

Each of the seven quarters of Poona is named after a day of the week. As we strolled from Monday to Tuesday, or passed with bold anachronism from Saturday back to Wednesday, I could not help observing how these interweavings and reversals of time appeared to take an actual embodiment in the scenes through which we slowly moved, particularly in respect of the houses and the costumes which went to make up our general view. From the modern-built European houses to the mediæval-looking buildings of the Bhoodwar quarter, with their massive walls and loop-holes and crenellations, was a matter of four or five centuries back in a mere turn of the eye; and from these latter to the Hindu temples here and there, which, whether or not of actual age, always carry one straight into antiquity, was a further retrogression to the obscure depths of time. So, too, one's glance would often sweep in a twinkling from a European clothed in

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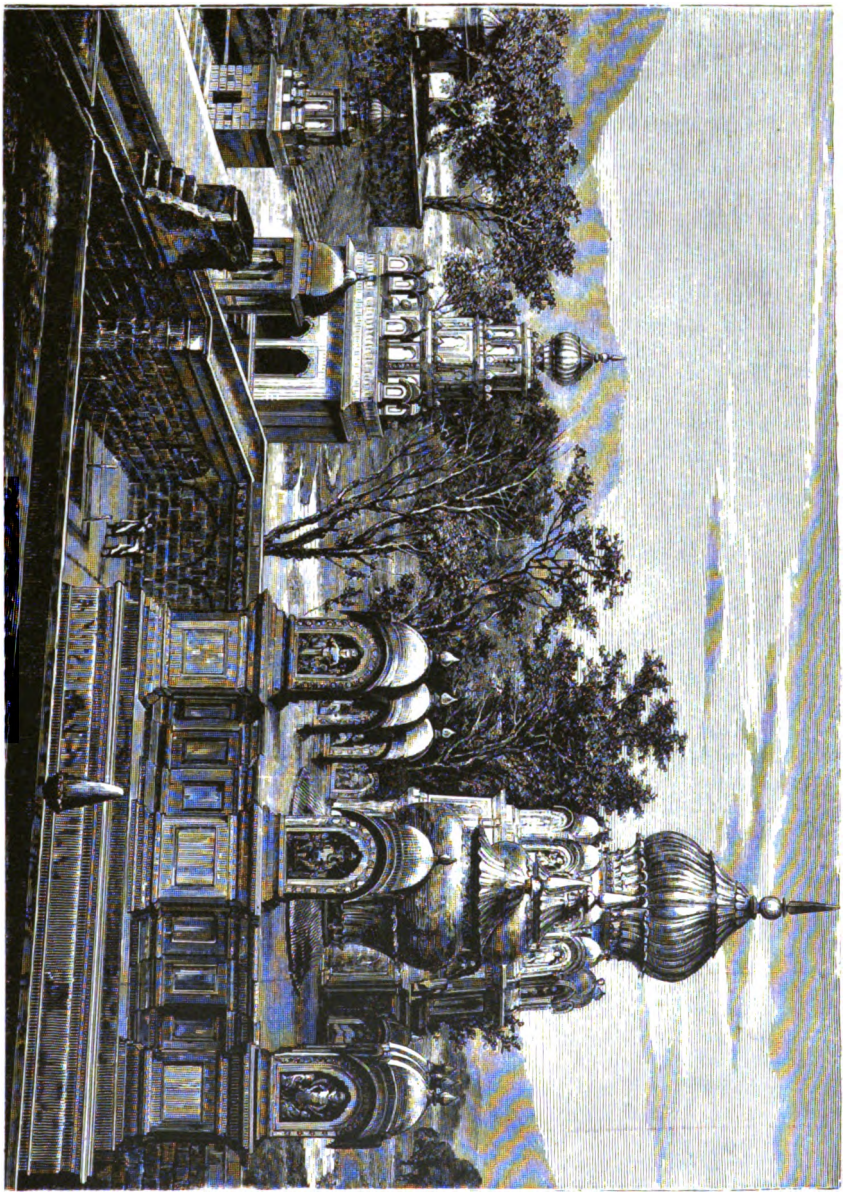
garments of the latest mode to a Hindu whose sole covering was his *dhotee*, or clout about the loins, taking in between these two extremes a number of distinct stages in the process of evolution through which our clothes have gone. In the



HINDU TEMPLES NEAR POONA.

evening we visited the *Sangam*, where the small streams of the Moola and the Moota come together. It is filled with cenotaphs, but, so far from being a place of weeping, the pleasant air was full of laughter and of gay conversation from

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the Hindus, who delight to repair here for the purpose of enjoying the cool breath of the evening as well as the pleasures of social intercourse.

But I did not care to linger in Poona. The atmosphere always had to me a certain tang of the assassinations, the intrigues, the treacheries which marked the reign of that singular line of usurping ministers whose capital was here. In the days when the Peishwas were in the height of their glory Poona was a city of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and great traffic was here carried on in jewelry and such luxuries among the Mahratta nobles. The Mahrattas once, indeed, possessed the whole of India practically; and their name is composed of *Mahu*, a word meaning "great," and often to be met with in the designations of this land, where so many things really *are* great, and *Rachtra*, "kingdom," the propriety of the appellation seeming to be justified by the bravery and military character of the people. They have been called the Cossacks of India from these qualities combined with their horsemanship. But the dynasty of the usurping ministers had its origin in iniquity; and the corruption of its birth quickly broke out again under the stimulus of excess and luxury, until it culminated in the destruction of the Mahratta empire in 1818. So, when we had seen the palace of the Peishwa, from one of whose balconies the young Peishwa Mahadeo committed suicide by leaping to the earth in the year 1797 through shame at having been reproved by his minister Nana Farnavese in presence of his court, and when we had visited the Hira-Bâgh, or Garden of Diamonds, the summer retreat of the Peishwas, with its elegant pavilion, its balconies jutting into the masses of foliage, its cool tank of water, reposing under the protection of the temple-studded Hill of Pararati, we took train again for Bombay.

The Great Indian Peninsula Railway's main line leads out of Bombay over the Ghâts to Jabalpúr, six hundred miles; thence a railway of some two hundred and twenty miles runs to Allahabad, connecting them with the great line, known as the East Indian Railway, which extends for more than a thousand miles northwestward from Calcutta *viâ* Patna, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra and Delhi. Our journey, as marked out by Bhima Gandharva, was to be from Bombay to Jabalpúr by rail; thence by some slow and easy conveyance across country to Bhopal, and from Bhopal northward through Jhansi to Delhi and the northern country, thence returning by rail to Calcutta.

As one ascends the Western Ghâts shortly after leaving Bombay one has continual occasion to remark the extraordinary resources of modern railway engineering. Perhaps the mechanical skill of our time has not achieved any more brilliant illustrations of itself than here occur. For many miles one is literally going up a flight of steps by rail. The word Ghât indeed means the steps leading up from pools or rivers, whose frequent occurrence in India attests the need of easy access to water, arising from the important part which it plays both in the civil and religious economies of the Hindu. The Ghâts are so called from their terraced ledges, rising one above another from the shores of the ocean like the stairs leading up from a pool. In achieving the ascent of these gigantic stairs all the expedients of road-makers have been resorted to: the zigzag, the trestle, the tunnel, the curve, have been pushed to their utmost applications; for five continuous miles on the Thull Ghât Incline there is a grade of one in thirty-seven, involving many trying curves, and on nineteen miles of the Bhore Ghât Incline there are thirty tunnels.

That which gives tone and character to a general view of the interior of a railway-car in traveling is, from the nature of things, the head-covering of the occupants, for it is this which mostly meets the eye; and no one who has traveled in the United States, for example, can have failed to observe the striking difference between the aspect of a car in the South, where the felt slouch prevails, and of one in the North, where

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the silk hat is more affected. But cars full of turbans! There were turbans of silk, of muslin, of woolen; white turbans, red, green and yellow turbans;

GÓNDS.

turbans with knots, turbans with ends hanging; neat turbans, baggy turbans, preternatural turbans, and that curious spotted silk inexpressible mitre which the Parsee wears.

Bhima Gandharva was good enough

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to explain to me the turban; and really, when within bounds, it is not so nonsensical a headdress as one is apt at first to imagine. It is a strip of cloth from nine to twelve inches wide, and from fifteen to twenty-five yards long. They are known, however, of larger dimensions, reaching to a yard in width and sixty yards in length. The most common color is white; next, perhaps, red, and next yellow; though green, blue, purple and black are worn, as are also buff, shot colors and gray, these latter being usually of silk; but this does not exhaust the varieties, for there are many turbans made of cotton cloth printed in various devices to suit the fancies of the wearers.

"The *puttee-dar* (*pugri*, or turban)," continued my companion, "is a neat compact turban, in general use by Hindus and Mohammedans; the *joore-dar* is like the *puttee-dar*, except that it has the addition of a knot on the crown; the *khirkee-dar* is the full-dress turban of gentlemen attached to native courts; the *nustalik* is a small turban which fits closely to the head, and is worn for full dress at the Mohammedan *durbars* or royal receptions; the *mundeel* is the military turban, with stripes of gold and ends; the *sêthi* is like the *nustalik*, and is worn by bankers; the *shumla* is a shawl-turban; and I fear you do not care to know the other varieties — the *morassa*, the *umamu*, the *dustar*, the—"

"Thank you," I said: "life is short, my dear Bhima, and I shall know nothing but turbans if this goes on, which will be inconvenient, particularly when I return to my home and my neighbor Smith asks me that ghastly question, 'What do I think of India?'"

"It is a more 'ghastly' question as to India than as to any other country in the world," said the Hindu. "Some years ago, when Mr. Dilke was traveling in this country, a witty officer of one of the hill-stations remarked to him that *all general observations about India were absurd*. This is quite true. How could it be otherwise? Only consider, for example, the languages of India—the Assamese, with its two branches of the Deccan-göl and the Uttar-göl; the Bengalee; the Maithilee, Tirhutiya or Tirabhucti, spoken between the Coosy and the Gunduck; the Orissan, of the regions around Cuttack; the Nepalese; the Kosalese, about Almora; the Dogusee, between Almora and Cashmere; the Cashmiran; the Panjabee; the Mooltanee, or Vuchee, on the middle Indus; the two dialects of Sindhí, or Tatto, on the lower Indus; the Cutché, on the west coast of the peninsula; the Guseraté, spoken on the islands of Salsette and Bombay and the opposite coast of the Coucan, as well as by the Parsees in the cities, where it is corrupted with many words of other languages through the influence of commercial relations; the Coucané, from Bombay to Goa and along the parallel Ghâts where it is called Ballagate; the Bikaneeré, the Marvaré, the Jeyporé, the Udayaporé, of Rajpootana; the Vrajabhasha (the cow-pen language) of the Doab, between the Ganges and the Jumna, which is probably the parent of Hindí (or Oordú); the Malooé, of the table-land of Malwa; the Bundelakhandé, of the Bundelkhand; the Mogadhé, of Behar; the Maharachtré, of the country south of the Vindhyas; the—"

"It gives me pain to interrupt you, Bhima Gandharva," I said (fervently hoping that this portion of my remark might escape the attention of the recording angel); "but I think we are at Jabalpúr."

Apropos of Jubbulpoor, it is well enough to remark that by the rules of Indian orthography which are now to be considered authentic, the letter "a" without an accent has a sound equivalent to short "u," and a vowel with an acute accent has what is usually called its long sound in English. Accordingly, the word written "Jabalpúr" should be pronounced as if retaining the "u" and the "oo" with which it was formerly written, "Jubbulpoor." The termination *púr*, so common in the designation of Indian places, is equivalent to that of *ville* in English, and means the same. The other common termination, *abad*, means "dwelling" or "residence": *e. g.*, Ahmedabad, the residence of Ahmed.

Jabalpúr is but about a mile from the

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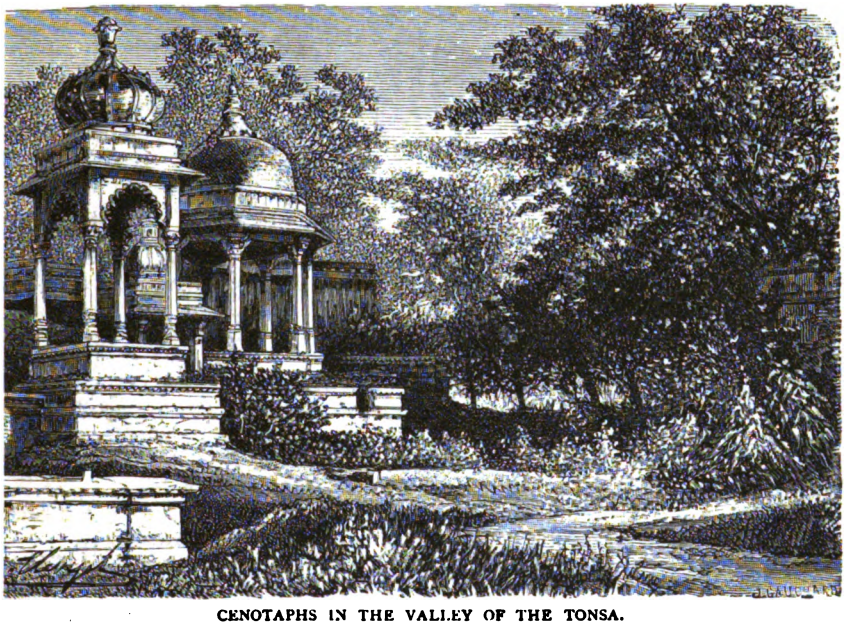
right bank of the Nerbadá (*Nerbudda*) River; and as I wished to see the famous Marble Rocks of that stream, which are found a short distance from Jabalpúr, my companion and I here left the railway, intending to see a little of the valley of the Nerbadá, and then to strike across the Vindhyas, along the valley of the Tonsa, to Bhopal, making our journey by such slow, irregular and easy stages as should



CENOTAPHS IN THE VALLEY OF THE TONSA.

be compatible with that serene and philosophic disposition into which the Hindu's beautiful gravity had by this time quite converted my American tendencies toward rushing through life at the killing pace.

It was a little past midday when we made our first journey along the river between the Marble Rocks. Although the weather was as nearly perfect as weather could be, the mornings being deliciously cool and bracing and the nights cold enough to produce often a thin layer of ice over a pan of water left exposed till daybreak, yet the midday sun was warm enough, especially after a walk, to make one long for leaves and shade and the like. It would be difficult, therefore, to convey the sensations with which we reclined at our ease in a flat-bottomed punt while an attendant poled us up toward the "Fall of Smoke," where the Nerbadá leaps out eagerly toward the low lands he is to fertilize, like a young poet anxious to begin his work of grace in the world. On each side of us rose walls of marble a hundred feet in height, whose pure white was here and there striped with dark green or black: all the colors which met the eye—the marmoreal whites, the bluish grays of the recesses among the ledges, the green and black seams, the limpid blue of the stream—were grateful, calm-toned, refreshing; we inhaled the coolness as if it had been a mild aroma out of a distant flower. This pleasant fragrance, which seemed to come up out of all things, was presently intensified by a sort of spiritual counterpart—a gentle breath that blew upon us from the mysterious regions of death; for on a *ghát* we saw a small company of Hindus just launching the body of a pious relative into the waters of Mother

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Nerbadá in all that freedom from grief, and even pleasant contemplation, with which this singular people regard the transition from present to future existence. These corpses, however, which are thus committed to the wave, do not always chime so happily in with the reveries of boating-parties on the Nerbadá. The Marble Rocks are often resorted to by pic-nic parties in the moonlit evenings; and one can easily fancy that to have a dusky dead body float against one's boat and sway slowly round alongside in the midst of a gay jest or of a light song of serenade, as is said to have happened not unfrequently here, is not an occurrence likely to heighten the spirits of revelers. Occasionally, also, the black, ugly double snout of the *magar* (or Nerbadá crocodile) may pop up from the surface, which may here serve as a warning to the young lady who trails her hand in the water — and I have yet to be in a boating-party where the young lady did not trail her hand in the water—that on the Nerbadá it is perhaps as well to resign an absent-minded hand to the young officer who sits by her in the boat lest Magar should snap it off.

Leaving the Nerbadá we now struck off northward toward the Tonsa, intending to pass round by way of Dumoh, Sangor, Bhilsa and Sanchi to Bhopal. We might have pursued a route somewhat more direct by following directly down the valley of the Nerbadá to Hoshangabad, and thence straight across to Bhopal, but my companion preferred the circuitous route indicated, as embracing a greater variety of interesting objects. He had procured for our conveyance a vehicle which was in all respects suitable to the placidity of his temper; and I make bold to confess that, American as I am—born on the railroad, so to speak —I have never enjoyed traveling as I did in this novel carriage. It was what is called a *chapaya*. It consisted of a body nearly ten feet in length by more than five in breadth, and was canopied by a top supported upon sculptured pillars of wood. The wheels were massive and low. There were no springs; but this deficiency was atoned for by the thick cushionment of the rear portion of the vehicle, which allowed us to lie at full length in luxurious ease as we rolled along. Four white bullocks, with humps and horns running nearly straight back on the prolongation of the forehead line, drew us along in a very stately manner at the rate of something like a mile and a half an hour.

We were now in the Góndwana, in some particulars one of the most interesting portions of the country. Here are the Highlands of Central India; here rise the Nerbadá and the Tapti—which flow to the westward in a generally parallel direction, and empty into the Gulf of Cambaye, the one at Broode and the other at Surat—as well as the Sôn, the Keyn (or Cane) and the Tonsa, which flow northward into the Jumna. The valley of the Keyn and that of the Tonsa here run across the Vindhyas, which are known to the eastward of this as the Kyrmores, and afford communication between Northern and Southern India. It is along the depression of the latter stream that the railway has been built from Jabalpúr to Allahabad.

The eight hundred thousand Gónds of the Góndwana are supposed to be members of the great autochthonal family of ancient India. These hills of the Góndwana country appear to have been considered by the incoming Aryans for a long time as a sort of uncanny land, whose savage recesses were filled with demons and snakes; indeed, in the epics of the Máhábháráta and Rámáyana this evil character is attributed to that portion of India lying south of the Vindhyas. The forest of Spenser's Fairy Queen, in which wandering knights meet with manifold beasts and maleficent giants, and do valorous battles against them in the rescue of damsels and the like—such seem to have been the Góndwana woods to the ancient Hindu imagination. It was not distressed damsels, however, whom they figured as being assisted by the arms of the errant protectors, but religious devotees, who dwelt in the seclusion of the forest, and who were protected from the pranks and machinations of the savage denizens by opportune he-

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roes of the northern race. It appears, however, that the native demons of the Góndwana had fascinating daughters; for presently we find the rajahs from the

THE GAUR, OR INDIAN BISON.

north coming down and marrying them; and finally, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the keen urgency of the conquering Mohammedans sends great numbers of Rajpúts down into the Góndwana, and a considerable mixture of the

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two bloods takes place. With this incursion of Hindu peoples come also the Hindu gods and tenets; and Mahadeo, the "great god," whose home had been the Kailas of the Himalayas, now finds himself domesticated in the mountains of Central India. In the Mahadeo mountain is still a shrine of Siva, which is much visited by pilgrims and worshipers.

The Gónd—he who lives back in the hills, far off from the neighborhood of the extensive planting districts, which have attracted many of those living near them to become at least half-civilized laborers in harvest-time—is a primitive being enough.

"Only look," said Bhima Gandharva, "at that hut if you desire to see what is perhaps one of the most primitive houses since ever the banyan tree gave to man (as is fabled) the idea of sheltering himself from the elements artificially." It was simply made of stakes driven into the ground, between which were wattled branches. This structure was thatched with grass, and plastered with mud.

The Gónd, like the American Indian, has his little patch of grain, which he cultivates, however, in a fashion wholly his own. His sole instrument of agriculture seems to be the axe. Selecting a piece of ground which presents a growth of small and easily-cut saplings —and perhaps, by the way, thus destroying in a few hours a whole cargo of teak trees worth more than all the crops of his agricultural lifetime—he hews down the growth, and in the dry season sets fire to the fallen timber. The result is a bed of ashes over a space of two or three acres. His soil is now ready. If the patch thus prepared happens to be level, he simply flings out a few handfuls of grain, coarse rice, kútki (ponicum) or kódon (paspalum), and the thing is done. The rest is in the hands of the god who sends the rains. If the patch be on a declivity, he places the grain at the upper part, where it will be washed down by the rains over the balance of the field. Next year he will burn some more wood—the first burning will have left many charred stumps and trunks, which he supplements with a little wood dragged from other parts of the forest—on the same spot, and so the next year, by which time it will become necessary to begin a new clearing, or *dhya*. The *dhya* thus abandoned does not renew the original growth which clothed it, like the pinelands of the Southern United States, which, if allowed to run waste after having been cleared and cultivated, clothe themselves either with oaks or with a wholly different species of pine from the original growth. The waste *dhya*, which may have perhaps nourished a splendid growth of teak, becomes now only a dense jungle.

The Gónd also raises pumpkins and beans; and this vegetable diet he supplements with game ensnared in the *dhyas*, to which peafowl, partridges, hares and the like resort. Many of the villages, however, have a professional huntsman, who will display the most incredible patience in waiting with his matchlock for the game to appear.

Besides these articles of diet, the aborigines of the Góndwana have their mhowa tree, which stands them in much the same multifarious stead as the palm does to its beneficiaries. The flowers of the mhowa fall and are eaten, or are dried and pressed, being much like raisins: they also produce a wine by fermentation and the strong liquor of the hill-people by distillation. Of the seed cakes are made, and an oil is expressed from them which is an article of commerce.

In addition, the poor Gónd appears to have a periodical godsend resulting from a singular habit of one of the great Indian plants. The bamboo is said to undergo a general seeding every thirty years: at this period, although, in the mean time, many individual bamboos may have passed through the process of reproduction, it is said that the whole bamboo growth of a section will simultaneously drop its leaves and put forth large panicles of flowers, after which come great quantities of seeds much like rice. These are gathered for food by the inhabitants with all the greater diligence in consequence of a tradition—which, however, does not seem to be at all supported by facts—that the general seeding of the

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bamboo portends a failure of the regular crops. The liberal forests of the Gónd-wana furnish still other edibles to their denizens. The ebony plums, the wild mango, the seeds of the sál tree, the beans of the giant banhinia creeper, a

BANJARIS.

species of arrowroot, and a wild yam, are here found and eaten.

It is not long since the Gónds had arrived at a melancholy condition under the baleful influences of the kulars, or liquor-dealers, who resided among them and created an extraordinary demand for their intoxicating wares by paying for service and for produce in liquor. The kulars have, however, been thrown

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into the background by wise efforts toward their suppression, and matters have improved for the poor autochthones.

We spent our first night in our chapaya, my companion having so arranged matters that we were quite independent of the bungaloos which the Englishmen have erected at suitable distances along the great roads for the convenience of travelers. The night was clear; betwixt the corner pillars which upheld our canopy a thousand friendly salutations from the stars streamed in upon us; the tranquil countenance of my friend seemed, as he lay beside me, like the face of the Past purified of old errors and calm with great wisdom got through great tribulation, insomuch that betwixt the Hindu and the stars I felt myself to be at once in communication with antiquity and with eternity.

Thus we pursued our ambulatory meditations through the Góndwana. If we had been sportsmen, we should have found full as varied a field for the bagging of game as for that more spiritual hunt after new ideas and sensations in which we were engaged. Gray quail, gray partridges, painted partridges (*Francolinus pictus*), snipe and many varieties of water-fowl, the sambor, the black antelope, the Indian gazelle or ravine deer, the gaur or Indian bison, chewing the cud in the midday shade or drinking from a clear stream, troops of *nilgaé* springing out from the long grass and dwarf growth of polás and jujube trees which covered the sites of abandoned villages and fields,—all these revealed themselves to us in the most tempting situations. But although I had been an ardent devotee of the double-barrel, the large and manly tenderness which Bhima Gandharva invariably displayed toward all animals, whether wild or tame, had wrought marvels upon me, and I had grown fairly ashamed—nay, horrified — at the idea that anything which a generous and brave man could call *sport* should consist wholly in the most keen and savage cruelties inflicted upon creatures whom we fight at the most unknightly odds, we armed, they unarmed. While I knew that our pleasures are by the divine order mostly distillations from pain, I could not now help recognizing at the same time that this circumstance was part of an enormous plan which the slaughter of innocent creatures in the way of "sport" did in nowise help to carry out.

The truth is, although I had been for some days wavering upon the brink of these conclusions in a quiet way, I found the old keen ardor of the sportsman still burning too strongly, and I had started out with a breech-loader, intent upon doing much of the Góndwana route gun in hand. It was not long before a thoughtless shot operated to bring my growing convictions sharply face to face with my decreasing practice, and thus to quite frown the latter out of existence. It happened in this wise: One day, not far from sunset, I was walking idly along behind the chapaya, in which Bhima Gandharva was dreamily reclining, when suddenly a pair of great *sáras* cranes rose from the low banks of a small stream and sailed directly across the road. Quick as thought—indeed, quicker than thought; for if I *had* thought, I would not have done it—I fired, and brought down one of the monstrous birds. As I started to approach it, Bhima Gandharva said, in a tone just a trifle graver than usual, "Stop! wait a moment," and at the same time halted the chapaya. The mate of the bird I had shot, seeing him fall, alighted on the same spot, then flew up, then returned, flew up again, returned again, with an exhibition of sad and lingering affection of which I had not dreamed, and which penetrated me beyond expression; so I stood half stolid outwardly and wholly ashamed and grieved inwardly. "The sáras," said my friend, "is the type of conjugal affection among the Hindus. The birds nearly always go in pairs; and when one is killed, the other invariably makes those demonstrations of tenderness which you have just seen."

As we journeyed along in the dusk came notes from another pair of feathered lovers, "chukwa, chukwi," "chukwa, chukwi," in a sort of mournful

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alternation. They were the branning ducks, he on one side, she on the other side of the stream, as is their habit, whence they are fabled to be a pair of lovers who must yearn unavailingly through the long nights from opposite banks of the river.

The taste of gypsy life which I was now enjoying contributed to add a sort of personal element to that general interest which hangs about the curious Banjaris, whom we met constantly, with their families and their bullocks, along our road. *Banjara* is literally "forest-wanderer." The women were especially notable for their tall stature, shapely figures and erect carriage; which circumstances are all the more wonderful from the life of hardship which they lead, attending as they do at once to the foraging of the cattle, the culinary preparations for the men and the cares of the children. From the profusion of ornaments which they wore, one may imagine, however, that they were well cared for by their lords in return for their affectionate labors; and the general bearing of the tall Banjara who bore a long two-handed sword gave evidence of a certain inward sense of protection over his belongings which probably found vent in many an affectionate gift of rings and bracelets to his graceful partner. It must be confessed that the gypsying of these Eastern Bohemians is not so free a life as is popularly supposed. The *naik* or sovereign of each *tanda*, or camp, seems to be possessed of absolute power, and in this connection the long two-handed sword suggested much less gentle reflections. The Banjara, however, though a nomad, is a serviceable one, for he is engaged in trade. With his bullocks he is the carrier of Central India, and is to be met with all over that section, bringing salt and other commodities and returning with interior produce.

SKETCHES OF INDIA.

III.

THUS we fared leisurely along. We passed Cabul merchants peddling their dried fruit on shaggy-haired camels; to these succeeded, in more lonesome portions of the road, small groups of Korkas, wretched remnants of one of the autochthonal families of Central India —even lower in the scale of civilization than the Gónds, among whom they are found; and to these the richly-caparisoned elephants of some wealthy Bhopal gentleman making a journey. We lingered long among the marvelous old Buddhistic *topes* or tumuli of Sanchi, and I interested my companion greatly in describing the mounds of the United States, with which I was familiar, and whose resemblance to these richly-sculptured and variously-ornamented ruins, though rude and far off, was quite enough to set his active fancy to evolving all manner of curious hypotheses going to explain such similarity. The whole way, by Sangor, Gharispore, Bhilsa, Sanchi, Sonori, presented us with the most interesting relics of the past, and the frequent recurrence of the works of the once prevalent Buddhistic faith continually incited us to new discussions of the yet unsolved question, Why has Buddha's religion, which once had such entire possession of this people's hearts, so entirely disappeared from the land?

And, as nothing could be more completely contrasted with the desert asceticism which Buddha's tenets inculcated than the luxury into which Mohammed's creed has flowered, so nothing could have more strikingly broken in upon our discussions of the Buddhistic monuments than the view which we at last obtained of the lovely Mohammedan city of Bhopal. To the south and east ran a strip of country as barren and heartacheish as if the very rocks and earth had turned Buddhist, beyond which a range of low rounded hills, not unlike *topes*, completed the ascetic suggestion. But, turning from this, we saw Mohammedanism at its very loveliest. Minarets, domes, palaces, gardens, the towers of the citadel, waters of lovely lakes, all mingled them-

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selves together in the voluptuous light of the low sun: there was a sense of music, of things that sparkled, of pearly lustres, of shimmering jewels, of softness, of delight, of luxury. Bhopal looked over the ragged valley like a sultan from

MUSSULMAN WOMAN OF BHOPAL.

the window of his zenana regarding afar off an unkempt hermit in his solitude.

My companion had arranged for permission to enter the town, and it was not

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long ere we were installed in the house of a friend of Bhima Gandharva's, whose guests we remained during our stay in Bhopal.

On a rock at the summit of a hill commanding this interesting city stands the fort of Fatehgarh, built by a certain Afghan adventurer, Dost Mohammed Khan, who, in a time when this part of India must have been a perfect paradise for all the free lances of the East, was so fortunate as to win the favor of Aurungzebe, and to receive as evidence thereof a certain district in Malwa. The Afghan seems to have lost no time in improving the foothold thus gained, and he thus founded the modern district of Bhopal, which was formerly divided between Malwa and Góndwana, one gate of the town standing in the former and one in the latter country. Dost Mohammed Khan appears, indeed, to have been not the only adventurer who bettered his fortunes in Bhopal. It is a curious fact, and one well illustrating the liberality which has characterized much of the more modern history of the Bhopal government, that no long time ago it was administered by a regency consisting of three persons—one a Hindu, one a Mohammedan, and the other a Christian. This Christian is mentioned by Sir John Malcolm as "Shahzed Musseah, or Belthazzar Bourbona" (by which Sir John means *Shahzahad Messiah*—a native appellation signifying "the Christian prince",—or *Balthazar of Bourbon*), and is described by that officer, to whom he was well known, as a brave soldier and an able man. He traced his lineage to a certain Frenchman calling himself John of Bourbon, who in the time of Akbar was high in favor and position at Delhi. His widow, the princess Elizabeth of Bourbon, still resides at Bhopal in great state, being possessed of abundant wealth and ranking second only to the Begum. She is the acknowledged head of a large number of descendants of John of Bourbon, amounting to five or six hundred, who remain at Bhopal and preserve their faith—having a church and Catholic priest of their own—as well as the traditions of their ancestry, which, according to their claim, allies them to the royal blood of France.

No mention of Bhopal can fail to pay at least a hasty tribute in commemoration of the forcible character and liberal politics of the Begum, who has but of late gone to her account after a long and sometimes trying connection with the administration of her country's affairs. After the death of her husband—who was accidentally killed by a pistol in the hands of a child not long after the treaty with the English in 1818—their nephew, then in his minority, was considered as the future nawab, and was betrothed to their daughter, the Begum being regent during his minority. When the time came, with his majority, for the nuptials, the Begum refused to allow the marriage to take place, for reasons which need not here be detailed. After much dispute a younger brother of the nephew was declared more eligible, but the Begum still managed in one way or another to postpone matters, much to his dissatisfaction. An arbitration finally resulted in placing him on the throne, but his reign was short, and he died after a few years, leaving the Begum again in practical charge of affairs—a position which she improved by instituting many wise and salutary reforms and bringing the state of Bhopal to a condition of great prosperity. The Pearl Mosque (*Monti Masjid*), which stands immediately in front of the palace, was built at her instance in imitation of the great cathedral-mosque of Delhi, and presents a charming evidence of her taste, as well as of the architectural powers still existing in this remarkable race.

The town proper of Bhopal is enclosed by a much-decayed wall of masonry some two miles in circuit, within which is a fort, similar both in its condition and material to the wall. Outside these limits is a large commercial quarter (*gunge*). The beautiful lake running off past the town to the south is said to be artificial in its origin, and to have been produced at the instance of Bho Pal, the minister of King Bohoje, as long ago as the sixth century, by damming up the waters of the Bess (or Besali) River, for the purpose

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of converting an arid section into fertile land. It is still called the Bhopal Tal.

If this were a ponderous folio of travels, one could detail the pleasures and polite attentions of one's Bhopalese host; of the social *utter-pân;* of the sprinklings with rose-water; of the dreamy talks over fragrant hookahs; of the wanderings among bazaars filled with moving crowds of people hailing from all the ports that lie between Persia and the Góndwana; of the *fêtes* where the nautch-girl of Baroda contended in graceful emulation with the nautch-girl of Ulwur, and the cathacks (or male dancers) with both; of elegantly-perfumed Bhopalese young men; of the palaces of nobles guarded by soldiers whose accoutrements ranged from the musket to the morion; of the Moharum, when the Mohammedan celebrates the New Year. But what would you have? A sketch is a sketch. We have got only to the heart of India: the head and the whole prodigious eastern side are not yet reached. It is time one were off for Jhansi.

A NAUTCH-GIRL (OR BAYADÈRE) OF ULWUR.

At Bioura we encountered modern civilization again in the shape of the south-west branch of the Grand Trunk road, which leads off from the main stem at Agra. The Grand Trunk is not a railroad, but a firm and smooth highway, with which the English have united Calcutta to the North-west Provinces and to the west of India. Much of this great roadway is metaled with *kunkur*, an oolitic limestone found near the surface of the soil in Hindustan; and all Anglo-India laughed at the joke of an irreverent punster who, *apropos* of the fact that this application of kunkur to the road-bed was made under the orders of Lord William Bentinck, then governor-general, dubbed that gentleman William the Kunkurer.

We had abandoned our *chapaya*—which, we may add for the benefit of future travelers, we had greatly improved as against jolting by causing it to be suspended upon a pair of old springs which we found, a relic of some antique breakdown, in a village on the route—and after a short journey on elephants were traveling *dâk;* that is, by post. The *dâk-gharri* is a comfortable-enough long carriage on four wheels, and constitutes the principal mode of conveyance for travelers in India besides the railway. It contains a mattress inside, for it goes night and day, and one's baggage is strapped on top, much as in an American stage-coach after the "boot" is full.

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Frequent relays of horses along the route enable the driver to urge his animals from one station to the other with great speed, and the only other stoppages are at the *dâk*-bungalows.

"I have discovered," I said to Bhima Gandharva after a short experience of the *dâk-gharri* and the *dâk*-bungalows — "I have discovered a general remark about India which is *not* absurd: all the horses are devils and all the *dâk*-bungalow servants are patriarchs."

"If you judge by the heels of the former and the beards of the latter, it is true," he said.

This little passage was based on the experience of the last relay, which was, however, little more than a repetition of many previous ones. My friend and I having arranged ourselves comfortably in the *dâk-gharri* as soon as it was announced ready to start, the long and marvelously lean Indian who was our driver signified to his team by the usual horse-language that we should be glad to go. The horse did not even agitate his left ear — a phenomenon which I associate with a horse in that moment when he is quietly making up his mind to be fractious. "Go, my brother," said the driver in a mellifluous and really fraternal tone of voice. The horse disdained to acknowledge the tie: he stood still.

Then the driver changed the relationship, with an access of tenderness in voice and in adjuration. "Go, my son," he entreated. But the son stood as immovable as if he were going to remain a monument of filial impiety to all time.

"Go, my grandson, my love." This seemed entirely too much for the animal, and produced apparently a sense of abasement in him which was in the highest degree uncomplimentary to his human kinsman and lover. He lay down. In so doing he broke several portions of the ragged harness, and then proceeded, with the most deliberate absurdity, to get himself thoroughly tangled in the remainder.

A NAUTCHNI (OR BAYADÈRE) OF BARODA.

"I think I should be willing," I said to my companion, "to carry that horse to Jhansi on my own shoulders if I could have the pleasure of seeing him blown from one of the rajah's cannon in the fort."

But the driver, without the least appearance of discomposure, had dismounted, and with his long deft Hindu fingers soon released the animal, patched up his gear, replaced him between the shafts and resumed his place.

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Another round of consanguinities: the animal still remained immovable, till presently he lunged out with a wicked kick which had nearly obliterated at one

THE CATHACKS (OR DANCING-MEN) OF BHOPAL.

blow the whole line of his ancestry and collateral relatives as represented in the driver. At this the latter became as furious as he had before been patient: he belabored the horse, assistants ran from the stables, the whole party yelled and

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gesticulated at the little beast simultaneously, and he finally broke down the road at a pace which the driver did not suffer him to relax until we arrived at the bungalow where we intended to stop for supper.

A venerable old Mohammedan in a white beard that gave him the majesty of Moses advanced for the purpose of ascertaining our wants.

"Had hé any mutton-chops?" asked Bhima Gandharva in Hindustani, the *lingua franca* of the country.

"Cherisher of the humble! no."

"Any beefsteak?"

"Nourisher of the poor! no."

"Well, then, I *hear* a chicken," said my friend, conclusively.

"O great king," said the Mohammedan, turning to me, "there *is* a chicken."

In a twinkling the cook caught the chicken: its head was turned toward Mecca. Bismillah! O God the Compassionate, the Merciful! the poor fowl's head flew off, and by the time we had made our ablutions supper was ready.

Turning across the ridges to the northeastward from Sipri, we were soon making our way among the tanks and groves which lie about the walls of Jhansi. Here, as at Poona, there was ever present to me a sense of evil destinies, of blood, of treacheries, which seemed to linger about the trees and the tanks like exhalations from the old crimes which have stained the soil of the country. For Jhansi is in the Bundelcund, and the Bundelcund was born in a great iniquity. The very name—which properly is *Bundelakhand*, or "the country of the Bundelas"—has a history thickly set about with the terrors of caste, of murder and of usurpation. Some five hundred years ago a certain Rajput prince, Hurdeo Sing, committed the unpardonable sin of marrying a slave (*bundi*), and was in consequence expelled from the Kshatriya caste to which he belonged. He fled with his disgrace into this region, and after some years found opportunity at least to salve his wounds with blood and power. The son of the king into whose land he had escaped conceived a passion for the daughter of the slave wife. It must needs have been a mighty sentiment, for the conditions which Hurdeo Sing exacted were of a nature to try the strongest love. These were, that the nuptial banquet should be prepared by the unmentionable hands of the slave wife herself, and that the king and his court should partake of it—a proceeding which would involve the loss of their caste also. But the prince loved, and his love must have lent him extraordinary eloquence, for he prevailed on his royal father to accept the disgrace. If one could only stop here, and record that he won his bride, succeeded his magnanimous old parent on the throne, lived a long and happy life with his queen, and finally died regretted by his loving people! But this is in the Bundelcund, and the facts are, that the treacherous Hurdeo Sing caused opium to be secretly put into all the dishes of the wedding-feast, and when the unsuspecting revelers were completely stupefied by the drug had the whole party assassinated, after which he possessed himself of the throne and founded the Bundelcund.

One does not wonder that the hills and forests of such a land became the hiding-places of the strangling Thugs, the home of the poisoning Dacoits, the refuge of conspirators and insurgents and the terror of Central India.

As for Jhansi, the district in whose capital we were now sojourning, its people must have tasted many of the sorrows of anarchy and of despotism even in recent times. It was appurtenant no long time ago to the Bundela rajah of Ourcha: from him it passed by conquest into the possession of the Peishwa. These small districts were all too handy for being tossed over as presents to favorites: one finds them falling about among the greedy subordinates of conquerors like nuts thrown out to school-boys. The Peishwa gave Jhansi to a soubahdar: the British government then appeared, and effected an arrangement by which the soubahdar should retain it as hereditary rajah on the annual payment of twenty-four thousand rupees. This so-called rajah, Ramchund Rao, died without issue in 1835. Amid great disputes as to the

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succession the British arbitrators finally decided in favor of Rugonath Rao; but new quarrels straightway arose, a great cry being made that Rugonath Rao was a leper, and that a leper ought not to be a rajah. His death in some three years settled that difficulty, only to open fresh ones among the conflicting claimants. These perplexing questions the British finally concluded quite effectually by assuming charge of the government themselves, though this was attended with trouble, for the stout old mother of Ramchund Rao made armed resistance from the fort or castellated residence of the rajahs, which stands on its great rock overlooking the town of Jhansi. A commission finally decreed the succession to Baba Gunghadar Rao, but retained the substantial power until the revenues had recovered from the depression consequent upon these anarchic disturbances.

BURIAL-PLACE OF THE RAJAHS OF JHANSI.

"At any rate," I said as Bhima Gandharva finished this narrative while we were walking about the burial-place of the rajahs of Jhansi, and occupying ourselves with tracing the curious admixture of Moslem with Hindu architecture presented by the tombs, "these rajahs, if they loved each other but little in life, appear to have buried each other with proper enough observances: the cenotaphs are worthy of tenderer remembrances."

"Yes," he said: "this part of India is everywhere a land of beautiful tombs

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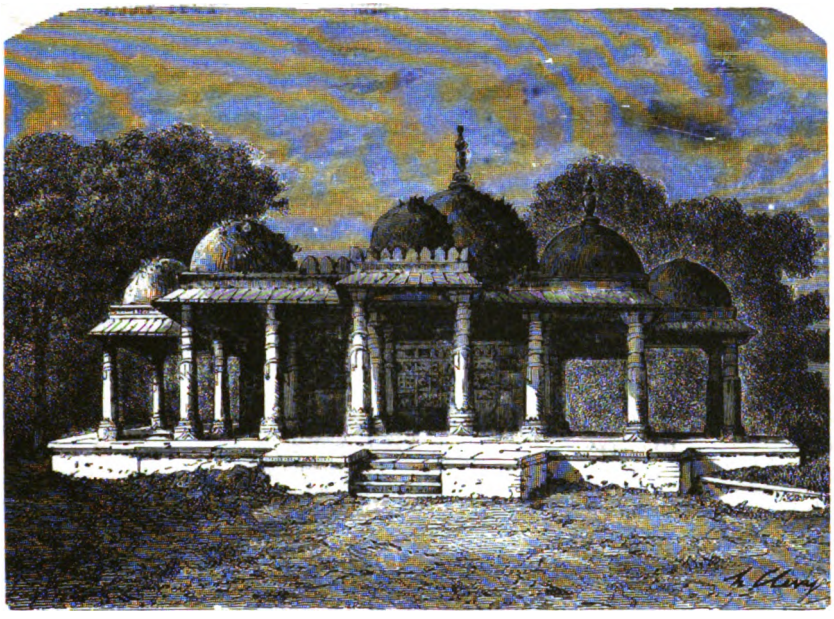
which enclose ugly memories. I recall one tomb, however, near which I have spent many hours of tranquil meditation, and which is at once lovely without and within: it is the tomb of the Moslem saint Allum Sayed at Baroda. It was built of stones taken from an old Jain temple whose ruins are still visible near



TOMB OF ALLUM SAYED.

by; and with a singular fitness, in view of its material, the Moslem architect has mingled his own style with the Hindu, so that an elegant union of the keen and naked Jain asceticism with the mellower and richer fancy of the luxurious Mohammedan has resulted in a perfect work of that art which makes death lovely by recalling its spiritual significance. Besides, a holy silence broods about the cactus and the euphorbian foliage, so that a word will send the paroquets, accustomed to such unbroken stillness, into hasty flights. The tomb proper is in the chamber at the centre, enclosed by delicately-trellised walls of stone. I can easily fancy that the soul of Allum Sayed is sitting by his grave, like a faithful dog loath to quit his dead master."

Jhansi was once in the enjoyment of a considerable trade. The caravans from the Deccan to Furruckabad and other places in the Douab were in the habit of stopping here, and there was much trafficking in the cloths of Chanderi and in bows, arrows and spears—the weapons of the Bundela tribes—which were here manufactured. Remnants of the wealth then acquired remain; and on the evening of the same day when we were wandering among the rajahs' tombs we proceeded to the house of a rich friend of Bhima Gandharva's, where we were to witness a *nautch*, or dance, executed by a wandering troop of Mewati bayadères. We arrived about nine o'clock: a servant sprinkled us with rose-water, and we were ushered into a large saloon, where the bayadères were seated with a couple of musicians, one of whom played the tam-tam and another a sort of violin. When the family of our host, together with a few friends, were seated at the end of the room opposite the bayadères, the signal was given, and the music commenced with a soft

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and indescribably languorous air. One of the bayadères rose with a lithe and supple movement of the body not comparable to anything save the slow separating of a white scud from the main cloud which one sees on a summer's day high up in the cirrus regions. She was attired in a short jacket, a scarf, and a profusion of floating stuff that seemed at once to hide and expose. Presently I observed that her jewelry was glittering as it does not glitter when one is still, yet her feet were not moving. I also heard a gentle tinkling from her anklets and bracelets. On regarding her more steadily, I saw that her whole body was trembling in gentle and yet seemingly intense vibrations, and she maintained this singular agitation while she assumed an attitude of much grace, extending her arms and spreading out her scarf in gracefully-waving curves. In these slow and languid changes of posture, which accommodated themselves to the music like undulations in running water to undulations in the sand of its bed, and in the strange trembling of her body, which seemed to be an inner miniature dance of the nerves, consisted her entire performance. She intensified the languid nature of her movements by the languishing coquetries of her enormous black eyes, from which she sent piercing glances between half-closed lids. It was a dance which only southern peoples understand. Any one who has ever beheld the *slow juba* of the negro in the Southern United States will recognize its affinity to these movements, which, apparently deliberate, are yet surcharged with intense energy and fire.

MEWATI DANCING-GIRL.

Her performance being finished, the bayadère was succeeded by others, each of whom appeared to have her specialty—one imitating by her postures a serpent-charmer; another quite unequivocally representing a man-charmer; another rapidly executing what seemed an interminable pirouette. Finally, all joined in a song and a closing round, adding the sound of clapping hands to the more energetic measures of the music.

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"I can now understand," I said when the nautch was finished, "the remark of the shah of Persia which set everybody laughing not long ago in England. During his visit to that country, being present at a ball where ladies and gentlemen were enjoying themselves in a somewhat laborious way in dancing, he finally asked, 'Why do you not make your servants do this for you?' It is at least entertaining to see a nautch, but to wade through the English interpretation of a waltz, *hic labor hoc opus est*, and the servants *ought* to perform it."

"Do you know," said Bhima Gandharva, "that much the same national mode of thought which prompts the Hindu to have his dancing done by the nautch-girls also prompts him to have his tax-gathering and general governing done by the English? We are often asked why the spectacle has so often been seen of our native princes quietly yielding up their kingdoms to strangers, and even why we do not now rise and expel the foreigner from power over us. The truth is, most Hindus are only glad to get some one else to do the very hard work of governing. The Englishman is always glad to get a French cook, because the French can cook better than the English. Why should not we be also glad to get English governors, when the English govern so much better than the Hindus? In truth, governing and cooking are very like—the successful ruler, like the successful cook, has only to consult the tastes of his employers; and upon any proper theory of politics government becomes just as purely an economic business as cooking. You do not cook your own dinner: why? Because you desire to devote your time to something better and higher. So we do not collect taxes and lay them out for the public convenience, because there are other things we prefer to do. I am amazed at the modern ideas of government: it is looked upon as an end, as an objective result in itself, whereas it is really only the merest of means toward leaving a man at leisure to attend to his private affairs. The time will come"—and here the Hindu betrayed more energy than I had hitherto ever seen him display—"when the world will have its whole governing work done upon contract by those best fitted for it, and when such affairs will be looked upon as belonging simply to the police function of existence, which negatively secures us from harm, without at all positively touching the substantial advancement of man's life."

The next day we fared northward toward Agra, by Duttiah, Gwalior and Dholepore. Learning at Agra that the northward-bound train—for here we had come upon complete civilization again in the East Indian Railway—would pass in an hour, we determined to reserve the Taj Mahal (the lovely Pearl Mosque of Agra) until we should be returning from Delhi to Calcutta. Bhima Gandharva desired me, however, to see the Douab country and the old sacred city of Mattra; and so when we had reached Hatras Station, a few miles north of Agra, we abandoned the railway and struck across to the south-westward, toward Mattra, in a hired carriage.

We were now veritably in ancient Hindustan. It was among these level plains through which we were rolling that the antique Brahmins came and propounded that marvelous system which afterward took the whole heart of the land. Nothing could have been more striking than to cast one's eye thus over the wide cotton-fields—for one associates cotton with the New—and find them cultivated by these bare-legged and breech-clouted peasants of the Douab, with ploughs which consisted substantially of a crooked stick shod with iron at the end, and with other such farming-implements out of the time that one thinks of as forty centuries back. Yet in spite of this primitive rudeness of culture, and of an aridity of soil necessitating troublesome irrigation, these plains have for a prodigious period of time supported a teeming population; and I could not help crying out to Bhima Gandharva that if we had a few millions of these gentle and patient peasants among the cotton-fields of the United States, the South would quickly become a Garden of Delight,

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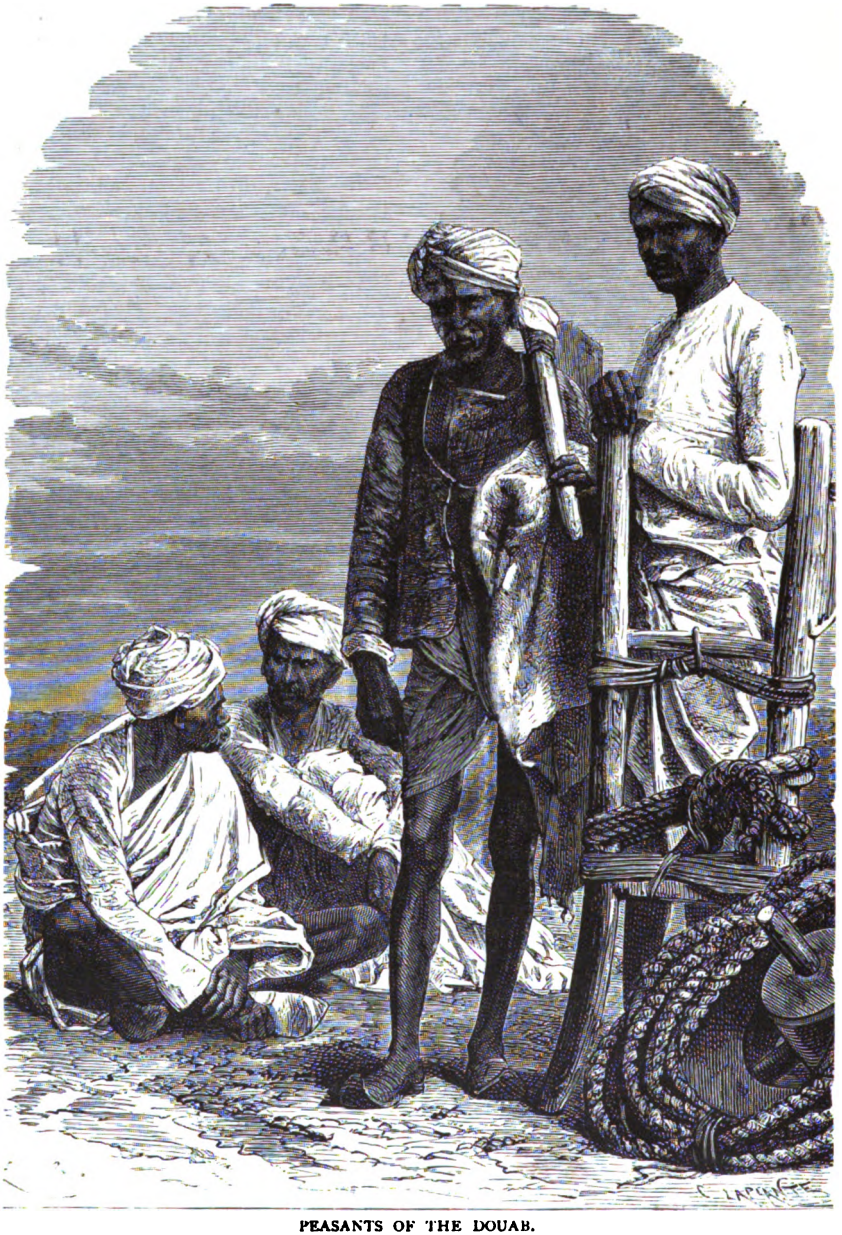

PEASANTS OF THE DOUAB.

and the planters could build Jammah Masjids with rupees for marble.

The conservatism which has preserved for so long a time the ancient rude methods of industry begins to grow on one as one passes between these villages of people who seem to be living as if they were perfectly sure that God never intended them to live any other way.

"It is not long," said my friend, "since

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a British officer of engineers, on some expedition or other, was encamped for the night at no great distance from here. His tent had been pitched near one of those Persian water-wheels such as you have seen, which, although of great antiquity, are perhaps as ingeniously adapted to the purpose of lifting water as any machine ever invented. The creaking of the wheel annoyed him very much, and after a restless night, owing to that cause, he rose and went out of his tent and inquired of the proprietor of the wheel (a native) why in the name of Heaven he never greased it. 'Because,' said the conservative Hindu, 'I have become so accustomed to the noise that I can only sleep soundly while it is going on: when it stops, then I wake, and knowing from the cessation of the sound that my bullock-driver is neglecting his duty, I go out and beat him.' Thus, even the conservation of the useless comes in time to create habits which are useful."

"It is true," I replied, "and it recalls to me a somewhat unusual illustration. A summer or two ago a legal friend of mine, who is the possessor of a large family of children, came into the court-room one morning with very red eyes, and to my inquiry concerning the cause of the same he replied: 'To tell you the truth, I can't go to sleep unless a child is crying about the house somewhere; but my wife left town yesterday for the summer with all the children, and I haven't had a wink the whole night.'"

A drive of some five hours brought us to Mattra after dark, and as we crossed the bridge of boats over the sacred Jumna (the *Yamuna* of the Sanscrit poems) he seemed indeed thrice holy, with his bosom full of stars. Mattra, which lies immediately on the western bank of the river, stands next to Benares among the holy cities of the Hindus: here both the soil and the river-water are consecrated, for this was the birthplace of Krishna, or, more properly speaking, the scene of that avatar of Vishnu which is known as Krishna. When we rose early in the morning and repaired to the river-bank, hundreds of the faithful were ascending and descending the numerous ghâts leading down the high bank to the water, while a still more animated crowd of both sexes were standing up to their middle in the stream, throwing the water in this direction and that, and mingling their personal ablutions with the rites of worship in such a way as might at once clean both souls and bodies. Evidences of the holy character of the town met us everywhere as we strolled back to our lodgings. Sacred monkeys, painted red over their hind quarters in consecration to the monkey-god Hanuman, capered and grinned about us, and sacred bulls obstructed our way along the narrow and dirty streets, while everywhere we saw pictures representing Krishna — sometimes much like an Apollo in the guise of a youthful shepherd playing the flute to a group of young girls, who danced under a tree; sometimes as a Hercules strangling a serpent or performing other feats of physical strength.

Fabulous stories are told of the early wealth and glory of Mattra. Ferishta relates that when Mahmoud of Ghazni had arrived with his troops in the neighborhood in the year 1017, he heard of this rich city consecrated to Krishna Vasu-Deva, and straightway marching upon it captured it and gave it up to plunder. Writing of it afterward to the governor of Ghazni, he declared that such another city could not be built within two centuries; that it contained one thousand edifices "as firm as the faith of the faithful," and mostly built of marble; that among the temples had been found five golden idols in whose heads were ruby eyes worth fifty thousand dinars; that in another was a sapphire weighing four hundred *miskals* (the present *miskal* of Bosrah is seventy-two grains), the image itself producing, after being melted, ninety-eight thousand three hundred *miskals* of pure gold; and that besides these there were captured one hundred silver idols, each of which was a camel's load.

We spent a pleasant morning in wandering about the old ruined fort which was built here by Jey Singh (or Jaya Sinha), the famous astronomer, and we were particularly attracted, each in his

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own contemplative and quiet way, by the ruins of an observatory which we found on the roof of one of the buildings, where the remains of old dials, horizontal cir-

HINDU BANKERS OF DELHI.

cles and mural instruments lay scattered about. I think the only remark made by either of us was when Bhima Gandharva declared in a voice of much earnestness, from behind a broken gnomon where he had esconced himself, that he

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saw Time lying yonder on his back, with his head on a broken dial, nearly asleep.

Returning to Hatras Station on the same day, we again took the train, and this time did not leave it until we had crossed the great tubular bridge over the Jumna and come to a standstill in the station at Delhi. Here we found one of the apparently innumerable friends of Bhima Gandharva, a banker of Delhi, awaiting us with a carriage, and we were quickly driven to his residence—a circumstance, by the way, which I discovered next day to be a legitimate matter of felicitation to myself, for there is, strange to say, no hotel in Delhi for Europeans, travelers being dependent upon the accommodations of a *dâk*-bungalow, where one is lodged for a rupee a day.

In the morning we made an early start for the palace of the padishahs, which stands near the river, and indeed may be said to constitute the eastern portion of the city, having a wall of a mile in extent on its three sides, while the other abuts along the offset of the Jumna upon which Delhi is built. Passing under a splendid Gothic arch in the centre of a tower, then along a vaulted aisle in the centre of which was an octagonal court of stone, the whole route being adorned with flowers carved in stone and inscriptions from the Koran, we finally gained the court of the palace, in which is situated the Dewani Khas, the famous throne-room which contained the marvelous "peacock throne." I found it exteriorly a beautiful pavilion of white marble crowned by four domes of the same material, opening on one side to the court, on the other to the garden of the palace. On entering, my eye was at first conscious only of a confused interweaving of traceries and incrustations of stones, nor was it until after a few moments that I could bring myself to any definite singling out of particular elements from the general dream of flowing and intricate lines; but presently I was enabled to trace with more discriminating pleasure the flowers, the arabesques, the inscriptions which were carved or designed in incrustations of smaller stones, or inlaid or gilt on ceiling, arch and pillar.

Yet what a sense of utter reverse of fortune comes upon one after the first shock of the beauty of these delicate stone fantasies! Wherever we went—in the Dewani Aum or hall of audience; in the Akbari Hammun or imperial baths; in the Sammam Burj or private palace of the padishahs, that famous and beautiful palace over whose gate the well-known inscription stands, "If there is a Paradise on earth, it is here;" in the court, in the garden — everywhere was abandonment, everywhere the filthy occupations of birds, everywhere dirt, decay, desolation.

It was therefore a prodigious change when, emerging from the main gate of the palace, we found ourselves in the great thoroughfare of Delhi, the Chandni Chowk (literally "Shining street"), which runs straight to the Lahore gate of the city. Here an immense number of daily affairs were transacting themselves, and the Present eagerly jostled the Past out of the road. The shops were of a size which would have seemed very absurd to an enterprising American tradesman, and those dealing in the same commodities appeared to be mostly situated together—here the shoemakers, there the bankers, and so on.

The gold-embroidered cloths — Delhi is famous for them—made me think of those embroidered in stone which we had just seen in the Dewani Khas. These people seem to dream in curves and flowing lines, as the Germ in dreams in chords and meandering tones, the Italian in colors and ripe forms.

("And as the American—?" said Bhima Gandharva with a little smile as we were walking down the Chandni Chowk.

"The American does not dream — yet," I answered.)

We saw much of the embroidered fabrics known as "kincob" (properly, *kunkhwab*) and "kalabatu;" and Bhima Gandharva led me into an inner apartment where a *nakad* was manufacturing the gold thread (called *kalabatoon*) for these curious loom embroideries. The kalabatoon consists of gold wire wound about a silk thread; and nothing could better illustrate the deft-

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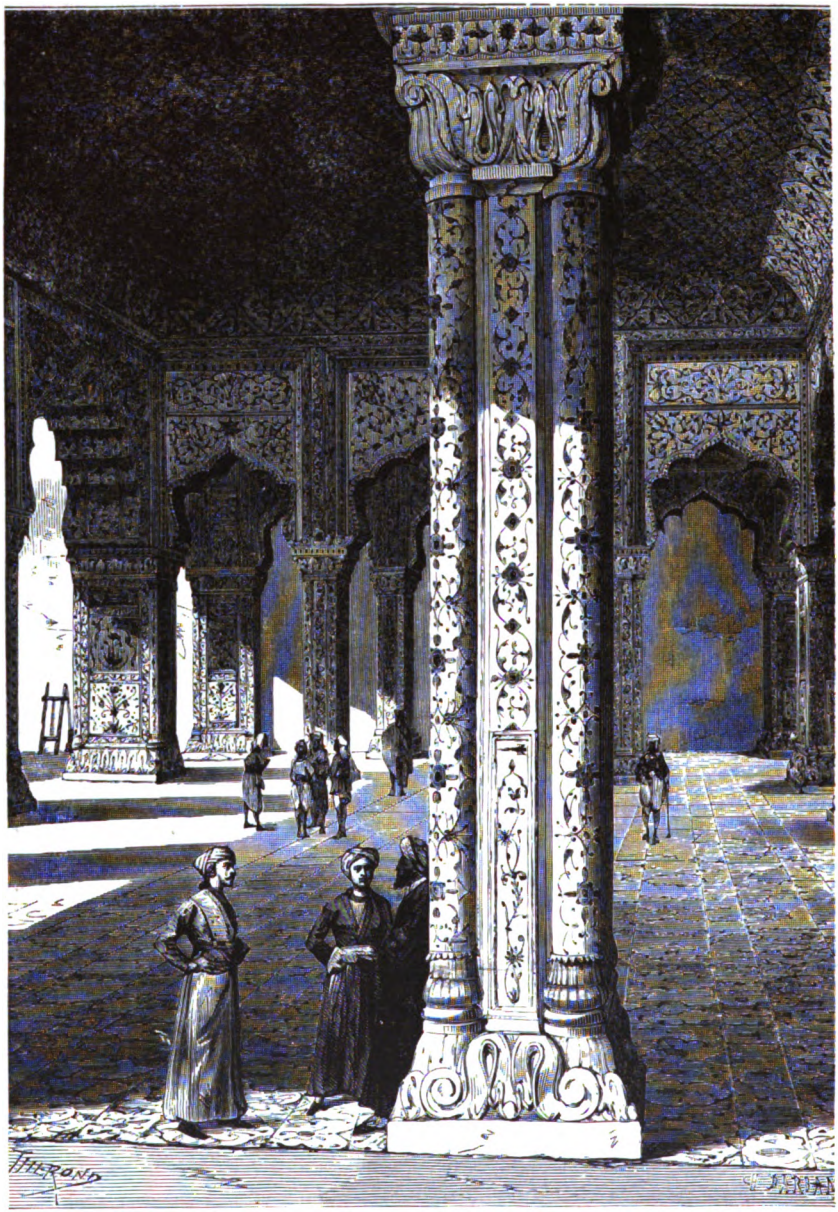

THE GRAND HALL OF THE DEWANI KHAS IN THE PALACE OF DELHI.

ness of the Hindu fingers than the motions of the workman whom we saw. Over a polished steel hook hung from the ceiling the end of a reel of slightly twisted silk thread was passed. This end was tied to a spindle with a long bamboo shank, which was weighted and nearly reached the floor. Giving the shank of the spindle a smart roll along his thigh, the workman set it going with great ve-

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locity: then applying to the revolving thread the end of a quantity of gold wire which was wound upon a different reel, the gold wire twisted itself in with the silk thread and made a length of kalabatoon about as long as the workman. The kalabatoon was then reeled off on a separate reel, and the process continually repeated.

We stopped at the office of our banker for a moment on our way along the Chandni Chowk in order to effect some changes of money. As we were leaving, Bhima Gandharva inquired if I had observed the young man in the red cotton turban who had politely broken off in our favor a long negotiation with our banker, which he resumed when we had finished our little business.

"Of course I did," I replied. "What a beautiful young man he was! His aquiline nose, his fair complexion, his brilliant eyes, his lithe form, his intelligent and vivacious expression,—all these irresistibly attracted me to him."

"Ha!" said Bhima Gandharva, as if he were clearing his throat. He grasped my arm: "Come, I thought I saw the young man's father standing near the door as we passed out. I wonder if *he* will irresistibly attract you?" He made me retrace my steps to the banker's office: "There he is."

He was the image of the son in feature, yet his face was as repulsive as his son's was beautiful: the Devil after the fall, compared with the angel he was before it, would have presented just such a contrast.

"They are two Vallàbhácháryas," said my companion as we walked away. "You know that the trading community of India, comprehended under the general term of Baniahs, is divided into numerous castes, which transmit their avocations from father to son and preserve themselves free from intermixture with others. The two men you saw are probably on some important business negotiation connected with Bombay or the west of India; for they are Bhattias, who are also followers of the most singular religion the world has ever known—that of the Vallàbhácharya or Maharaja sect. These are Epicureans who have quite exceeded, as well in their formal creeds as in their actual practices, the wildest dreams of any of those mortals who have endeavored to make a religion of luxury. They are called Vallàbhácháryas, from *Vallabha*, the name of their founder, who dates from 1479, and *áchárya*, a "leadder." Their *Pushti Marga*, or eat-and-drink doctrine, is briefly this: In the centre of heaven (*Gouloka*) sits Krishna, of the complexion of a dark cloud, clad in yellow, covered with unspeakable jewels, holding a flute. He is accompanied by Roaha, his wife, and also by three hundred millions of Gopis, or female attendants, each of whom has her own palace and three millions of private maids and waiting-women. It appears that once upon a time two over-loving Gopis quarreled about the god, and, as might be expected in a place so given over to love, they fell from heaven as a consequence. Animated by love for them, Krishna descended from heaven, incarnated himself in the form of Vallabha (founder of the sect), and finally redeemed them. Vallabha's descendants are therefore all gods, and reverence is paid them as such, the number of them being now sixty or seventy. To God belong all things—*Tan* (the body), *Man* (the mind) and *Dhan* (earthly possessions). The Vallàbhácháryas therefore give up all first to be enjoyed by their god, together with his descendants (the Maharajas, as they royally term themselves) and his representatives, the gosains or priestly teachers. Apply these doctrines logically, and what a carnival of the senses results! A few years ago one Karsandas Mulji, a man of talent and education, was sued for libel in the court at Bombay by this sect, whose practices he had been exposing. On the trial the evidence revealed such a mass of iniquity, such a complete subversion of the natural proprietary feelings of manhood in the objects of its love, such systematic worship of beastly sin, as must for ever give the Vallàbhácháryas pre-eminence among those who have manufactured authority for crime out of the laws of virtue. For the

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Vallàbhácháryas derive their scriptural sanction from the eighth book of the *Bhagavata Purana*, which they have completely falsified from its true meaning in their translation called the *Prem Sagar*, or "Ocean of Love." You saw the son? In twenty years—for these people cannot last long—trade and cunning and the riot of all the senses will have made him what you saw the father."

THE JAMMAH MASJID AT DELHI.

On the next day we visited the Jammah Masjid, the "Great Mosque" of Shah Jehan the renowned, and the glory of Delhi. Ascending the flight of steps leading to the principal entrance, we passed under the lofty arch of the gateway and found ourselves in a great court four hundred and fifty feet square, paved with red stone, in the centre of which a large basin supplied by several fountains contained the water for ceremonial ablutions. On three sides ran light and graceful arcades, while the fourth was quite enclosed by the mass of the mosque proper. Crossing the court and ascending another magnificent flight of stone steps, our eyes were soon commanding the façade of the great structure, and reveling in those prodigious contrasts of forms and colors which it presents. No building could, for this very reason, suffer more from that lack of simultaneity which is involved in any description by words; for it is the vivid shock of seeing, in one stroke of the eye, these three ripe and luxuriant domes

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(each of which at the same time offers its own subsidiary opposition of white and black stripes), relieved by the keen heights of the two flanking minarets,—it is this, together with the noble admixtures of reds, whites and blacks in the stones, crowned by the shining of the gilded minaret-shafts, which fills the eye of the beholder with a large content of beautiful form and color.

As one's eye becomes cooler one begins to distinguish in the front, which is faced with slabs of pure white marble, the divisions adorned by inscriptions from the Koran inlaid in letters of black marble, and the singularly airy little pavilions which crown the minarets. We ascended one of the minarets by a winding staircase of one hundred and thirty steps, and here, while our gaze took flight over Delhi and beyond, traversing in a second the achievements of many centuries and races, Bhima Gandharva told me of the glories of old Delhi. Indranechta—as Delhi appears in the fabulous legends of old India, and as it is still called by the Hindus—dates its own birth as far back as three thousand years before our era. It was fifty-seven years before the time of Christ that the name of Delhi began to appear in history. Its successive destructions (which a sketch like this cannot even name) left enormous quantities of ruins, and as its successive rebuildings were accomplished by the side of (not upon) these remains, the result has been that from the garden of Shahlimar, the site of which is on the north-west of the town, to beyond the Kantab Minar, whose tall column I could plainly distinguish rising up nine miles off to the south-west, the plain of Delhi presents an accumulation and variety of ruins not to be surpassed in the whole world.

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SKETCHES OF INDIA.

IV.

THE Koutab Minar, which I had first viewed nine miles off from one of the little kiosquelets crowning the minarets of the Jammah Masjid, improved upon closer acquaintance. One recognizes in the word "minaret" the diminutive of "minar," the latter being to the former as a tower to a turret. This minar of Koutab's—it was erected by the Mussulman general Koutab-Oudeen-Eibeg in the year 1200 to commemorate his success over the Rajpút emperor Pirthi-Raj—is two hundred and twenty feet high, and the cunning architect who designed it managed to greatly intensify its suggestion of loftiness by its peculiar shape. Instead of erecting a shaft with unbroken lines, he placed five truncated cones one upon another in such a way that the impression of their successively lessening diameters should be lengthened by the four balconies which result from the projection of each lower cone beyond the narrower base of the cone placed on it—thus borrowing, as it were, the perspective effects of five shafts and concentrating them upon one. The lower portion, too, shows the near color of red—it is built of the universal red sandstone with which the traveler becomes so familiar—while the upper part reveals the farther color of white from its marble casing. Each cone, finally, is carved into reeds, like a bundle of buttresses supporting a weight enormous not by reason of massiveness, but of pure height.

The group of ruins about the Koutab Minar was also very fascinating to me. The Gate of Aladdin, a veritable fairy portal, with its bewildering wealth of arabesques and flowing traceries in white marble inlaid upon red stone; the Tomb of Altamsh; the Mosque of Koutab,—all these, lying in a singular oasis of trees and greenery that forms a unique spot in the arid and stony ruin-plain of Delhi, drew me with great power. I declared to Bhima Gandharva that it was not often in a lifetime that we could get so many centuries together to talk with at once, and wrought upon him to spend several days with me, unattended by servants, in this tranquil society of the dead ages, which still live by sheer force of the beautiful that was in them.

"Very pretty," said my companion, "but not by force of the beautiful alone. Do you see that iron pillar?" We were walking in the court of the Mosque of Koutab, and Bhima pointed, as he spoke, to a plain iron shaft about a foot in diameter rising in the centre of the enclosed space to a height of something over twenty feet. "Its base is sunken deeper in the ground than the upper part is high. It is in truth a gigantic nail, which, according to popular tradition, was constructed by an ancient king who desired to play Jael to a certain Sisera that was in his way. It is related that King Anang Pal was not satisfied with having conquered the whole of Northern India, and that a certain Brahman, artfully seizing upon the moment when his mind was foolish with the fumes of conquest, informed him there was but one obstacle to his acquisition of eternal power. 'What is that?' said King Anang Pal.—'It is,' said the Brahman, 'the serpent Sechnaga, who lies under the earth and stops it, and who at the same time has charge of Change and Revolution.'—'Well, and what then?' said King Anang Pal.—'If the serpent were dead there would be no change,' said the Brahman.—'Well, and what then?' said King Anang Pal.—'If you should cause to be constructed a great nail of iron, I will show you a spot where it shall be driven so as to pierce the head of the serpent.' It was done; and the nail—being this column which you now contemplate—was duly driven. Then the Brahman departed from the court. Soon the king's mind began to work, to question, to doubt, to harass itself with a thousand

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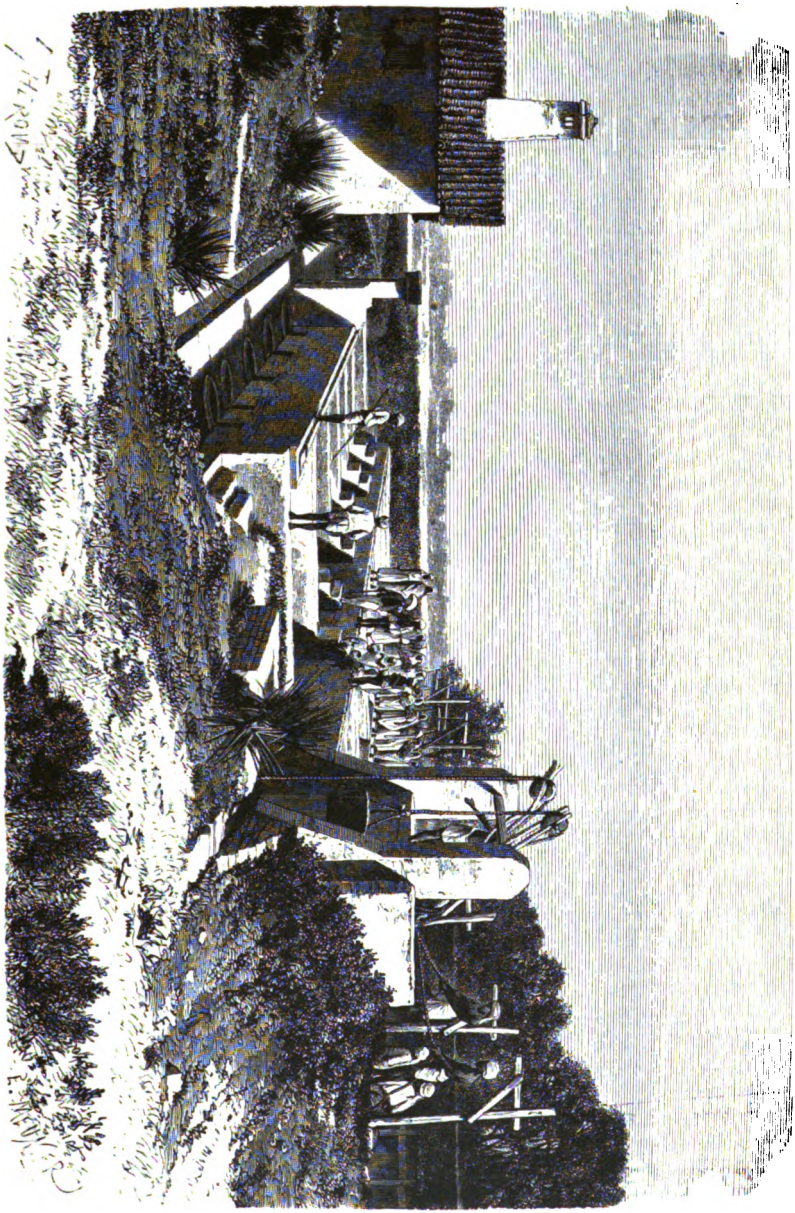
speculations, until his curiosity was inflamed to such a degree that he ordered the nail to be drawn out. With great trouble and outlay this was done: slowly the heavy mass rose, while the anxious king regarded it. At last the lower end came to his view. Rama! it was covered with blood. 'Down with it again!' cries the joyful king: 'perhaps the serpent is not yet dead, and is escaping



INDIGO-FACTORY NEAR ALLAHABAD.

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even now.' But, alas! it would not remain stable in any position, pack and shove howsoever they might. Then the wise Brahman returned. 'O king,' said he, in reply to the monarch's interrogatories, 'your curiosity has cost you your kingdom: the serpent has escaped. Nothing in the world can again give stability to the pillar or to your reign.' And it was true. Change still lived, and King Anang Pal, being up, quickly went down. It is from this pillar that yon same city gets its name. In the tongue of these people *dilka* is, being interpreted, 'tottering;' and hence Dilhi or Delhi. It must be confessed, however, that this is not the account which the iron pillar gives of itself, for the inscription there declares it to have been erected as a monument of victory by King Dhara in the year 317, and it is known as the Lâth (or pillar) of Dhara."

Next day we took train for Agra, which might be called Shah Jehan's "other city," for it was only after building the lovely monument to his queen—the Taj Mahal—which has made Agra famous all over the world, that he removed to Delhi, or that part of it known as Shahjehanabad. Agra, in fact, first attained its grandeur under Akbar, and is still known among the natives as Akbarabad.

"But I am all for Shah Jehan," I said as, after wandering about the great citadel and palace at the south of the city, we came out on the bank of the Jumna and started along the road which runs by the river to the Taj Mahal. "A prince in whose reign and under whose direct superintendence was fostered the style of architecture which produced that little Mouti Masjid (Pearl Mosque) which we saw a moment ago—not to speak of the Jammah Masjid of Delhi which we saw there, or of the Taj which we are now going to see—must have been a spacious-souled man, with frank and pure elevations of temper within him, like that exquisite white marble superstructure of the Mouti Masjid which rises from a terrace of rose, as if the glow of crude passion had thus lifted itself into the pure white of tried virtue."

A walk of a mile—during which my companion reviewed the uglinesses as well as the beauties of the great Mogol reign with a wise and impartial calmness that amounted to an affectionate rebuke of my inconsiderate effusiveness—brought us to the main gate of the long red stone enclosure about the Taj. This is itself a work of art—in red stone banded with white marble, surmounted by kiosques, and ornamented with mosaics in onyx and agate. But I stayed not to look at these, nor at the long sweep of the enclosure, crenellated and pavilioned. Hastening through the gate, and moving down a noble alley paved with freestone, surrounded on both sides with trees, rare plants and flowers, and having a basin running down its length studded with water-jets, I quickly found myself in front of that bewilderment of incrustations upon white marble which constitutes the visitor's first impression of this loveliest of Love's memorials.

I will not describe the Taj. This is not self-denial: the Taj cannot *be* described. One can, it is true, inform one's friends that the red stone platform upon which the white marble mausoleum stands runs some nine hundred and sixty feet east and west by three hundred and twenty north and south; that the dome is two hundred and seventy feet high; that the incrustations with which the whole superstructure is covered without and within are of rock-crystal, chalcedony, turquoise, lapis-lazuli, agate, carnaline, garnet, oynx, sapphire, coral, Pannah diamonds, jasper, and conglomerates, brought respectively from Malwa, Asia Minor, Thibet, Ceylon, Temen, Broach, Bundelcund, Persia, Colombo, Arabia, Pannah, the Panjab, and Jessalmir; that there are, besides the mausoleum, two exquisite mosques occupying angles of the enclosure, the one built because it is the Moslem custom to have a house of prayer near the tomb, the other because the architect's passion for symmetry demanded another to answer to the first, whence it is called *Jawab* ("the answer"); that out of a great convention of all the architects of the East one Isa (Jesus) Mohammed was chosen to build this monument, and that its erec-

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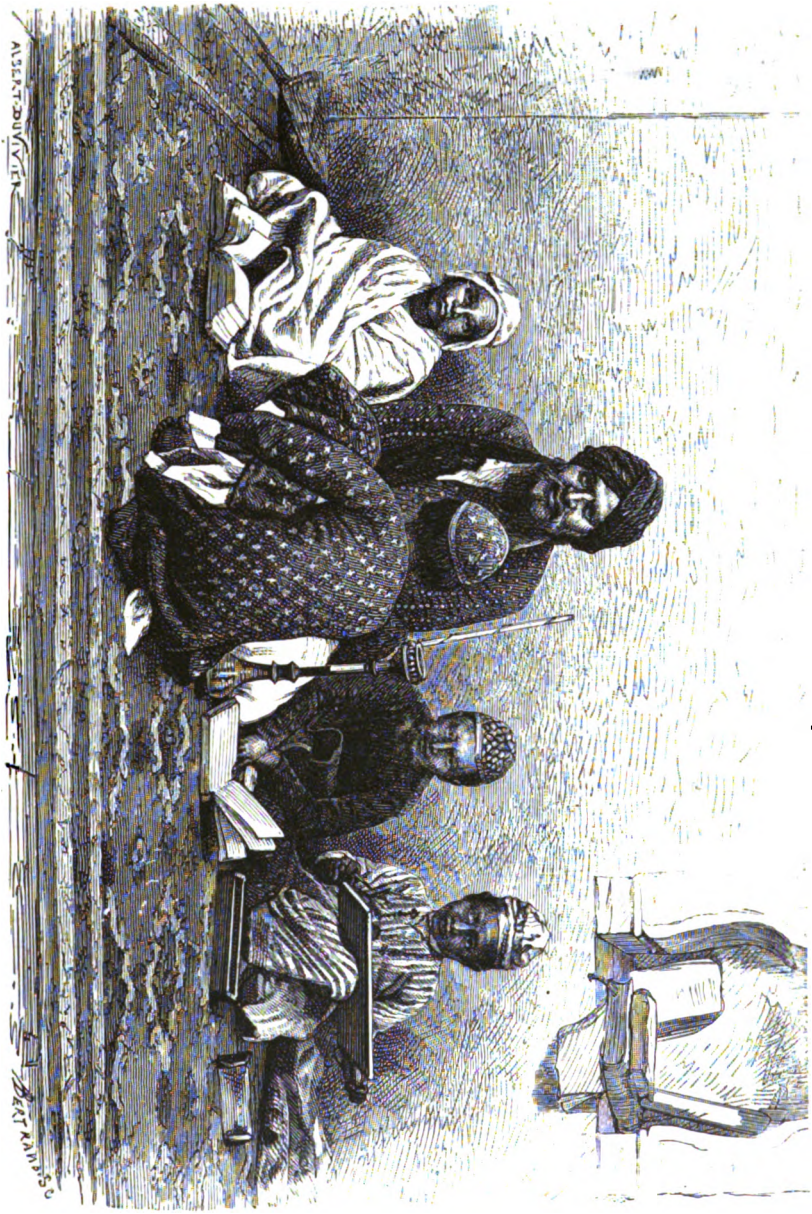
tion employed twenty thousand men from 1630 to 1647, at a total cost of twelve millions of dollars; and, finally, that the remains of the beautiful queen variously



MUSSULMAN SCHOOL AT ALLAHABAD.

known as Mumtazi Mahal, Mumtazi Zemani and Taj Bibi, as well as those of her royal husband, Shah Jehan, who built this tomb to her memory, repose here.

But this is not description. The only

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way to get an idea of the Taj Mahal is —to go and see it.

"But it is ten thousand miles!" you say.

"But it is the Taj Mahal," I reply with calmness. And no one who has seen the Taj will regard this answer as aught but conclusive.

But we had to leave it finally—it and Agra—and after a railway journey of some twelve hours, as we were nearing Allahabad my companion began, in accordance with his custom, to give me a little preliminary view of the peculiarities of the town.

"We are now approaching," he said, "a city which distinguishes itself from those which you have seen by the fact that besides a very rich past it has also a very bright future. It is situated at the southern point of the Lower Doab, whose fertile and richly-cultivated plains you have been looking at to-day. These plains, with their wealth, converge to a point at Allahabad, narrowing with the approach of the two rivers,—the Ganges and the Jumna—that enclose them. The Doab, in fact, derives its name from *do*, "two," and *ab*, "rivers." But Allahabad, besides being situated at the junction of the two great water-ways of India—for here the Jumna unites with the Ganges —is also equally distant from the great extremes of Bombay, Calcutta, and Lahore, and here centres the railway system which unites these widely-separated points. Add to this singular union of commercial advantages the circumstance —so important in an India controlled by Englishmen—that the climate, though warm, is perfectly wholesome, and you will see that Allahabad must soon be a great emporium of trade."

"Provided," I suggested, "Benares yonder—Benares is too close by to feel uninterested—will let it be so."

"Oh! Benares is the holy city. Benares is the blind Teiresias of India: it has beheld the Divine Form, and in this eternal grace its eyes have even lost the power of seeing those practical advancements which usually allure the endeavors of large cities. Allahabad, although antique and holy also, has never become so wrapped up in religious absorption."

On the day after our arrival my companion and I were driven by an English friend engaged in the cultivation of indigo to an indigo-factory near the town, in compliance with a desire I had expressed to witness the process of preparing the dye for market.

"Not long ago," I said to our friend as we were rolling out of the city, "I was wandering along the banks of that great lagoon of Florida which is called the Indian River, and my attention was often attracted to the evidences of extensive cultivation which everywhere abounded. Great ditches, growths of young forests upon what had evidently been well-ploughed fields within a century past, and various remains of settlements constantly revealed themselves. On inquiry I learned that these were the remains of those great proprietary indigo-plantations which were cultivated here by English grantees soon after Florida first came under English protection, and which were afterward mournfully abandoned to ruin upon the sudden recession of Florida by the English government."

"They are ruins of interest to me," said our English friend, "for one of them —perhaps some one that you beheld—represents the wreck of my great-great-grandfather's fortune. He could not bear to stay among the dreadful Spaniards and Indians; and so, there being nobody to sell to, he simply abandoned homestead, plantations and all, and returned to England, and, finding soon afterward that the East India Company was earnestly bent upon fostering the indigo-culture of India, he came here and recommenced planting. Since then we've all been indigo-planters—genuine 'blue blood,' we call ourselves."

Indigo itself had a very arduous series of toils to encounter before it could manage to assert itself in the world. The ardent advocates of its azure rival, woad, struggled long before they would allow its adoption. In 1577 the German government officially prohibited the use of indigo, denouncing it as that pernicious, deceitful and corrosive substance, the Devil's dye. It had, indeed, a worse fate in England, where hard names were

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supplemented by harsh acts, for in 1581 it was not only pronounced *anathema maranatha* by act of Parliament, but the people were authorized to institute search

MÂLERS AND SONTALS.

for it in their neighbors' dye-houses, and were empowered to destroy it wherever found. Not more than two hundred years have passed since this law was still in force. It was only after a determined effort, which involved steady losses for

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many years, that the East India Company succeeded in re-establishing the culture of indigo in Bengal. The Spanish and French in Central America and the West Indies had come to be large growers, and the production of St. Domingo was very large. But the revolt in the latter island, the Florida disasters and the continual unsettlement of Mexico, all worked favorably for the planters of India, who may now be called the indigo-producers of the world.

The seed is usually sown in the latter part of October in Bengal, as soon as the annual deposit of the streams has been reduced by drainage to a practicable consistency, though the sowing-season lasts quite on to the end of November. On dry ground the plough is used, the *ryots*, or native farm-laborers, usually planting under directions proceeding from the factory. There are two processes of extracting the dye, known as the method "from fresh leaves" and that "from dry leaves." I found them here manufacturing by the former process. The vats or cisterns of stone were in pairs, the bottom of the upper one of each couple being about on a level with the top of the lower, so as to allow the liquid contents of the former to run freely into the latter. The upper is the fermenting vat, or "steeper," and is about twenty feet square by three deep. The lower is the "beater," and is of much the same dimensions with the upper, except that its length is five or six feet greater. As the twigs and leaves of the plants are brought in from the fields the cuttings are placed in layers in the steeper, logs of wood secured by bamboo withes are placed upon the surface to prevent overswelling, and water is then pumped on or poured from buckets to within a few inches of the top. Fermentation now commences, and continues for fourteen or fifteen hours, varying with the temperature of the air, the wind, the nature of the water used and the ripeness of the plants. When the agitation of the mass has begun to subside the liquor is racked off into the lower vat, the "beater," and ten men set to work lustily beating it with paddles (*busquets*), though this is sometimes done by wheels armed with paddle-like appendages. Meanwhile, the upper vat is cleaned out, and the refuse mass of cuttings stored up to be used as fuel or as fertilizing material. After an hour and a half's vigorous beating the liquor becomes flocculent. The precipitation is sometimes hastened by lime-water. The liquor is then drained off the dye by the use of filtering-cloths, heat being also employed to drain off the yellow matter and to deepen the color. Then the residuum is pressed in bags, cut into three-inch cubes, dried in the drying-house and sent to market.

The dry-leaf process depends also upon maceration, the leaves being cropped from the ripe plant, and dried in the hot sunshine during two days, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon.

On the next day, at an early hour in the morning, my companion and I betook us to the Plain of Alms. I have before mentioned that Allahabad, the ancient city of Prayaga, is doubly sanctified because it is at the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges, and these two streams are affluents of its sanctity as well as of its trade. The great plain of white sand which is enclosed between the blue lake-like expanses of the two meeting rivers is the Plain of Alms. In truth, there are three rivers which unite here—the Ganges, the Jumna and the Saravasti—and this thrice-hallowed spot is known in the Hindu mythologic system as the Triveni.

"But where is the third?" I asked as we stood gazing across the unearthly-looking reaches of white sand far down the blue sweep of the mysterious waters.

"Thereby hangs a tale," replied my companion. "It is invisible here, but I will show you what remains of it presently when we get into the fort. Here is a crowd of pilgrims coming to bathe in the purifying waters of the confluence: let us follow them."

As they reached the shore a Brahman left his position under a great parasol and placed himself in front of the troop of believers, who, without regard to sex,

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immediately divested themselves of all clothing except a narrow cloth about the loins, and followed him into the water. Here they proceeded to imitate his motions, just as pupils in a calisthenic class follow the movements of their teacher,

GRAIN-AND-FLOUR MERCHANT OF PATNA.

until the ceremonies of purification were all accomplished.

"A most villainous-faced penitent!" I exclaimed as one of their number came

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out, and, as if wearied by his exertions, lay down near us on the sand.

Bhima Gandharva showed his teeth: "He is what your American soldiers called in the late war a substitute. Some rich Hindu, off somewhere in India, has found the burden of his sins pressing heavily upon him, while at the same time the cares of this world, or maybe bodily infirmities, prevent him from visiting the Triveni. Hence, by the most natural arrangement in the world, he has hired this man to come in his place and accomplish his absolution for him."

Striking off to the westward from the Plain of Alms, we soon entered the citadel of Akbar, which he built so as to command the junction of the two streams. Passing the Lâth (pillar) of Asoka, my companion led me down into the old subterranean Buddhistic temple of Patal Pouri and showed me the ancient Achaya Bat, or sacred tree-trunk, which its custodians declare to be still living, although more than two thousand years old. Presently we came to a spot under one of the citadel towers where a feeble ooze of water appeared.

"Behold," said my friend, "the third of the Triveni rivers! This is the river Saravasti. You must know that once upon a time, Saravasti, goddess of learning, was tripping along fresh from the hills to the west of Yamuna (the Jumna), bearing in her hand a book. Presently she entered the sandy country, when on a sudden a great press of frightful demons uprose, and so terrified her that in the absence of other refuge she sank into the earth. Here she reappears. So the Hindus fable."

On our return to our quarters we passed a verandah where an old pedagogue was teaching a lot of young Mussulmans the accidence of Oordoo, a process which he accomplished much as the "singing geography" man used to impart instruction in the olden days when I was a boy —to wit, by causing the pupils to sing in unison the A, B, C. Occasionally, too, the little, queer-looking chaps squatted tailor-wise on the floor would take a turn at writing the Arabic character on their slates. A friendly hookah in the midst of the group betrayed the manner in which the wise man solaced the labors of education.

On the next day, as our indigo-planter came to drive us to the Gardens of Chusru, he said, "An English friend of mine who is living in the Moffussil—the Moffussil is anywhere *not* in Calcutta, Bombay or Madras—not far from Patna has just written me that word has been brought from one of the Sontal villages concerning the depredations of a tiger from which the inhabitants have recently suffered, and that a grand hunt, elephant-back, has been organized through the combined contributions of the English and native elephant-owners. He presses me to come, and as an affair of this sort is by no means common—for it is no easy matter to get together and support a dozen elephants and the army of retainers considered necessary in a great hunt —I thought perhaps you would be glad to accompany me."

Of course I was; and Bhima Gandharva, though he would not take any active part in the hunt, insisted upon going along in order to see that no harm came to me.

On the next day, therefore, we all took train and fared south-eastward toward Calcutta, as far as to Bhagalpur, where we left the railway, sending our baggage on to Calcutta, and took private conveyance to a certain spot among the Rajmahal Mountains, where the camp had been fixed by retainers on the day before. It was near a village of the Sontals, which we passed before reaching it, and which was a singular-enough spectacle with its round roofed huts and a platform at its entrance, upon which, and under which, were ghastly heaps of the skulls of animals slain by the villagers. These Sontals reminded me of the Gónds whom I had seen, though they seemed to be far manlier representatives of the autochthonal races of India than the former. They are said to number about a million, and inhabit a belt of country some four hundred miles long by one hundred broad, including the Rajmahal Mountains, and extending from near the Bay of Bengal to the edge of Behar. So

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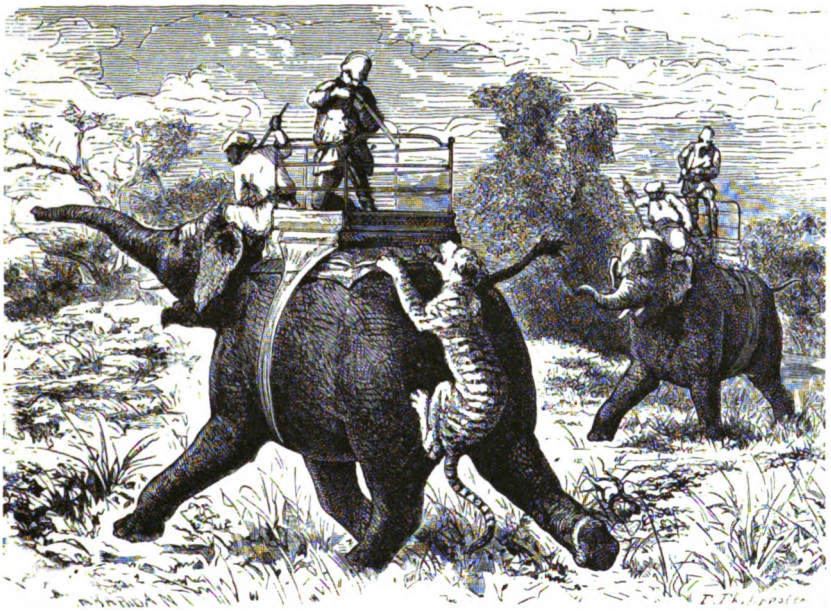
little have they been known that when in the year 1855 word was brought to Calcutta that the Sontals had risen and were murdering the Europeans, many of the English are said to have asked not only *Who* are the Sontals? but *What* are the Sontals?

The more inaccessible tops of the same mountains, the Rajmahal, are occupied by a much ruder set of people, the Mâlers, who appear to have been pushed up here by the Sontals, as the Sontals were themselves pressed by the incoming Aryans.

As we arrived at the camp I realized the words of our English friend concerning the magnitude of the preparations for a tiger-hunt undertaken on the present scale. The tents of the sportsmen, among whom were several English army officers and civil officials, besides a native rajah, were pitched in a beautiful



A TIGER-HUNT, ELEPHANT-BACK.

glade canopied by large trees, and near these were the cooking-tents and the lodging-places of the servants, of whom there was the liberal allowance which is customary in India. Through the great tree-trunks I could see elephants, camels and horses tethered about the outskirts of the camp, while the carts, elephant-pads and other *impedimenta* lying about gave the whole the appearance of an army at bivouac. Indeed, it was not an inconsiderable force that we could have mustered. There were fifteen or twenty elephants in the party. Every elephant had two men, the *mahaut* and his assistant; every two camels, one man; every cart, two men; besides whom were the *kholassies* (tent-pitchers), the *chikarries* (native huntsmen to mark down and flush the tiger), letter-carriers for the official personages, and finally the personal servants of the party, amounting in all to something like a hundred and fifty souls. The commissary arrangements of such a body of men and beasts were no light matter, and had on this occasion been placed by contract in the hands of a flour-and-grain merchant from Patna. As night drew on the scene became striking in the extreme, and I do not think I felt the fact of India more keenly at any time than while Bhi-

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ma Gandharva and I, slipping away from a party who were making merry over vast allowances of pale ale and cheroots, went wandering about under the stars and green leaves, picking our way among the huge forms of the mild-countenanced elephants and the bizarre figures of the camels.

On the next day, after a leisurely breakfast at eight—the hunt was to begin at midday—my kind host assigned me an elephant, and his servants proceeded to equip me for the hunt, placing in my howdah brandy, cold tea, cheroots, a rifle, a smooth-bore, ammunition, an umbrella, and finally a blanket.

"And what is the blanket for?" I asked.

"For the wild-bees; and if your elephant happens to stir up a nest of them, the very best thing in the world you can do is to throw it incontinently over your head," added my host, laughing.

BENGAL WATER-CARRIERS.

The tiger had been marked down in a spot some three miles from camp, and when our battle-array, which had at first taken up the line of march in a very cozy and gentleman-militia sort of independence, had arrived within a mile of our destination the leader who had been selected to direct our movements caused us all to assume more systematic dispositions, issued orders forbidding a shot to be fired at any sort of game, no matter how tempting, less than the royal object of our chase, and then led the way down the glade, which now began to spread out into lower and wetter ground covered by tall grasses and thickets. The hunt now began in earnest. Hot, flushed, scratched as to the face by the tall reeds, rolling on my ungainly animal's back as if I were hunting in an open boat on a chopping sea, I had the additional nervous distraction of seeing many sorts of game—deer, wild-hogs, peafowl, partridges—careering about in the most exasperating manner immediately under my gun-muzzle. To add to my dissatisfaction, presently I saw a wild-hog dash out of a thicket with her young litter immediately across our path, and as my elephant stepped excitedly along one of his big fore feet crunched directly down on a beautiful little pig, bringing a quickly-smothered squeak which made me quite cower before the

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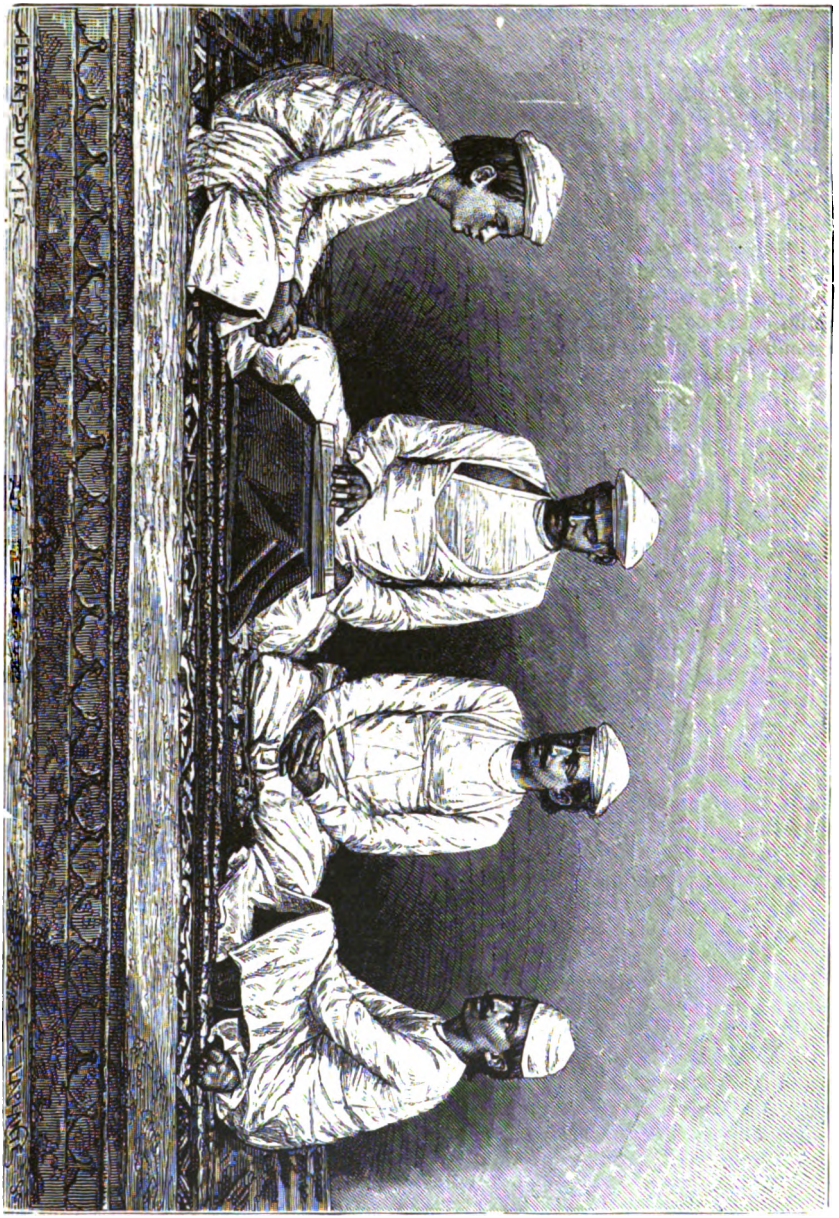
eye of Bhima Gandharva as he stood looking calmly forward beside me. So



BRAHMANS OF BENGAL.

huntsmen had again drawn in together, somewhat bored; we were all red-faced and twig-tattooed; no tiger was to be

we tramped on through the thickets and grasses. An hour passed; the deployed

found; we gathered into a sort of circle and were looking at each other with that half-foolish, half-mad disconsolateness

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which men's faces show when they are unsuccessfully engaged in a matter which does not amount to much even after it *is* successfully achieved, — when suddenly my elephant flourished his trunk, uttered a shrill trumpeting sound, and dashed violently to one side, just as I saw a grand tiger, whose coat seemed to be all alive with throbbing spots, flying through the air past me to the haunches of the less wary elephant beside which mine had been walking. Instantly the whole party was in commotion. "*Bagh! bagh!*" yelled the mahauts and attendants: the elephants trumpeted and charged hither and thither. The tiger seemed to become fairly insane under the fusillade which greeted him; he leapt so desperately from one side to the other as to appear for a few moments almost ubiquitous, while at every discharge the frantic natives screamed "*Lugga! lugga!*" without in the least knowing whether he *was* hit (*lugga*) or not, till presently, when I supposed he must have received at least forty shots in his body, he fell back from a desperate attempt to scale the back of the rajah's elephant, and lay quite still.

"I thought that last shot of mine would finish him," said one of the English civil officials as we all crowded around the magnificent beast.

"Whether it did or not, I distinctly saw him cringe at *my* shot," hotly said another. "There's always a peculiar look a tiger has when he gets his death-wound: it's unmistakable when you once know it."

"And I'll engage to eat him," interjected a third, "if I didn't blow off the whole side of his face with my smooth-bore when he stuck his muzzle up into my howdah."

"Gentlemen," said our leader, a cool and model old hunter, "the shortest way to settle who is the owner of this tiger-skin is to examine the perforations in it."

Which we all accordingly fell to doing.

"B——, I'm afraid you've a heavy meal ahead of you: his muzzle is as guiltless of harm as a baby's," said one of the claimants.

"Well," retorted B——, "but I don't see any sign of that big bore of yours, either."

"By Jove!" said the leader in some astonishment as our search proceeded unsuccessfully, "has *anybody* hit him? Maybe he died of fright."

At this moment Bhima Gandharva calmly advanced, lifted up the great fore leg of the tiger and showed us a small blue hole just underneath it: at the same time he felt along the tiger's skin on the opposite side to the hole, rolled the bullet about under the cuticle where it had lodged after passing through the animal, and deftly making an incision with his knife drew it forth betwixt his thumb and finger. He handed it to the gentleman whose guests we were, and to whom the rifle belonged which had been placed in our howdah, and then modestly withdrew from the circle.

"There isn't another rifle in camp that carries so small a bullet," said our host, holding up the ball, "and there can't be the least doubt that the Hindu is the man who killed him."

Not another bullet-hole was to be found.

"When *did* you do it?" I asked of Bhima. "I knew not that you had fired at all."

"When he made his first leap from the thicket," he said quietly. "I feared he was going to land directly on you. The shot turned him."

At this the three discomfited claimants of the tiger-skin (which belongs to him who kills) with the heartiest English good-nature burst into roars of laughter, each at himself as well as the others, and warmly shook Bhima's hand amid a general outbreak of applause from the whole company.

Then amid a thousand jokes the tiffin-baskets were brought out, and we had a royal lunch while the tiger was "padded" —*i. e.*, placed on one of the unoccupied elephants; and finally we got us back to camp, where the rest of the day was devoted to dinner and cheroots.

From the tiger to the town, from the cries of jackals to those of street-venders, —this is an easy transition in India; and it was only the late afternoon of the sec-

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ond day after the tiger-hunt when my companion and I were strolling along the magnificent Esplanade of Calcutta, having cut across the mountains, elephant-back, early in the morning to a station where we caught the down-train.

Solidity, wealth, trade, ponderous ledgers, capacious ships' bottoms, merchandise transformed to magnificence, an ample-stomached *bourgeoisie*,—this is what comes to one's mind as one faces the broad walk in front of Fort William and looks across the open space to the palaces, the domes, the columns of modern and English Calcutta; or again as one wanders along the strand in the evening when the aristocrats of commerce do congregate, and, as it were, gazette the lengths of their bank-balances in the glitter of their equipages and appoint-

BENGALESE OF LOW CASTE.

ments; or again as one strolls about the great public gardens or the amplitudes of Tank Square, whose great tank of water suggests the luxury of the dwellers hereabout; or the numerous other paths of comfort which are kept so by constant lustrations from the skins of the water-bearers. The whole situation seems that of ease and indulgence. The very circular verandahs of the rich men's dwellings expand like the ample vests of trustees and directors after dinner. The city extends some four and a half miles along the left bank of the Hooghly, and its breadth between the "Circular Road" and the river is about a mile and a half. If one cuts off from this space that part which lies south of a line drawn eastward from the Beebee Ross Ghât to the Upper Circular Road—the northern portion thus segregated being the native town—one has a veritable city of palaces; and when to these one adds the magnificent suburbs lying beyond the old circumvallation of the "Mahratta Ditch"—Chitpore, Nundenbagh, Bobar, Simla, Sealdah, Entally, Ballygunge, Bhovaneepore, Allypore, Kidderpore—together with the riverward-sloping lawns and stately mansions of "Garden Reach" on the sea-side of town, and the great dockyards and warehouses of the right bank of the river opposite the city, one has enclosed a space which may probably

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vie with any similar one in the world for the appearances and the realities of wealth within it.

But if one should allow this first impression of Calcutta—an impression in which good eating and the general pampering of the flesh seem to be the most prominent features—to lead one into the belief that here is nothing but money-making and grossness, one would commit a serious mistake. It is among the rich babous, or commercial natives, of Calcutta that the remarkable reformatory movement known as "Young India" has had its origin, and it would really seem that the very same qualities of patience, of prudence, of foresight and of good sense which have helped these babous to accumulate their wealth are now about being applied to the nobler and far more difficult work of lifting their countrymen out of the degradations of old outworn customs and faiths upon some higher plane of reasonable behavior.

"In truth," said Bhima Gandharva to me one day as were taking our customary stroll along the Esplanade, "you have now been from the west of this country to the east of it. You have seen the Past of India: I wish that you may have at least a glimpse of its Future. Here comes a young babou of my acquaintance, to whom I will make you known. He is an enthusiastic member of 'Young India:' he has received a liberal education at one of the numerous schools which his order has so liberally founded in modern years, and you will, I am convinced, be pleased with the wisdom and moderation of his sentiments."

Just as I was reaching out my hand to take that of the babou, in compliance with Bhima's introduction, an enormous adjutant—one of the great pouched cranes (*arghilahs*) that stalk about Calcutta under protection of the law, and do much of the scavenger-work of the city—walked directly between us, eyeing each of us with his red round eyes in a manner so ludicrous that we all broke forth in a fit of laughter that lasted for several minutes, while the ungainly bird stalked away with much the stolid air of one who has seen something whereof he thinks but little.

The babou addressed me in excellent English, and after some preliminary inquiries as to my stay in Calcutta, accompanied by hospitable invitations, he gradually began, in response to my evident desire, to talk of the hopes and fears of the new party.

"It is our great misfortune," said he, "that we have here to do with that portion of my countrymen which is perhaps most deeply sunk in the mire of ancient custom. We have begun by unhesitatingly leading in the front ourselves whenever any disagreeable consequences are to be borne by reason of our infringement of the old customs. Take, for example, the problem of the peculiar position of women among the Hindus. Perhaps"—and here the babou's voice grew very grave and earnest—"the human imagination is incapable of conceiving a lot more wretched than that of the Hindu widow. By immemorial tradition she could escape it only through the flames of the *satti*, the funeral-pile upon which she could burn herself with the dead body of her husband. But the *satti* is now prohibited by the English law, and the poor woman who loses her husband is, according to custom, stripped of her clothing, arrayed in coarse garments and doomed thenceforth to perform the most menial offices of the family for the remainder of her life, as one accursed beyond redemption. To marry again is impossible: the man who marries a widow suffers punishments which no one who has not lived under the traditions of caste can possibly comprehend. The wretched widow has not even the consolations which come from books: the decent Hindu woman does not know how to read or write. There was still one avenue of escape from this life. She might have become a *nautchni*. What wonder that there are so many of these? How, then, to deal with this fatal superstition, or rather conglomerate of superstitions, which seems to suffer no more from attack than a shadow? We have begun the revolution by marrying widows just as girls are married, and by

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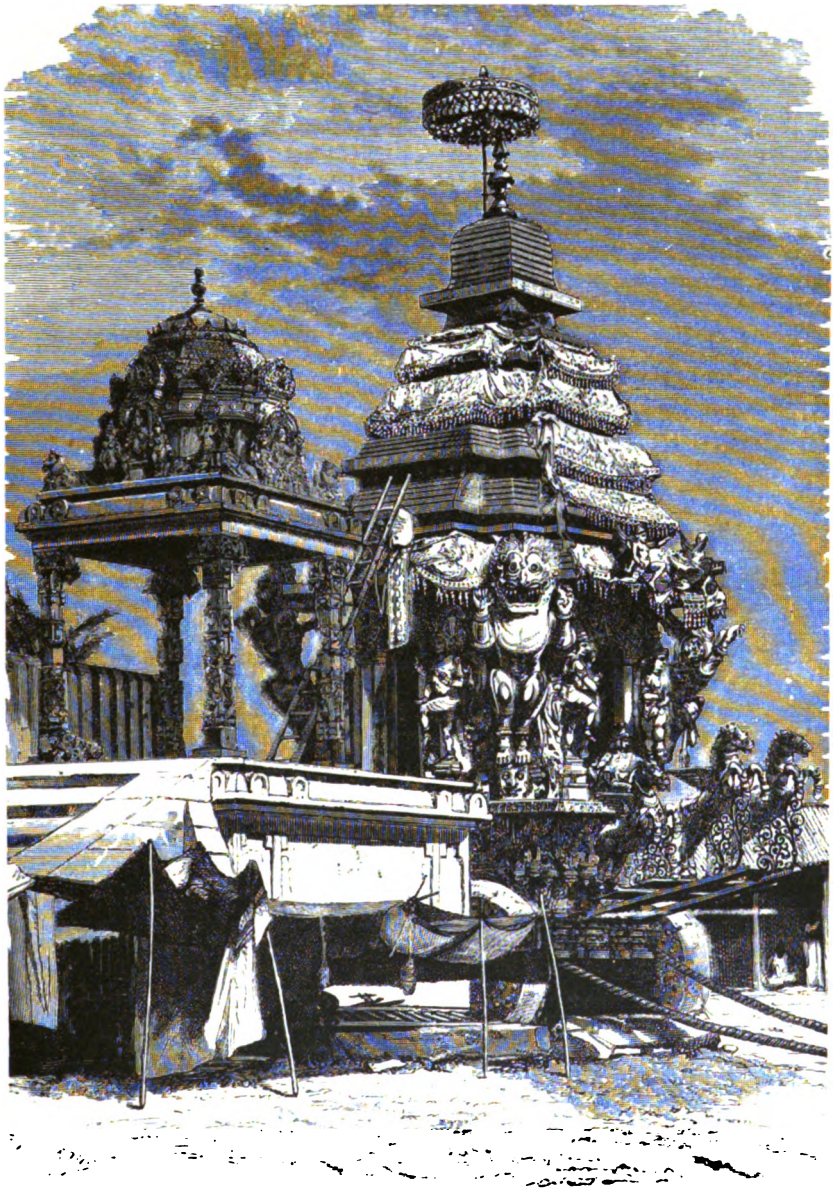
showing that the loss of caste—which indeed we have quite abolished among ourselves—entails necessarily none of those miserable consequences which the



CHARIOT OF THE PROCESSION OF THE RATTJATTRA, AT JAGHERNÂTH.

priests have denounced; and we strike still more deeply at the root of the trouble by instituting schools where our own daughters, and all others' whom we can prevail upon to send, are educated with the utmost care. In our religion we re-

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tain Brahma—by whom we mean the one supreme God of all—and abolish all notions of the saving efficacy of merely ceremonial observances, holding that God has given to man the choice of right and wrong, and the dignity of exercising his powers in such accordance with his convictions as shall secure his eternal happiness. To these cardinal principles we subjoin the most unlimited toleration for other religions, recognizing in its fullest extent the law of the adaptation of the forms of relief to the varying moulds of character resulting from race, climate and all those great conditions of existence which differentiate men one from another."

"How," I asked, "do the efforts of the Christian missionaries comport with your own sect's?"

"Substantially, we work together. With the sincerest good wishes for their success—for every sensible man must hail any influence which instills a single new idea into the wretched Bengalee of low condition—I am yet free to acknowledge that I do not expect the missionaries to make many converts satisfactory to themselves, for I am inclined to think them not fully aware of the fact that in importing Christianity among the Hindus they have not only brought the doctrine, but they have brought the *Western form* of it, and I fear that they do not recognize how much of the nature of substance this matter of form becomes when one is attempting to put new wine into old bottles. Nevertheless, God speed them! I say. We are all full of hope. Signs of the day meet us everywhere. It is true that still, if you put yourself on the route to Orissa, you will meet thousands of pilgrims who are going to the temple at Jaghernâth (what your Sunday-school books call Juggernaut) for the purpose of worshiping the hideous idols which it contains; and although the English policemen accompany the procession of the Rattjattra—when the idol is drawn on the monstrous car by the frenzied crowd of fanatics—and enforce the law which now forbids the poor insane devotees from casting themselves beneath the fatal wheels, still, it cannot be denied that the devotees are *there*, nor that Jaghernâth is still the Mecca of millions of debased worshipers. It is also true that the pretended exhibitions of the tooth of Buddha can still inspire an ignorant multitude of people to place themselves in adoring procession and to debase themselves with the absurd rites of frenzy and unreason. Nor do I forget the fact that my countrymen are broken up into hundreds of sects, and their language frittered into hundreds of dialects. Yet, as I said, we are full of hope, and there can be no man so bold as to limit the capabilities of that blood which flows in English veins as well as in Hindu. Somehow or other, India is now not so gloomy a topic to read of or to talk of as it used to be. The recent investigations of Indian religion and philosophy have set many European minds upon trains of thought which are full of novelty and of promise. India is not the only land—you who are from America know it full well—where the current orthodoxy has become wholly unsatisfactory to many of the soberest and most practically earnest men; and I please myself with believing that it is now not wholly extravagant to speak of a time when these two hundred millions of industrious, patient, mild-hearted, yet mistaken Hindus may be found leaping joyfully forward out of their old shackles toward the larger purposes which reveal themselves in the light of progress."

At the close of our conversation, which was long and to me intensely interesting, the babou informed us that he had recently become interested with a company of Englishmen in reclaiming one of the numerous and hitherto wholly unused islands in the Sunderbunds for the purpose of devoting it to the culture of rice and sugar-cane, and that if we cared to penetrate some of the wildest and most picturesque portions of that strange region he would be glad to place at our disposal one of the boats of the company, which we would find lying at Port Canning. I eagerly accepted the proposition; and on the next day, taking the short railway which connects Calcutta and Port Canning, we quickly arrived at the latter

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point, and proceeded to bestow ourselves comfortably in the boat for a lazy voyage along the winding streams and canals which intersect the great marshes. It

THE PORT OF CALCUTTA.

was not long after leaving Port Canning ere we were in the midst of the aquatic plants, the adjutants, the herons, the thousand sorts of water-birds, the crocodiles, which here abound.

The Sunderbunds—as the natives term

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that alluvial region which terminates the delta of the Ganges — can scarcely be considered either land or sea, but rather a multitudinous reticulation of streams, the meshes of which are represented by islands in all the various stages of consistency between water and dry land. Sometimes we floated along the lovely curves of canals which flowed underneath ravishing arches formed by the meeting overhead of great trees which leaned to each other from either bank; while again our course led us between shores which were mere plaits and interweavings of the long stems and broad leaves of gigantic water-plants. The islands were but little inhabited, and the few denizens we saw were engaged either in fishing or in the manufacture of salt from the brackish water. Once we landed at a collection of huts where were quartered the laborers of another company which had been successfully engaged in prosecuting the same experiment of rice-culture which our friend had just undertaken. It was just at the time when the laborers were coming in from the fields. The wife of the one to whose hut my curiosity led me had prepared his evening meal of rice and curry, and he was just sitting down to it as I approached. With incredible deftness he mingled the curry and the rice together—he had no knife, fork or spoon —by using the end-joints of his thumb and fingers: then, when he had sufficiently amalgamated the mass, he rolled up a little ball of it, placed the ball upon his crooked thumb as a boy does a marble, and shot it into his mouth without losing a grain. Thus he despatched his meal, and I could not but marvel at the neatness and dexterity which he displayed, with scarcely more need of a finger-bowl at the end than the most delicate feeder you shall see at Delmonico's.

The crops raised upon the rich alluvium of these islands were enormous, and if the other difficulties attending cultivation in such a region could be surmounted, there seemed to be no doubt of our friend the babou's success in his venture. But it was a wild and lonesome region, and as we floated along, after leaving the island, up a canal which flamed in the sunset like a great illuminated baldric slanting across the enormous shoulder of the world, a little air came breathing over me as if it had just blown from the mysterious regions where space and time are not, or are in different forms from those we know. A sense of the crudity of these great expanses of sea-becoming-land took possession of me; the horizon stretched away like a mere endless continuation of marshes and streams; the face of my companion was turned off seaward with an expression of ineffably mellow tranquillity; a glamour came about as if the world were again formless and void, and as if the marshes were chaos. I shivered with a certain eager expectation of beholding the shadowy outline of a great and beautiful spirit moving over the face of the waters to create a new world. I drew my gaze with difficulty from the heavens and turned toward my companion.

He was gone. The sailors also had disappeared.

And there, as I sat in that open boat, midst of the Sunderbunds, at my domestic antipodes, happened to me the most wondrous transformation which the tricksy stage-carpenters and scene-shifters of the brain have ever devised. For this same far-stretching horizon, which had just been alluring my soul into the depths of the creative period, suddenly contracted itself four-square into the somewhat yellowed walls of a certain apartment which I need not now further designate, and the sun and his flaming clouds became no more nor less than a certain half dozen of commonplace pictures upon these same yellowish walls; and the boat wherefrom I was about to view the birth of continents degraded itself into a certain—or, I had more accurately said, a very uncertain—cane chair, wherein I sit writing these lines and mourning for my lost Bhima Gandharva.

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A VISIT TO THE DOLOMITES.

TWO PARTS.—I.

WHEN I told my spinster aunt that I was purposing to devote my autumn holiday to visiting the Dolomites, and she replied, "Indeed! I don't know them: who are they?" and I respectfully observed that "they" were not people, but mountains, I did so without much surprise, for my aunt's school-days are—well, farther off than mine. But when my younger brother, who is just on the verge of his degree examination, and knows, or is supposed to know, something about everything, from Aryan mythology to German nihilism, and from Hesiod to the *Daily Graphic*, confessed that he had explored his atlases and geographical manuals and could not find the Dolomites anywhere, I began to think that I really might stand some chance of escaping from the tracks of Mr. Cook and his tourists, with their green ticket-books and coupons, if I started for the Dolomites at once.

We were a party of three—the best of numbers, to my thinking, where men travel together. If you are two, your tastes must be ideally twin, or you will assuredly before long fall different ways. If you are four, you are sure to break up into pairs. But three are just enough to fill a carriage, to finish a couple of bottles of wine, to divide the linguistic difficulties of the Continent; and whenever, as will happen in the best-regulated parties, two differ, the third man is always available to give a casting vote, or at least to serve the useful office of a medium through which the opposing spirits may communicate and be reconciled.

HIGH STREET, CORTINA.

I have heard it set down (by Londoners) among the brag-worthy advantages of London that one may start from it for anywhere. It is equally true and remarkable that one may start from anywhere for the Dolomites; but they lie at a goodish distance, as Old-World distances go, from the nearest English-speaking country; which is England. To localize the district roughly, draw an imaginary line south from Salzburg on

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the Tyrol to Venice, and halfway down the line you strike the Dolomites. And here, before going farther, it may be as well to mention, and have done with it

MONTE CRISTALLO AND PIC POPENA.

(strictly for the benefit of my spinster aunt and my Cambridge brother, and any stray individual whose education or atlas may chance to be defective on the subject), that the Dolomites are a quite unique bunch of mountains covering a

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square of fifty miles or thereabouts, incredibly gaunt and weird in shape, extraordinary in their coloring, interestingly dubious and contestable as to their geological formation, and named after a certain scientific Frenchman, M. Dolomieu, who, some seventy years ago, when the globe contained more unvisited nooks and corners than it does now-a-days, visited the district and first called attention to its geological peculiarities.

In the noon-glare of a glorious September day we were halting for the customary veal cutlet and red Tivoler at Toblach, a little village in the valley of the Drave, just at the point where the Ampezzo Thal, opening due southward, carries a good road down past Cortina, the capital of the Dolomite country, past Titian's Cadore and Conegliano, to the Adriatic and Venice. Presently came lumbering along the daily *stell-wagen* for Cortina, the sole vehicle available for our conveyance, and, alas! already crammed, as it seemed, with people and packages. But we called to mind the schoolboy story of how Cæsar came into Gaul, and in a moment we had flung our knapsacks up on to the roof of the dusty old omnibus, and, climbing after them, took up airy if somewhat precarious positions on the top of an irregular pile of baggage.

The entrance to the Ampezzo valley is narrow. Tall screen-like cliffs stand across the way, as if unwilling to disclose the wonders within. For truly, when you have once passed the screen, you are likely to come out with an interjection or two. A wilderness of gaunt, fantastic peaks and pinnacles, deep yellow mostly, with here and there a sprinkling of blood-red stains, reaching up sheer and stark into the sky out of a narrow basement fringe of pines. To the left the Drei Zinnen overhang a dark melancholy tarn; right in front Monte Cristallo rises to ten thousand feet, with a bit of glacier just contriving to cling in the fork between its two sharp summits; while to the right the eye is fascinated by the Croda Malcora, in shape and coloring terribly suggestive of a bloodstained giant's altar. This seems pretty well to begin with, but greater marvels are in store, in compensation for the joltings and other slight inconveniences of a ride on the roof of a royal and imperial *stell-wagen*, before Cortina is reached. For suddenly the road, here terraced high up on a mountain-side, rounds a buttress of the Cristallo, and, framed in the gap between this buttress and Tofana, three wonderful, altogether unforgetable Dolomite giants stand across the view—Sorapis with its clustered towers, huge bell-shaped Antelao, and Pelmo in outline like a lion *couchant*—their yellow masses clear cut against the southern sky. The simultaneous "Oh!" that broke from every mouth except the driver's attested eloquently enough the surprise and delight of the scene.

At Cortina d'Ampezzo (to give the chief village of the valley its full title) you are still in Austria—the Italian frontier crosses the road half a dozen miles farther down—but the prevailing *patois* is already more flavored with Italian than German elements, though certainly some of the natives do contrive to mix the two languages in their talk most impartially. At that dear, pleasant little hostelry, the Stella d'Oro, everything is sheer Italian, from the hostesses, the sisters Barbaria, to the little chamber-help; so we must throw off one language and put on another as best we may. No use at all being shy about it where you want beds and food and drink from people who simply don't know any lingo but their own; and indeed, given a very morsel of antecedent grammar knowledge and a pocket dictionary, the tongue soon runs along glibly enough in the strictly necessary and useful ruts of conversation.

While the cloth is being laid for dinner on the second-floor landing, the place of honor in many a Dolomite hamlet, there is time enough for a stroll up the village street, lazily wondering where the money came from to build this massive new *campanile* (a younger brother of the famous one in St. Mark's Piazza) that towers high above the church, and stopping to admire the spirited wall-paintings with which Ghedina, the Venetian painter, has frescoed the outside of his land-

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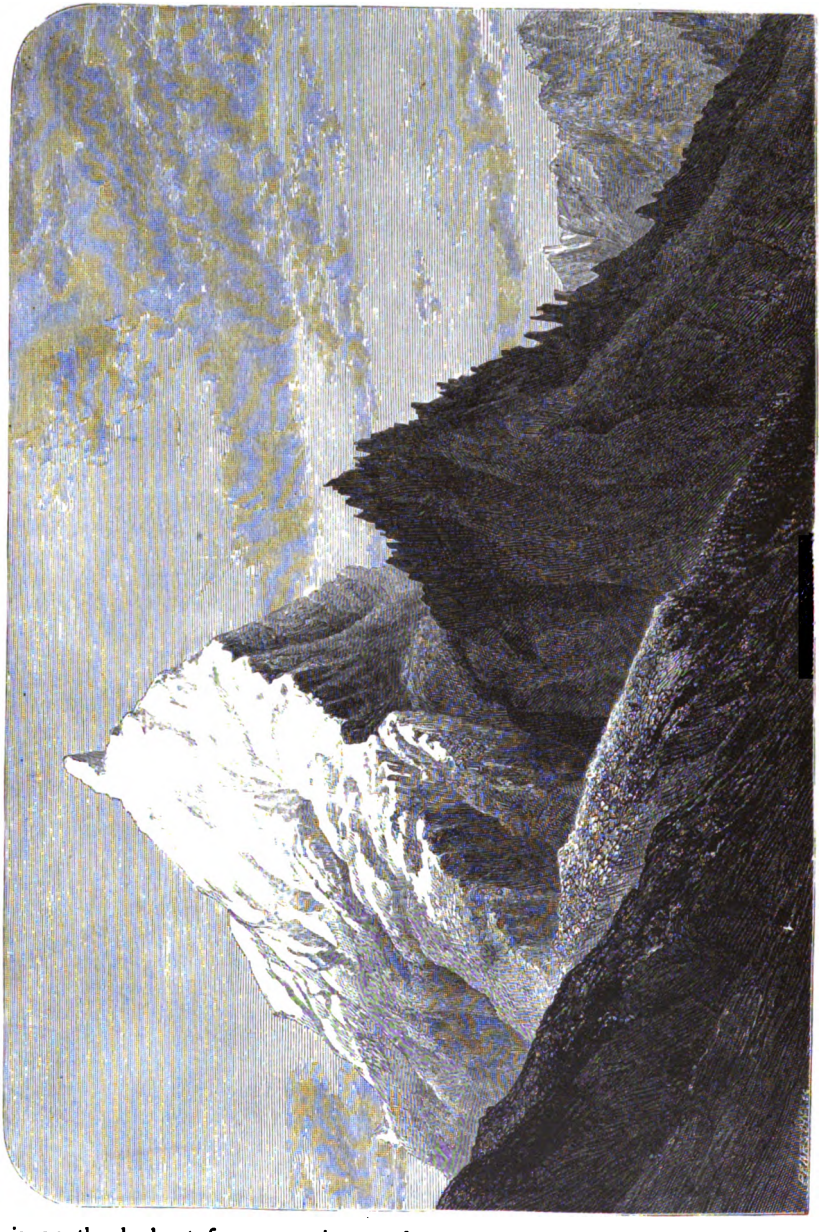
lord-father's Aquila Vera. "*Il pranzo, signori—è pronto.*" *Our* Signora Barbaria (each sister takes one entire floor of the house under her exclusive charge)



MONTE ANTELAO.

is on the lookout for us, anxious and bustling, at the door; and in two minutes, on that second-floor landing just outside our bedrooms, we are attacking a plentiful tureen of *minestra* (a watery gray soup containing an ample deposit of rice,

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which C—— irreverently christens "pudding"), to which succeed in due course a pile of maccaroni, with bits of mutton about the size of raisins in it, a plateful of craggy beef and an omelette; and if such a *menu* is not enough to content men who have been out all day long in whatever weather happens to be going, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment, too, of wine that at any rate has probably the merit of being unadulterated, they must be harder to please than we were. And when I add that on the table stood a kind of Portland Vase of mustard, so tall and capacious that one naturally turned up one's sleeve and took a gravy-spoon in hand for the purpose of exploring its recesses, it must be obvious to the inductive mind that Cortina is a land of plenty.

And here, once for all, I must own up, though at the risk of robbing the Dolomites of that reputation for precarious victualing with which some travelers have managed to invest them, that the robustest Anglo-Saxon need not fear finding his carnivorous wants stinted in their most retired valleys. The tales of infrequent meat, and occasional dearths even of bread, with which we had been warningly regaled before leaving home, turned out to be sheer moonshine. The humblest albergo always had *minestra* and some kind of meat and a *frittata* to offer. There was always a choice between red wine and white, though the former might be a trifle inky and the latter acidulous. And almost everywhere the coffee, bread and butter were as good as need be. The Stella d'Oro, indeed, boasts the unusual luxury of tea, as two English ladies, obviously spinsters — where will not English spinsters penetrate?—informed us before we had been a couple of hours in the house, adding, "You must tell them that you like it *forte*." I ordered tea for two, "*fortissimo*," and lo! next morning there appeared at our early breakfast a veritable washhand-jugful of the potentest Bohea; of which my friend J——, with a fine fearlessness, poured down his throat four cupfuls at the sitting.

There is scope enough on the peaks about Cortina for the expertest mountaineer to prove his cragmanship and for anybody to break his neck sensationally. There is ample choice of rambles afoot, and Pieve di Cadore, where Titian was born, and, living amongst the Dolomites, grew into the habit of putting their weird shapes upon his canvases, lies within a day's pilgrimage. But the real centre and heart of the district, the most captivating and characteristic natural surroundings, must be looked for at Caprile, six hours' good walking to the south-west.

To Caprile, though, one cannot very conveniently take baggage, except to the extent of a knapsack; so before leaving Cortina it is necessary to make some sort of arrangement for sending on, in hope of some day finding it again, any reserve of clothing that one may happen to be blessed (or plagued) with. In our case Venice seemed likely to be the next place where we should think of collars and razors; so it was arranged that the afternoon before our start for Caprile I should take a single-horse trip to the Italian frontier, see the three little portmanteaus of the party safely through the custom-house there, and book them on to our intended hotel on the Grand Canal. My comrades, J—— and C——, gave me, of course, each his key, that I might be able to open all or any of the "pieces" on demand, and with an honesty that I am bold to brag of (for I had nothing personally to gain or lose by it) it had been agreed that I was to own to J——'s portmanteau containing some tobacco, and take the consequences of duty or its forfeiture. Away we bowled down the white road in the westering sun, Antelao in front, pitched like a Titan's bell-tent to guard the way, and my driver volubly treating me to Germano-Italian sandwiches of chatter, the predominant burden being — not the marvelous mountains, not any of the things or habits noteworthy or interesting in the Ampezzo Thal, but—the hardness of his own individual life, and his certain conviction that every Englishman was "full of gold." Hardly past the bilingual notice-boards that mark the frontier,

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a dusty-coated official of the baser sort stalking athwart the road magnificently bids us halt. "The Dogana?" "No, signor—the Fumigator." "The Fumigator? Why, what on earth—?" but before I can get my sentence finished (in Italian) the dusty-coated one, with the connivance of my driver, has whipped off all the baggage into a whitewashed building by the roadside; which has the

MONTE PELMO.

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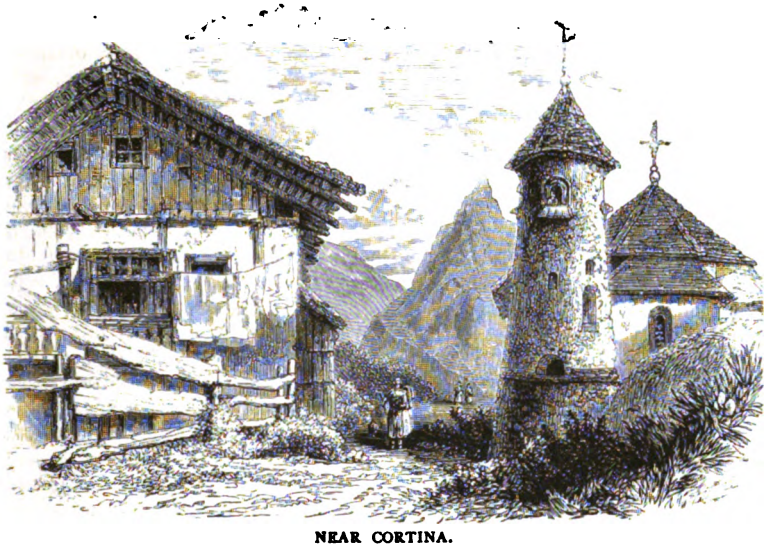
no-doubt-intended effect of making me descend and follow suit. As soon as Dusty-coat has got us all into his den he proceeds to lock the door, and then, going to a brazier in the corner, stirs into vaporous life a panful of some abominable chemicals; after which he finds time and complaisance to vouchsafe me



NEAR CORTINA.

the information that this is the Italian government's device for keeping cholera out—now that it is fairly in—and that, in fine, he would like to have the pleasure of drinking my health in return for his suffocating assault upon it. Well, to escape into fresh air again is cheap at a depreciated *lira* ransom; and a couple of hundred yards farther brings us to the custom-house at last. The receiver in person politely comes forward to conduct the examination of my portmanteaus. "Anything to declare, signor?" "Yes" (with a glow of conscious virtue in the avowal)—"some tobacco in that black portmanteau." "Hah! Open it." I have some little difficulty with the lock, not having tried J——'s bramah before starting, but in half a minute the contraband portmanteau is open, and— Hallo! where is that tobacco? The pouch, I know well, is of a size calculated (as J—— says) to serve a fellow for a pillow at a pinch, and his last words to me were that he had placed it, to save trouble, on the top. No signs of it, though. Feeling ridiculously nonplused, I prod about excitedly among J——'s clothing. The receiver kneels down beside me, and we both prod. No effects; and at last the receiver courteously declares, "It's a romance, or at any rate the quantity must be too minute to make a fuss about;" and he forthwith closes the examination. Judge of the tableau that we three assisted at in the Venice hotel when it turned out that, through a genuinely unwitting confusion of my friends' two portmanteaus, I had opened and searched the wrong one, and the sly pillow-pouch had thus slipped unconfiscated into Italy!

How are the mighty fallen! There was a time when Caprile, hidden away here in the Dolomites more than half a hundred miles from the nearest point of the Adriatic, was under the rule of the Venetian doges. Witness the unmistakable Lion of St. Mark mouldering on this column in the centre of the finest of piazzas! Beautiful Caprile, altogether unforgetable! Lofty pine-covered Alps closing in, shelteringly, north, east and

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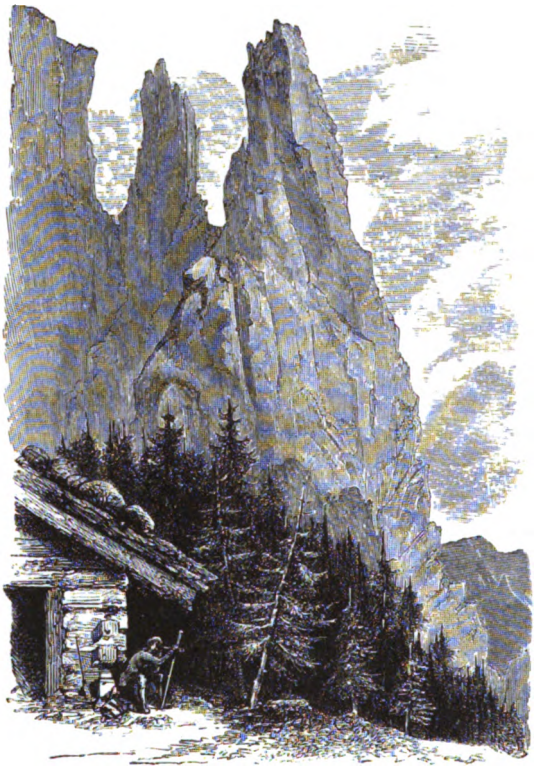
west, while directly to the south the Monte Civita, a giant Dolomite, rises sharp and sheer, a curtain of bare rock overhanging the wondrously green water



THE AIGUILLES OF THE SCHLERN.

of Lake Alleghe. It is historic fact that this lake was formed almost, we may say, in a night. It was in the year seventeen hundred and something: without note of warning a huge mountain-mass broke away from the Civita's nearest neighbor, dammed up the river that runs down the valley, drove it back upon two hapless villages, and drowned them in a suddenly-created lake. It is said that when the surface is calm one may still descry housetops far below. We, for our parts, were content to leave that part of the story an unverified tradition.

The Albergo Pezzé at Caprile is a good typical specimen of the Dolomite inn. Its exterior is rather a shock, perhaps, to the average traveler at first sight. From the street you enter, under a narrow archway, an unkempt stone-floored passage or lobby space, a repository for miscellaneous lumber. Undeterred by appearances, it behooves you to mount the staircase to the first floor, and there, emerging from the kitchen, the Signora Pezzé, the hostess, will welcome you with the kindliest smile; and you feel in a moment, even before you have climbed another flight of stairs to the airy, scrupulously-clean bedrooms and snug little sitting-room of the second floor, that you have found a place where you may well rest and be thankful. What matter if the equipage of your chamber be a trifle incongruous? A mediæval harpsichord, that may have charmed the ears of many an aristocratic republican from Venice, stood in a corner of mine, and I knelt down in another corner to perform my ablutions (as best I might) by means of a pie-dish placed on a low rush-bottomed chair. Across the passage J—— and C—— were sharing a room, three walls of which were hung with gaudy-robed saints, to say nothing of holy-water receptacles at the bed-heads, while on the fourth wall flaunted unabashed a recumbent Venus, as lightly clad as Titian's in the Venice Accademia. And time doesn't hang heavily in the little *sala* during the mountaineer's short evenings. Gilbert and Churchill's book on *The Dolomites* is there of course, and a miscellaneous collection of Tauchnitz novels, and—what one certainly would not have expected—three or four recent numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which it seems this dear old (I don't use the second epithet strictly) Signora Pezzé

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actually has posted to her twice a week from London for the benefit of her English-reading *forestieri*. Not that one has much time or inclination for literature at such moments. The evening meal takes some time, though indeed the signora, gliding about from table to table, always benevolently beaming and quick to anticipate every want, does, in her tranquil, unflurried way, manage to wait upon a roomful of people with an effective promptness that I have never yet seen equaled. And then there is the free-flowing conversation that always abounds, even among Britishers and Americans, when they are on holiday jaunts abroad, with the extra attraction of being able to practice languages upon any foreigners who may happen to be present. Notably did J—— distinguish himself in this line at Caprile. It so happened that while we were discussing our mutton fillets and peach fritters ("roughing it," you see, as usual) in a corner of the public room, the only other occupants were two gentlemen volubly discoursing in Italian at a neighboring table. The name of some Dolomite village which we expected to visit chanced to occur in their talk; whereupon nothing would do for J——, emboldened by mutton and alcoholic ink (my translation of *buon vino ordinario*), but to strike in and show off his Italian fluency. The nearest stranger, the one attacked, responded courteously, and at it they went for half an hour or thereabouts, till J—— came back to his now cold fritters immensely pleased with his success in conversing with a real native, and complacently inclined to think that his own speech had not betrayed his nationality. Judge of the chaff and banter that ensued when, resorting afterward to the visitors' book, we found that the native was after all a German professor, who—such is the omniscience of the species—could doubtless have chatted away just as easily in English as he had done, to oblige J——, in Italian.

How suddenly the weather changes in mountain-districts! The night before we were to leave Caprile everything betokened a fair-weather journey, but the morning dawned in such torrents of rain that the good folk of the albergo deliberately omitted to call us at the early hour that we had named, and but for the noise of the water plashing from the spouts we might have lain abed till mid-

UNKNOWN MOUNTAINS NEAR CORTINA.

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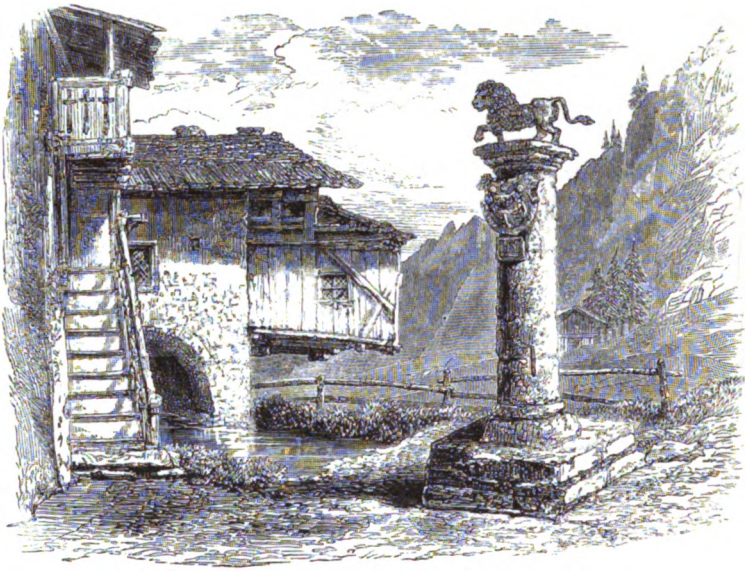
day. However, we were up and dressed and holding council over our coffee and eggs by six o'clock. It was clearly no use staying in-doors; and one can't expect to have everything one's own way, at least until the clerk of the weather



VENETIAN LION AT CAPRILE.

puts on human shape and (what some folk tell us is pretty much the same thing) bribeability. So young Bartolo Battista, our guide and porter, gamely heaved the knapsacks on to his back: we threw our ever-useful Scotch shawls over our shoulders, and fared out into the driving rain. There is positively no doubt about it: your fair-weather traveler loses a multitude of experiences worth having. Lucretius would not have felt half so vividly the sweetness of sitting at ease on the shore while regarding the toils of his fellow-mortals on the deep if he had never himself been knocked about by a head-wind. We, if the rain-clouds did conceal the mountain-outlines, if the rain did beat upon us with an insistence that only a Scotch maud can foil,—well, I, for my part, protest that we had our compensations. The Sottoguda Gorge—a wonderful cleft, so narrow that in places there is not room enough between the sheer walls for path and torrent, except by carrying the one on a frail causeway a few feet above the other—is sufficiently memorable, maybe, at all times; but see it as we did, the stream below swollen to storm-fury, the cliffs overhead touching the low driving mist-banks, and you will appreciate the sight—afterward, when you are indoors and dry, if not sooner. And then the Fedaja Pass! Why, on an ordinary August or September day you may expect to find there a succession of grass-slopes and much sun. Try it in caitiff weather, as it was our fortune to do, and in four or five hours from Caprile you may be enjoying all the specialties of the High Alps—interminable slopes and plateaus of treacherously deep snow, through which, losing the path, you now and then fall sprawlingly thigh-deep, snow beating blindingly in your face, wind (not your own—far from it) *ad lib.*, with the extra excitement of being conscious that your guide is not altogether sure of his road. Ours was a cheery, willing young fellow, but there was just one moment when it needed the hint of the probability of a something over and

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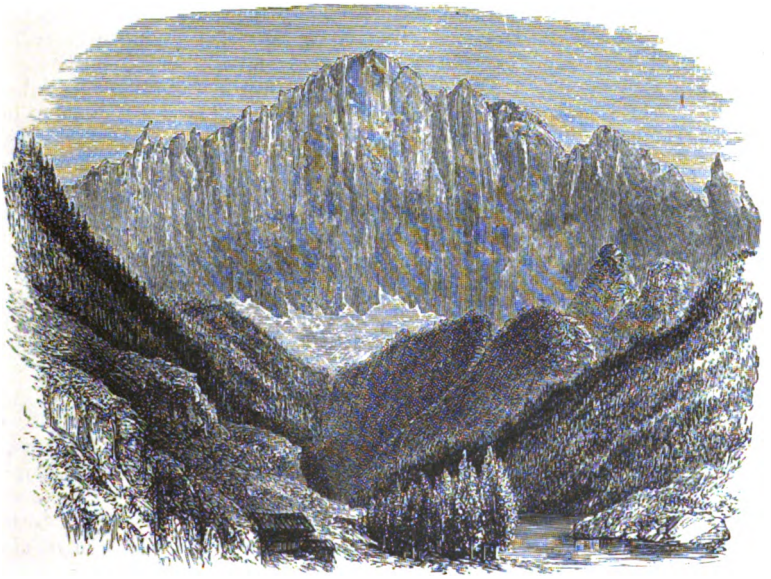
above the tariff charge rewarding his accomplishment of the day's journey to sway his mental balance in favor of piloting us over the summit of the pass. Perhaps, to do him justice, there would not have been even that one moment of indecision but for the nervous shock of a sudden squall that blew to rods and tatters his friend of many years—his umbrella.

Midday was past, and with it the highest point of the Fedaja, when suddenly the snow-flakes stopped falling, the dull air grew luminous, and with a magic rapidity of development which might well have broken the heart of a transformation-scene deviser, the sun burst through the clouds, routed them, broke them up, and sent them in picturesque, wisplike flight from his presence into such shadowed hollows as might offer refuge. Marmolata, the loftiest of the Dolomites, and a score of fantastic peaks all round, stood out into the light, lustrous and sparkling in their new snow-garments, and relieved against a background of the brightest blue, while below the pine woods, with every feathery branch weighted with glistening snow, completed a scene that more than repaid us for the little discomforts of the morning.

That night J—— again had to remark (and I must say not without reason) that "if this was roughing it, well, on the whole, he rather preferred roughing it." The scene was Antonio Rizzi's at Vigo in the Fassa Thal. The ground floor of the albergo appears to serve the purpose of a carthouse, and the bedroom landing opens on one side into a hayloft; but the tubs of hot water are not the less hot and ample, the host and his family are not the less hearty and obliging, the food and beds are not the less ample and wholesome, on that account. Soup, trout, veal cutlets, salad, *pasti dolis* and an omelette as big as J——'s tobacco-pouch were laid before us in the evening; bouquets for our button-holes lay upon our breakfast-plates in the morning; and if there had been but a little coffee in the chicory, we should positively have had to fall back, for grumbling material, upon the grievance of having nothing to grumble about.

Very comfortable are the beds at the Albergo Rizzi—too comfortable, I was inclined to think, when, at a not unreasonably early hour of one of the finest



MONTE CIVITA.

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THE MARMOLATA, FROM THE PASS OF ALLEGHE.

mornings that ever dawned, the getting C—— out of his blankets became the burning question of the moment.

"Come now, old man! up with you! Time we were off."

A grunt from under the bed-clothes.

"Glorious sunshine."

"Don't see it."

"And it's positively gone seven some time ago."

"My watch says five." (It had stopped, I knew, the previous afternoon, on his dropping it accidentally from his pocket.)

"Come, come! That's a very feeble imitation of the festive undergraduate's four-o'clock retort."

"What do you mean?" (Signs of interest, a head and arm appearing above the coverlet.)

"Why, the man who, coming back to his college from a slightly protracted wine-party, with ebrious gravity assured the porter, who told him it was 'past four, sir,' that that couldn't be, for he had just passed by the university church and heard it *strike one repeatedly*."

At this moment sounded without the anxious voice of one of the signore of the house, announcing that our breakfast omelette was already in the pan—an announcement which instantaneously dissipated C——'s remaining sleepiness, and brought him with a bound into his morning tub.

Down stairs a fresh bouquet on every plate and hearty handshaking and a perfectly overpowering shower of leave-taking utterances. Certainly, whatever may be the comparative copiousness of the Italian and English languages, taken as wholes, they altogether distance us in the matter of phrases of farewell.

The morning air was clear and frosty as we struck down the valley, with promise, though, of coming noonday heat. To the north-west, toward Botzen, the spike-like Aiguilles of the Schlern shoot up eight thousand feet and more, but in this deep valley they are hidden from our view by a long fantastic chain to our right, where the yellow pinnacles of the Rosengarten stand out clear cut against the blue. On our bed-room walls some local artist had frescoed imaginary peaks of the Japanese tea-tray type, with quite uncalled-for idealism; for here, under his very eyes, had he chosen to use them, he had every day before him mountain-forms more strange, more improbable,

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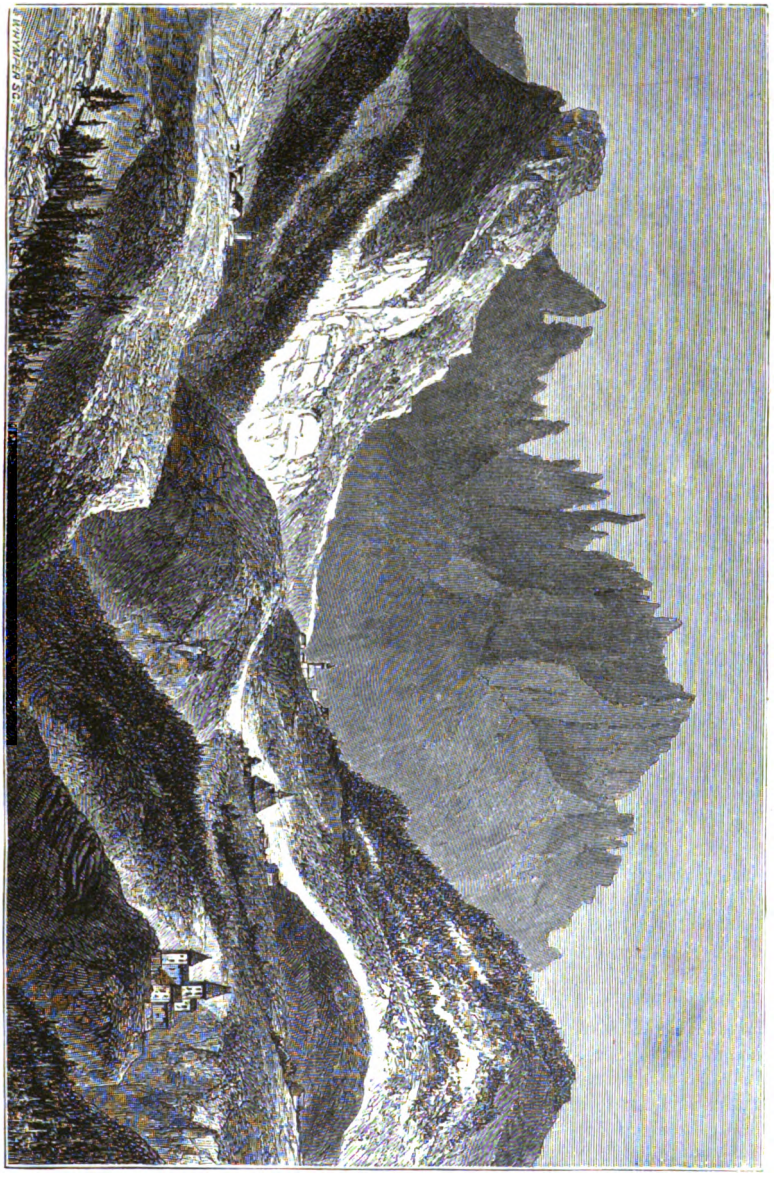
to copy from than any his fancy was likely to devise.

"Just so!" remarked J—— sententiously: one is apt to be sententious for an hour or so after a breakfast so solid as they furnish at Rizzi's. "Foreign-



THE ROSENGARTEN, FROM BOTZEN.

ers are such a queer lot, you know: seems to me they're always going out of their way to make comic blunders, with a benevolent view, I sometimes incline to suspect, to the amusement of us traveling Britishers. Their advertisers,

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PREDAZZO.

for instance, make such a delicious mess of it when they will follow up their announcements with a would-be English translation. You remember that hotel advertisement that we found, framed and glazed, in the station waiting-room at Linz? The German half of it was correct enough, of course—"

"As our intimate ignorance of the language assured us, eh?"

"Don't interrupt. I'm content to credit the advertiser with, at any rate, as much knowledge of his own lingo as one of our own advertisers has of his. But the translation was simply delightful: I treasure every adjective of it: 'Hotel of the Post, Weissnau. Accomplished Drinks, Captivating Meats, Boats, and a Excellent Bath.'"

"'A most excellent bathos,' he might have said. But I own there's an unconsciousness about the language of your Weissnau landlord that amuses me more than this French production that I got yesterday enclosed in a note from our friend S—— at Mentone. Did I read it to you? It's not bad as a bit of fun, even granting—what I won't pledge myself to, one way or the other—that the author might have been a little more idiomatically bilingual if he had tried. I'll read it to you while you're shifting your knapsack; which, by the way, you will find ride vastly easier if you'll just let out the strap another hole or two. Listen:

"'GRAND HOTEL BIJOVE

"'(*Englisch House*),

"'Place du Paradis. ALCIBIADE KROMESKY, Propriétaire.

"'Tous les agréments du *High-Life* se trouvent réunis dans ce magnifique établissement, nouvellement organisé et entretenu sur le pied du confortable le plus recherché. Salons de Société, de Lecture et de Billard.

"'Pension à prix modérés. Cuisine et service hors ligne. Spécialités de rosbif, rhum, thé Pekoë, porter-beer, wischky, old Thom et autres consommations dans le goût britannique. On parle toutes les langues.'

"Here followeth the translation:

"'THE GREAT BY-JOVE HOTEL,

"'Place du Paradis. ALCIBIADES KROMESKY, Proprietar.

"'All the agreements of high-life are reunited in this magnificent establishment, newly organized, and entertained upon the footing of the most researchd confortable. Salons of Society, Lecture and Billiard.

"'Pension to moderate prices. Kitchen and service out of common. Specialtys of roasbeef, rhum-punsch, Pekoë tea, porteerbeer, wischky, old Thom, and other consummations in the britisch taste. One speaks all the languages.'

"There now, what do you say to that, J——, eh?"

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"Humph! Don't mind going as far as to say, '*Se non è vero, è ben trovato,*' if that will be any gratification to you. But the sun's getting on apace with his day's journey; so I vote for tramping on without more of your comic readings for the present."

Ten miles and a bittock (if that convenient Scotch word may be permitted) from Campidello stands the little town of Predazzo, long celebrated by geologists and mineralogists, but not much known, as yet, to the unscientific traveler. The authorities competent to dogmatize on such subjects have settled, I believe, that the place occupies the site of an ancient crater; an idea which would perhaps hardly suggest itself to the non-geological mind, inasmuch as far from lying in anything like a hole, entirely surrounded by steep hill-walls tolerably close at hand—which would be the ordinary non-scientific conception of the site of a played-out crater—Predazzo lies at the point of junction of three sufficiently wide valleys, not by any means encircled, in any strict sense of the word, by mountains, and indeed several miles away from a considerable part of the ranges which can most nearly be said to surround it. However, the illustrious savants whose names, from Humboldt's downward, fill the yellowing pages of the treasured little visitors' book in the Nave d'Oro, doubtless ought to know best; so I won't go further than to record a humble wish that they had left on the spot some written exposition of the reasons for their conclusion.

Here again at Predazzo one finds in the signora of the inn—whose sign, a gilded three-master, swings creakily in metal-work over the entrance-arch—the representative of a very old family of gentle blood. She is a Giacomelli, and has a right to the Giacomelli escutcheon, which, bearing the date 1520, hangs over a door on the first-floor landing. All down one side of the *sala* runs a glazed cabinet well stored with mineralogical specimens collected in the immediate neighborhood and presented by various learned visitors; and C—— will be quite happy in examining these, and J—— in making acquaintance with the bread and

THE DREI ZINNEN.

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butter and *vino ordinario* of the inn, while I go down stairs again to consult the landlady about the means of getting a vehicle and horses to take us over the five-and-twenty miles of road that lie between us and our self-destined night-quarters at Primiero.

"*Niente cavallo.*"

"What! no horses? Most excellent signora, you are surely joking. The Signor Rizzi told us most distinctly this morning that here we should find no difficulty at all in getting horses—that the *padrone* of the post-house—"

"Ah, yes, there are eight, ten horses generally, but there have been so many *forestieri* passing through lately—two horses here, two there—I assure you, signors, there is not one horse for hire in the town."

A pretty predicament, truly! That humorous creation of Lewis Carroll's fancy, a Caucus race—in which "you set off when you like and stop when you like, and then everybody had a prize"—is a capital thing in its way. There is abundant pleasure to be got out of a tour the plan of which is that there shall be no plan, but circumstances and impulse be left to work their will with each day's rambling. But if you happen to have made up your mind for something altogether different—if, pressed by inexorable necessities of time and space, you have worked out a complex problem of hours and miles and legs and lungs, human and equine, with the determined aim of achieving a given goal within the limits of (say) a given daytime—why, then, if some utterly unforeseen circumstance crops up to upset your calculations, it is hard to assume the *rôle* of cheerful resignation all at once, even where delay will involve no greater hardship than a closer acquaintance with so notable a spot as Predazzo.

Yes, at Primiero we must and would spend our next night. But how to get there? Even if human legs could pace the distance between noon and September dark—which, to judge from Ball's almost always trusty *Guide*, seemed, to say the least, doubtful—it was quite certain that, for sundry physical reasons, which need not be further particularized than by mentioning that our chlorodyne had been in frequent recent use, our particular trio were, on this particular occasion, distinctly not equal to walking it. If we could but get to Paneveggio, suggested our kind signora of the Nave d'Oro, the padrone there had a *buon cavallo* in his stable which would take us to Primier' (the final *o* seems always to be dropped off the names of places hereabouts in conversation) in no time, and that, too, along the new road of which the German professor had told us at Caprile. Ah, yes! if we could but get to Paneveggio! Only a couple of hours' drive up that wooded valley there to the south-east. But how? C—— would, I verily believe, have gone back in another minute to the *sala* to seek an answer to the question in the pages of a well-thumbed Tauchnitz novel which he had found in a sofa-corner there; and J —— might (looking at the matter *a posteriori*, I decline to aver that he would) have persuaded me to join him in sipping acid *ordinario* for inspiration; but at this moment Dame Fortune kindly took the matter into her own potent hands. Round the corner by the church came in sight a cart of clumsy, rustic build, clattering and rumbling direfully along the quiet street, AND—drawn by a pair of wiry little black horses. Rescue!

> A sail in sight appears:
> We hail her with three cheers.

I never had the pleasure of being in the Bay of Biscay myself, but I can fancy that the feelings of the grateful mariner in the song must have closely resembled those which we three (precisely the right-sized party, be it observed, for performing the conventional number of cheers with the least waste of time) greeted the sight of this opportune vehicle and pair.

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A VISIT TO THE DOLOMITES.

CONCLUDING PART.

SASSO BIANCO.

HOW astonished the swarthy young Italian in charge of the team looked, to be sure, when he was brought up short by a proposition that he should turn his whip and wagon to the unaccustomed purpose of transporting a load of human beings from Predazzo to Paneveggio! At first the novelty of the idea was too much for him, and turned his tongue to the manufacture of excuses. He hadn't had his breakfast; the wagon wouldn't hold us; the horses were tired; the road was— All which the vehemence of a majority who knew what they wanted, and could at any rate talk the intelligible language of money - reward, speedily dissipated; and after little more than half an hour's waiting our charioteer, just as the church-clock struck noon, rattled gayly up to the door of the Nave d'Oro. Sparkling were his eyes and teeth, jaunty the feather in his hat, and his vehicle had been equipped for service by laying a couple of boards, by way of seats, across it, and cushioned with an ample bran-sack. There was not much room to spare, certainly, but by letting a few legs dangle over the sides we all managed to find stowage; and with light hearts, the Signora Giacomelli laughing adieu from her doorstep, we creaked and jolted out of Predazzo.

For an hour or so an almost continual ascent, during which J—— and I, leaving the game little black nags quite work enough to do in pulling C—— and our knapsacks up the zigzags, went ahead on foot, and by cutting off corners gained ground enough to have a quarter of an hour to spare, on reaching the level, for sketching the outlines of the Dolomitic ranges by which the view was in every direction bounded.

A mile or two of tolerably level grassy tableland, and suddenly the road plunges into a narrow defile, thick with pines, a brawling torrent rushing far below. At one of the turns we overtake a brawny

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PRIMIERO.

pedestrian in Tyrolese jacket and hat, who, with a wink of acquaintanceship to our driver, coolly swings a portion of his big body—Goodness only knows how—on to a corner of our already overbrimming wagon, and puffs away at his pipe without a word till we draw up at the roadside inn, which with a timber-yard and (I think) a hovel or two, answers to the name of Paneveggio. In a paddock beside the inn a well-shaped chestnut is grazing. "Ecco il buon cavallo!" And

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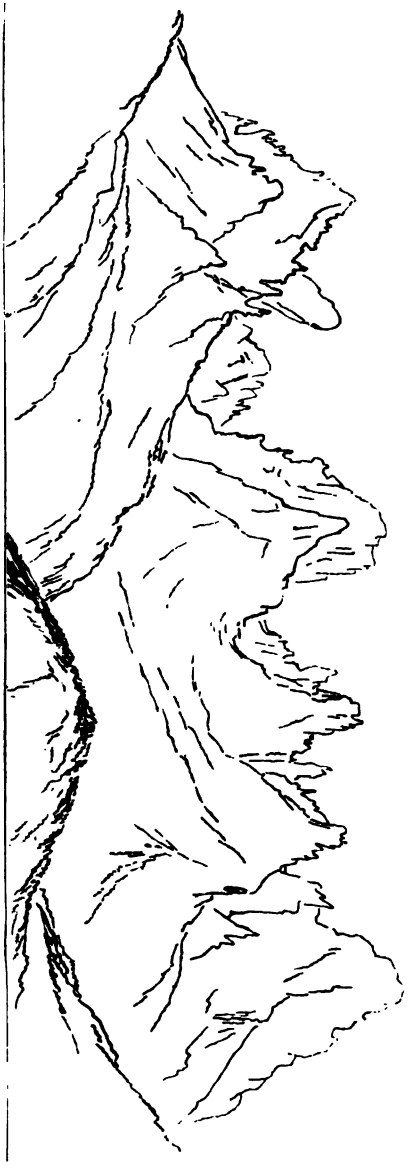
so it is, only that it turns out to be a mare. Eagerly we beseech the *padrone* that she may be caught and harnessed, and we started again on our way to Primier' with the least possible delay. He does not, somehow, seem remarkably eager to comply. At the moment we naturally set his reluctance down to the landlord's instinct, in out-of-the-way places, against letting afternoon arrivals go without having the benefit of bed and bill out of them; and we forthwith propitiated him by ordering such eatables and drinkables as his house could produce, accordingly. But looking back with my present knowledge of what he then doubtless knew of the "new road" over which we purposed traveling—and, as the sequel will show, did travel—I, for one, can readily excuse some unwillingness on the part of the brave chestnut's owner to send her off on the journey for which we three masterful *forestieri* claimed to requisition her.

Still, perseverance prevailed, though indeed command, entreaty, and even the offer of additional *lire*, were alike unavailing to make those obliging but vacuous folk bestir themselves. In truth, the only busy individual about the place was our late wagoner, who, ever since our arrival an hour ago, had been celebrating in potations of acrid *ordinario* his unwonted earnings of the day. It was fully a quarter past three when all was at last ready for our start. The chestnut had been caught and groomed and harnessed, and looked promisingly stout and game, but the rest of the equipage presented a sadly inferior appearance. A sorrier rattletrap than the cramped little antediluvian chaise, to which the good mare was attached by rope-harness of the rudest description,



PANORAMIC VIEW OF VAL DI CANALI.

may it never be my lot to see, much less travel in again. But we were little inclined to quarrel or criticise; and tum-

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bling the packs into the bottom of the trap, and getting some portions of our respective persons on the top of them, we were at once fairly under weigh on the "new road."

New road, indeed! Yes, I venture to assert that credulous travelers never essayed a newer. You are hardly a quarter of a mile from Paneveggio when the track—thus far a good hard, level one—enters a pine forest and begins an interminable zigzag climb. One knows that there are some wonderful Dolomites close overhead somewhere, but the trees are too thick to allow of anything like a view; and we indeed soon found our eyes and thoughts fully employed in the immediate foreground. For the road was unquestionably getting newer and newer every yard. First, it became deep and sandy, and we jumped out to lighten the ship; then, the first suspicious circumstance, we came upon a surveyor giving orders as to gradients; a little farther, and the smooth sandy surface gave way to an uneven slope of unmitigated stoniness; and finally our progress was suddenly arrested by a party of navvies, who bade us halt while a blast took place a little way ahead, hurling above the tops of the trees the fragments of a rock that stood athwart this excellent new road — of the future. At several points it did indeed seem impossible that our shaky little shandrydan could be hoisted over the ground, but the brave mare, never jibbing, tugged it gamely over all difficulties—now through a mudhole, now over a hump of rock, and here and there a foot or two sheer up from a low level of inchoate track to a bit of metaled roadway just laid and leveled by the navvies. At last the trees grew thinner; increase of light gave hope that we were wellnigh out of the wood; and finally we emerged on to a high plateau of turf encircled by a wilderness of barren peaks, preeminent amongst which the marvelous obelisk of the Cimon della Pala, a veritable Dolomite Matterhorn, stood up, gaunt and terrible, directly in our path. The road passes close under the base and along the steepest point of this extraordinary yellow crag, which from this side, its overhanging outline suggestive, in places, of the conventional form of the Phrygian liberty cap, looks certainly quite unclimbable (forgive the word), though I believe the top has more than once been reached by some back-stairs way or other. Soon our view opened far down into the valley, at the foot of which, somewhere behind that deep-green mass of pines in the distance below, Primiero was to be imagined lying. The September sun was already getting uncomfortably near to the horizon when our tumble-to-pieces little chaise began a descent as unpleasantly steep as the ascent through the wood on the other side had been rough. The track, on this side old, unreformed and narrow, wound at first by frequent sharp declines down the face of a red tumulus-shaped sandhill. As we capped the topmost edge no less than seven zigzags were in view at once on the hillside. All very well for pedestrians; all very well for carriage-folk, maybe, given everything satisfactory in the departments of vehicle, harness and driver; but where, as in our case, you have a

PEASANT WOMAN OF LIVINALLUNGO.

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trap so shaky in wheels, springs and body that it is scarcely competent to hold together *without* the superincumbent weight of four bodies averaging over ten stone apiece; when you have a broken brake, rope traces and a most casual charioteer, far too eager a gossip to take much note of his horse or the pace,—well, under such circumstances you may very likely (as we did) be jolted into laughter-fits by the ludicrously jerky, all-confusing incidents of the descent; but at the end of each zig and zag, where there is neither fence nor other obstacle interposed between the outer road-corner and a precipitous tumble of a good many hundreds of feet, the open view of the result of overbalancing at the turn, or overshooting it, will, you may think (as we did), put a quite sufficiently strong *soupçon* of excitement into the proceeding.

The gallant mare was all this time stepping out with abundance of strength and spirit, displaying rather more energy indeed than our driver was quite competent to restrain within the limits appropriate to a breakneck slope. Halfway down one of the steepest zigs, snap went one of the traces. "*Non importa!*" cried our Jehu, jumping down in a moment and throwing his reins loose; and in a trice he had adjusted matters, sufficiently to satisfy his own notions of safe harnessing, by winding the end of the dangling trace-rope on to an iron peg projecting where a shaft-pin might have been. C—— had been rather silent all day, as one is apt to be when physically out of sorts, but just at this point he gave a sure sign of better spirits by gravely enunciating an atrocious pun. Said he, staring at the extraordinarily irregular conformation of the rock-wall forming the opposite side of the valley,

CASTEL PIETRA.

"Well, I don't know what you fellows think, but I declare I never saw *crookeder strata* before."

At the foot of the steeper part of the descent we came upon the hospice of San Martino, a place where travelers sometimes halt for a night, but with the exception of a snarling dog there seemed little if any life stirring there when we reached it in the falling twilight; so, without pulling up, we continued on our downward way. From this point a fine broad, metaled road

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leads down, by a succession of inclines, to Primiero, and along these, a luxuriously pleasant contrast to the new and old roads lately passed, we gayly bowled, though huddled up, coldish and unmercifully jolted, till finally about 8 P. M. we became conscious (it was now quite dark) that we were approaching a place of houses, and in a few minutes more the *buono cavallo*, still fresh and lusty, drew up at the door of Moro Bonetti's albergo, the Aquila Vera.

THE SASSO DI RONCH.

It is, of course, always to be deemed a great compliment to have one's meals laid in the up-stairs corridor, but on a chilly autumn evening the temperature there is apt to be somewhat low; so it was excusable, perhaps, in J——, though peculiar, to insist on sitting down to supper with his plaid over his shoulders and his hat on. I don't think any of us much relished that supper, for we had been a good deal shaken up in the course of the day, and the *cuisine* was of that swelteringly greasy order unfortunately too common in Italian *albergi*. Nor was the experiment of hot grog more successful, the local idea of that beverage consisting of some kind of remarkably musty corn-spirit served up in teacups.

A picturesque situation has Primiero, with its broad zones of pines and green Alps in the immediate foreground, and the ever-varying shapes of Dolomite hills rising up behind them. Take a stroll up the Val di Canali close by, and you may see as memorable a panorama of mountain-outlines as is to be found anywhere in the district.

The morning after the "new-road" day the party failed not to assemble punctually at the appointed breakfast hour, half-past five, but the party, individually and collectively, was (to use an expressive adjective) *stale*. Whether the cause lay in the jolting of that cranky chaise, or in the acrid wine, grease-reeking potatoes and questionable cognac of over-night's supper, this deponent sayeth not; but only two eggs were consumed between the three of us, and C——, I believe, devoured two of them. However, the promise in the sky of a hot day is always a strong *stimulus* to make one

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THE SASSO DI RONCH.

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start betimes where a longish tramp, involving the mounting of a pass or two, has to be done; so by five minutes after six we were following a lanky old fellow, about as unlike (in build and stamina) the typical guide as could well be, who had been found by the Bonetti people to pilot us to Agordo. The road was already alive with country-folk, mostly women, dressed pretty much as they dress in the Livinallungo Valley near Caprile, but each carrying a huge funnel-shaped wicker basket on her back. All had their friendly "*giorno*" for us as we passed. Soon, clambering woefully, our stiff joints not yet supple from exercise, we found ourselves winding upward round the base of a solitary-standing crag, on the very top of which Count Welsperg's château, La Pietra, perches as inaccessible as Saint Simon Stylites on his pillar. A right valuable and useful mansion-house, indeed! The piece of rock on which it stands has become, by natural causes, parted from the main mass of the spur to which it was formerly attached, and the building has, in consequence, fallen into a state of ruined picturesqueness, from which it will presumably only be rescued by Nature's processes of dissolution. It is said that the present owner once, by some machinery of rope and pulley and basket, contrived to get hoisted up into, and so take actual possession of, his domain, but his occupancy was, not unnaturally, of the most temporary character, and is hardly likely to be repeated.

Just as we entered a long grassy glade, the upper end of which formed the highest point of our first *col*, the morning sun showed his face over the crest in front, and in a moment flooded all the valley with dazzling light. Welcome and refreshing were the bowls of milk which the herdsman's chalet just over the ridge was able and willing to offer. The only difficulty in such cases is to know when one has had enough. J——'s idea is that we ought to take advantage of this pleasant shady shed outside the door to smoke unnumbered pipes and cigarettes, and watch (without stirring, of course) the bucolic operations of the herdsman, and improve (?) our Italian by gossipings, at least to the extent of applying for more and more milk, with the women and children of the chalet; but the prospect of impending heat, and the distance obviously still to be traversed, conquer the natural acquiescence of his fellow-travelers, and J—— is outvoted, the milk paid for, and the knapsacks restrapped and shouldered accordingly. Very easily, and with a deliberation not ungrateful, the track descends into a valley in which some large quicksilver-works make capital of the motive-power of many collected streamlets. To right, to left, in front as one descends, stretches out a wide panorama of cattle-pastured, church- and hamlet-dotted uplands, the grim jagged peaks that have been our every-day companions here withdrawn into the far background, and from a distance seeming to gnash their teeth gloomily at all this glad verdure which is none of theirs. To our left, on the opposite side of the valley, a tiny white house with a flagstaff beside it marks the Austrian boundary; and eastward a long slope rises to a ridge, on the other side of which we may look to find Agordo. We are in a region of cultivation now—fruit trees and maize and market-gardeners' crops; and every now and then the track winds past an open shed, in which, with busy clatter of tongues and mallets, women are at work beating out hemp. By the time the level of the main stream is reached, and we are pounding along the gritty, ankle-twisting path that the summer shrinking of the waters has given as a temporary short cut, the sun is beating down upon our heads with a directness that leaves no doubt about the nearness of noon, and an intensity that inspires very grave doubt as to whether this can really be the latter half of September. A more toilsome and abominable piece of walking under a broiling sun than the *piccola mezz'ora* (as that slouching and cadaverous elderly person who was showing us the way euphemistically termed it) needed for the ascent, by an arid and stony path, of the long slope which had looked so pleasantly grassy from a distance, may it never be the

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THE SASSO BIANCO, FROM VAL CORDEVOLE.

present writer's lot to know. But it's a long slope indeed that has no summit; and soon after midday we were once more descending, and rounding a corner came at last in sight, a right welcome sight, of Agordo, a bright-looking cluster of white tile-roofed houses lying in the plain at the foot of a huge Dolomitic but-

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tress, the Palle di San Lucano. About this period, just when, with the goal in view after a wearisome tramp, one's natural instinct is to press on and get through with it, our elderly friend began to show unmistakable symptoms of giving in.

"We do not need to halt, to sit down, my good man. Proceed, an it please you."

"Ah," he replies, deliberately sitting down to a smoke by the roadside, "it is too much. I have not had breakfast this morning—only a drink of wine—*niente più*."

Aggravating elderly person! Pray, what business had you (we don't say, but think) to start off on such a walk without any breakfast? It couldn't be that you were taken by surprise, for your services were bargained for over-night. It couldn't be that you were penniless, for you had, at any rate, a sufficiently certain and immediate prospect of a handful of paper notes out of J——'s dandy Russia-leather note-case to make your credit good at Primier' for the most substantial and sustaining of breakfasts. No, it was just sheer— Never mind. How short-tempered and querulous one is apt to feel, to be sure, when one is hot and parched and tired, and a-weary of the burden of one's knapsack! With the town full in view before him our worthy conductor contrived, in the descent of the last slopes, to lose his way, but a straight plunge through all obstacles to where the high-road was visible across the plain soon set that matter right, and as one o'clock struck we were tramping into the town, soon to halt, after burrowing through some narrow, ill-paved streets, at the back door of the Alle Miniere inn.

Glasses of very fair home-brewed *birra*, promptly served, seemed to parched throats quite magically refreshing. Hot water, soap, towels and a change of raiment in an up-stairs chamber dispelled at once the outward visible signs and the toilsome part of the inward reminiscences of the morning's labors; and before the soup and cutlets, wine and fruit, that mine host had been quick to offer, were disposed of we were in the humor to fall in with his suggestion that we should take advantage of the afternoon mail-carriage to travel on eighteen miles southward, to Belluno. Meanwhile, there was ample time to see all that Agordo has to show to visitors. Indeed, for that purpose it is hardly necessary to do more than take up a position at one of the front first-floor windows of the inn, from which the one feature of the town—a large *piazza*, one side of which is occupied by a big, rambling, rather seedy and out-at-elbows-looking villa belonging to the local grandee, Count Manzoni—is visible to full advantage. Soon after three P. M. we were *en route*, lolling not uncomfortably (save that leg-room was a trifle scanty) in the open two-horse fly provided for the transport of letter-bags and passengers. A mile or so below Agordo the road passes the copper-mines—a monopoly of the Italian government — from which the Agordo albergo takes its name and the town its *raison d'être* and wages. Close by, the Piave River rushes through a wonderful gorge, where white walls of rock, just seamed here and there with green, rise sheer to a great height on either hand, at places barely leaving interval enough for road and river to scrape through. This gorge is, as it were, the gateway of the Dolomite district in this direction. South of it the hills rapidly trend away or sink by quick gradations into plain, and a warm and gentle landscape of hamlets, vineyards and pastures succeeds to the wilder, sterner scenes within the barrier. Till we were fairly through the gorge the wonder and delight of the journey kept all eyes and senses on the alert; but of the rest of the route to Belluno no member of the trio in that mail-carriage could, I think, pretend to speak or write from personal ocular observation; for, what with the heat of the sun and the laziness induced by the walk from Primiero, there fell upon each and all a pleasant lethargy that lasted on, through the driver's whip-crackings and exclamations, through sundry village-stoppages dimly remembered, and all the jerks and joltings of a vehicle not furnished with the best of springs, till

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VALLEY OF AURONZO.

toward fall of dusk a louder rattling than usual educed consciousness of the fact that we were in the more or less paved streets of a considerable town, and our Jehu shouted from the box to know to what hotel he was to drive. What hotel? Quite a novelty to have a choice. Let us consult *Murray* and *Baedeker*. The choice lies between the Due Torre and the Al Capello; and, the guide-books saying nothing very definite about either, we leave the decision in Jehu's hands, and he promptly sets us down in the courtyard of the latter.

A big, rambling, squalid building, this Al Capello. In a large gallery-like room on the ground floor sundry natives, of the opera-house-supernumerary type, chattering and drinking at rough wooden tables. Up stairs, a cavernous, desolate *sala*, with a cold shiny floor of some kind of black compo substance, and a dirty arabesqued ceiling. While supper was getting ready I got hold of mine host, a glib-tongued, volatile Italian, and started off under his guidance on a ramble through the streets and squares. Such a sight as Belluno presented that evening it can seldom fall to the lot of any one to witness who has been born and lived where the earth refrains from quaking. It was only a few weeks before our visit, on a fine summer morning toward the end of June, 1873, that that part of the earth on which Belluno stands suddenly quaked. It was five o'clock in the morning; folk were for the most part quietly abed; and the shock or shocks lasted (I believe) less than ten seconds, but that brief throbbing was long enough and strong enough to shake down one of the two lofty towers of Palladio's cathedral, to crumble an adjacent church into a stone-heap, to make havoc, more or less, of every theatre and public building, to crack pretty nearly every arch in the arcaded piazza, and, one way or another, to give every householder a mason's bill to pay. As we threaded our way through the tortuous streets and alleys, shored-up arches, buttressed walls, lime, rubble and *débris* met the eye at every turn. "Ah," said my cicerone, gayly voluble in spite of the depressing influences of the scene, "truly everything is ruined. And so suddenly! And who knows, indeed, whether it is all yet finished? Just here was the other cathedral tower, as tall as this campanile under which we stand. And in a mo-

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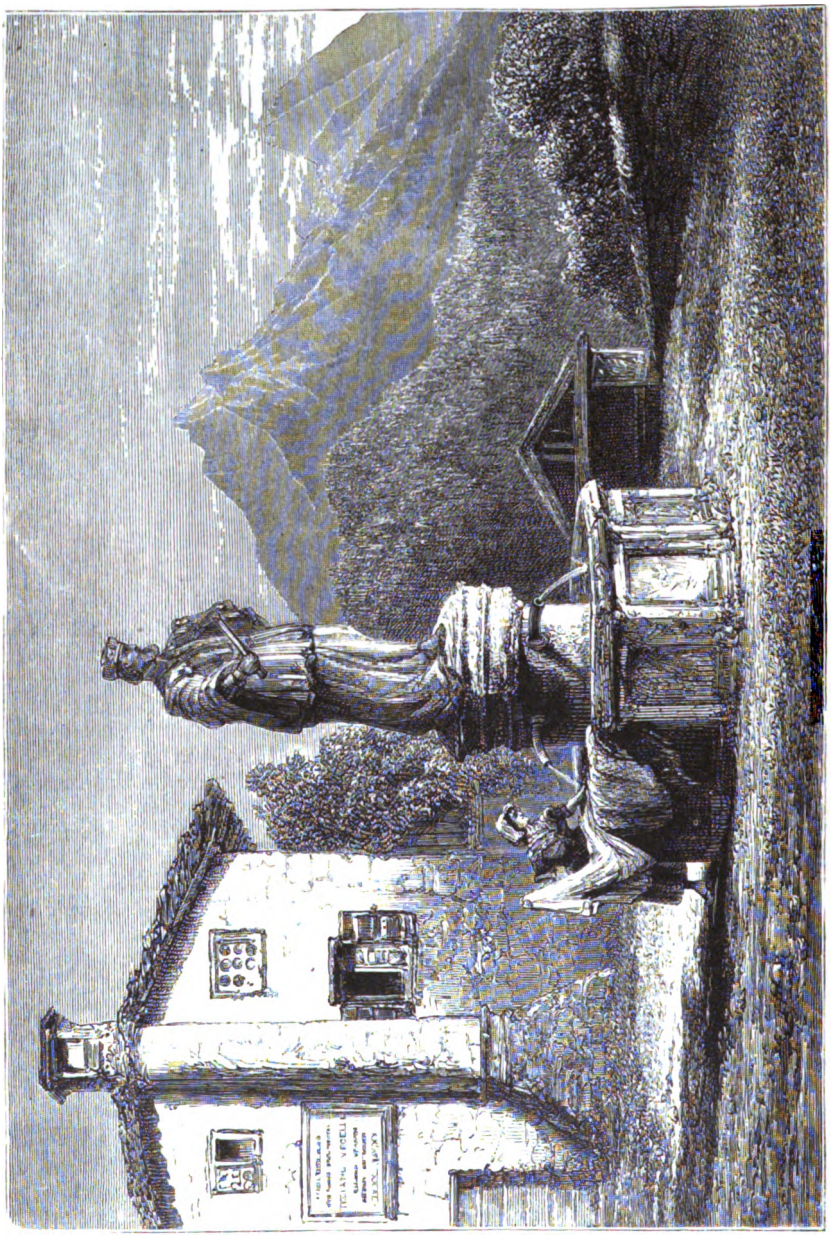

TITIAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

ment— Yes, 'twas but last Saturday there was a slight repetition of the shock, and who knows—"

"Certainly," I said, with a sudden feeling of the unpleasantness of lingering under the shadow of two or three hundred perpendicular feet of Palladian stone-work on a soil of recurrent instability, "I think perhaps we had better be returning to the other signors. There

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are the places, too, to be taken in the diligence for Conegliano; so perhaps we have hardly time to examine the cathedral any further this evening."

Out-of-doors exercise gives one a marvelous capacity of assimilating all manner of viands, but it would be a severe test, methinks, of the strongest appetite to go through, say, half a dozen meals of the Al-Capello order — flabby cutlets, soaking in a swamp of grease, so-called fried potatoes swimming in the liquid of the frying-pan, *vino d'Asti* almost absolutely devoid of sparkle and of a nauseating sweetness. "I vow and declare," broke out J——, that most uncomplaining and omnivorous of men—"another supper like this, and I shall loath the very sight of food. Would that we were back again at the Sister Barbaria's snug little inn, or under the friendly care of that dear old lady, the Signora Pezzé!"

"Come, come," it is remarked, "if you once begin to give way to grumbling, we shall have you laid by the heels with dyspepsia and biliousness to-morrow. We must all spend the rest of the evening and go to our beds in the cheerfulest of humors if we are to digest those slippery fried potatoes. Let us have a look at that sketch-book of yours, to carry our thoughts away from this dilapidated city to those wonderful peaks that have for so many days been our companions."

Thus adjured, J—— produced, but not without some coyness, the pocket sketch-book in which from time to time on our journeyings he had loved to figure the outlines of this and that weird Dolomitic mountain-shape. Simple and unpretending sketches these—bare skeletons, for the most part, to be clothed and vitalized hereafter—but already, in their unadorned, uncompromising fidelity, vividly suggestive and full of happy associations. Page after page was turned over, the subject of each sketch being successively so promptly recognized that a complacent smile was beginning to steal over our Ruskin's features, when—

"Hallo!" suddenly broke in C—— with an unusual excitement in his tone, "either I have walked one of these Dolomite days with my eyes shut or our draughtsman friend has stolen a march upon me somewhere; for I vow and declare I never saw anything in the nature of a peak or pinnacle shaped like this—what shall I liken it to?—exaggerated capsicum *rampant* or sword-bayonet of the Stone Age?—that he has represented on this leaf."

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard that I hear," replied J—— solemnly. "You fellows who will not get up till the world is aired can't reasonably expect always to have your cake as well as eat it. That drawing, sir, is a humble attempt at the outline of a very remarkable mass of rock near Caprile that I clambered to and sketched one morning before breakfast, while you were under your bedclothes. I was attracted to it by Miss Edwards' description in that interesting new book of hers on the Dolomites. Her name for it—the Sasso di Ronch—will serve us passing well, at any rate till you can find a more appropriate one; which, judging by your capsicum-cum-bayonet attempt, seems unlikely."

"Come now, no sarcasm, for mercy's sake! Your fire is worse than mine host's frying-pan. But tell me, is this other outline meant for your Sasso di Ronch too?"

"And why not, pray? Have you yet to learn that every object, in Nature and out of it, is apt to present different appearances according to the point of view from which you look at it? To hear some folks talk, one would imagine that because they always see the same side of the moon, they conclude she hasn't got another."

And so (as old Pepys says) to bed.

Places had been booked for us in the Conegliano omnibus, announced to start at a quarter past six A. M., and boots and coffee had been ordered and promised at a correspondingly early hour accordingly. Whether, however, the *padrone* had tacitly made up his mind that, in view of the dearth of business since the earthquake, it was incumbent upon him not to be over careful to speed the would-be parting guest (which I, for my part, more than half suspect was the case), or whether it was that Mr. Boots simply

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overslept himself or forgot,—for some reason or other, at all events, called we were not; and it was only that force of habit which, after a month of mountaineering, makes the mind whisper, "Open your eyes—time to get up," at or about daybreak, that prevented our oversleeping the appointed starting-time, and being driven to another day among the ruins of Belluno, and another shuddering experience of the Al-Capello *cuisine* in consequence. It was fully half-past five before assiduous ringings, or rather pullings, of wheezy bell-ropes, of whose ultimate connection with any tintinnabulary apparatus I cherished grave suspicions, evoked a sleepy-eyed, disheveled waiter. For three things and no more—boots, breakfast and bill—we petitioned with as much mildness as is compatible with hurry. The sleepy-eyed one nodded compliance, but, possessed maybe by the fatal Gladstonian faculty of always seeing and hovering between three causes, he solved the question of the relative precedence of our three requirements by busying himself equally little with all of them. However, by dint of instance and a little self-help, we were trudging out the courtyard to the omnibus office by ten minutes after six, and I believe J—— had bestowed upon that drowsy and dilatory attendant an (unmerited) extra tip by way of illogical atonement for an unwitting slip in the contrary direction at Primiero, where the words "*Per servizio*" being, in lieu of any express charge for service, modestly written in a corner of the bill with no figures opposite them, had entirely escaped the notice of our paymaster. Packed as close as sardines in the *coupé*, we were soon rumbling out of Belluno, and, crossing the river, entered upon a *strada nationale* or government highway, which for straightness might challenge comparison with a prairie railroad, and for dustiness with the *levée* at St. Louis. For several miles close-planted trees shut out the view on either hand, so J——'s sketch-book was once more demanded by way of pastime.

PIC GALLINA.

"What have we here, pray?" said C——, pausing with an air of incredulity at a sketch of a bold but comparatively regularly-shaped mountain. "Not a Dolomite, surely?"

"That's the Sasso Bianco, which you must, or at any rate should, remember having seen when we were at Caprile. I sketched it that glorious afternoon after our arrival at dear old Mother Pezzé's by way of the Tre Sassi Pass. You two fellows, by the by, did that afternoon, now I come to think of it, pass most of your time in Dozeland, basking in the

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sun on the edge of that pretty Lake Alleghe; so I'm not altogether surprised that you don't know much about the Sasso Bianco."

"Not know much about it!" retorted C——. "Why, I believe, now you mention the name of the article, I could tell you a thing or two about it that your philosophy has never dreamed of. I was hard up for something to read one evening at the Pezzés'—as you may guess when I tell you that I had successively perused every advertisement, paragraph and Occasional Note (yes, and the leader too) in the one old copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that was always on the sofa there—and finally I took to studying the literature of the visitors' book, where, among the usual farrago of travelers' remarks and platitudes about the accommodation and scenery—one gentleman, by the way, suggesting the erection of 'a large first-class hotel with all modern conveniences and appliances' at the foot of the Civita—I came upon a most elaborate monograph apropos of this very Sasso Bianco—by a lady, too, who claimed to have made the maiden ascent of it—giving precise statistics of its height as ascertained by the boiling-water method and otherwise, together with the way to get up it, and the way to come down it, and all manner of such-like useful information. Seriously, though, it makes a very pretty subject for a drawing, and I hope when we get back to town you will be able to supplement this outline sketch of yours with such particulars of tints and so on as may enable madam at home to vivify it into one of her clever water-colors; and, if you like, you shall have from the storehouse of my memory—or imagination, whichever you please—all the facts about the height and cubical mass and stratification and—"

"Thanks! I don't think I'll trouble you. Sadly too many of us are apt to look upon statistics much in the same way as that worthy but imperfectly educated old Tory squire did on Spiritualism—the man, I mean, who after hearing Mr. Wallace's enthusiastic paper on the subject read to him from *The Fortnight-*

CASTEL LAVAZZO.

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ly Review, scornfully remarked, with the air of a man possessed of an all-silencing argument, "Spiritualism, indeed! Why nobody believes in Spiritualism except men of science and rubbishy wranglers!"

By this time we had reached the end of that long, tedious straight reach of road, and were running into the village of Capo di Ponte, where, near the Piave bridge, one joins the great highway running north through Longarone to Pieve di Cadore, Cortina and the Ampezzo Thal generally. Leaning over the parapet of the bridge stood two tweed-clothed, heavy-booted, knapsack-laden forms, which turned out to be those of a couple of old friends, H—— and W——, young college dons from Cambridge University, whom we had left at Cortina, clambering all the breakneck crags in the neighborhood with true Long Vacation muscularity and ardor, when we started in the rain for Caprile. Needless to say that while the horses were being changed a vigorous interchange of queries and experiences went on. We on our part had Vigo, Predazzo, and the never-to-be-forgotten new road to tell of. They were full of their latest achievement, the walk from Cortina to Longarone by way of the Auronzo Valley and Titian's Cadore.

"It was on a Sunday morning," said H——, speaking for self and friend, "that we two left the Stella d'Oro for Auronzo. A young English clergyman had come into the house the night before, and we had rather expected a Sunday service accordingly; but His Reverence, who was in knickerbockers and gray flannel, showed no signs of helping us to anything of the sort, so we thought we might do worse than pass the day in the great open-air cathedral of Nature. Striking pretty nearly due west, we mounted over easy greensward slopes and sparsely-timbered uplands, turning every now and then to gaze and wonder at the giants on the other side of the Ampezzo Thal, Tofana, Becco di Mezzodi and Pelmo — what an unforgetable individuality each of them has! — at times, too, halting to listen to the Sunday chimes blown to us from the Cortina campanile, till midday brought us to the three wooden crosses which mark the summit of Tre Croce Pass. Here, looking forward from the wide level of the saddle, one gets the first glimpse down the Val Buona toward Auronzo —a view of deep-green pines and a silvery thread of water, sharply contrasting with the yellow arid cliffs of Monte Cristallo on the left. W——'s quick eyes were the first to descry something moving on the bit of steep glacier that hangs between the twin peaks of the Cristallo. Unslinging our glasses, we soon made out the moving specks to be a party of three mountaineers, coming over, no doubt, from Landro to Cortina by this eminently high-level route. We had intended doing the same thing ourselves (a glacier pass always has a fascination, you know, for men who've ever had a touch of Alpine fever), only that—luckily, perhaps you'll say, for our necks—I had somehow contrived to sprain some of my knee-muscles on the lower slopes of that noble giant of the Tyrol, the Gross Glockner, and was temporarily disabled, in consequence, for anything above pass- and valley-walking. And nothing better need one desire, say I, than a walk down the valley of Auronzo. I for one shall never forget my surprise and delight at the marvelous mountain-panorama which fronts one when, suddenly emerging from a deep wood, one comes out upon a small open lawn-space hedged on three sides by woods, and on the fourth fronted by a vast semicircle or amphitheatre of rock, sternly scarred here and there with snow. The back of Sorapis or the Croda Malcora we made it out to be. Gilbert and Churchill, in that book of theirs about the Dolomites—not so well known as it deserves to be—style it, I believe, the Cirque of the Croda Malcora. We discussed the point, I remember, assisted by sundry capacious bowls of milk, which, with correspondingly ample hunches of bread, were brought out to us in the open air by the hospitable inmates of a herdsman's hut in this lawn-oasis. Over that bread and milk, too, we made an interesting ac-

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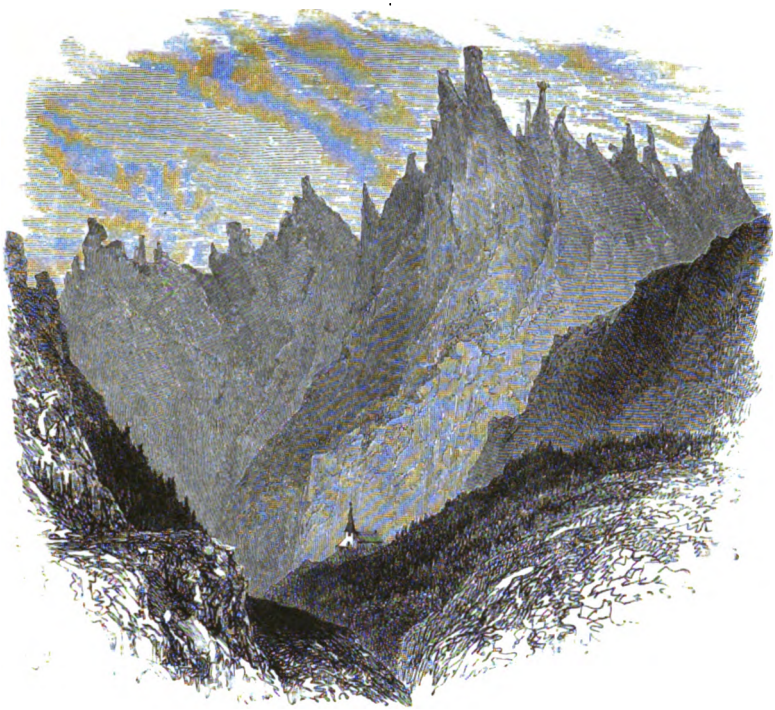

MONTE SERRATA.

quaintance. A long, lean native, presumably a herdsman, roughly dressed, but with an indescribable air of superiority about him, came up and taking a seat beside us on a fallen pine began conversation by inquiring who we were, and whence and whither bound, in true Homeric fashion. And a very Ulysses of herdsmen he himself proved, for it soon came out that he had not only, in his time, earned his bread at Salzburg and Munich, but had enlarged his experience by a journey through Paris to the heart of foggy London. 'We were English? Ah, yes: he saw many *forestieri* from year to year, but the English were the most courageous to climb the mountains.' 'And of what country (we asked) was he a native?' 'Ampezzo.' 'What!—Austrian or Italian?' He drew himself up proudly to his full height: 'I am a man of the Ampezzo.'

"Curious but unmistakable. Austria might come, and Italy might go, but the Ampezzo Thal clearly, to our friend's thinking, went on for ever. Before we parted he took my copy of Ball's *Eastern Alps* from my hand and penciled his name, 'Alessandro Sorpaes,' in bold, legible characters on the back of the title-page.

"Leaving, with reluctance, the lawn-like oasis of the Val Buona, we descended into the Val d'Auronzo, and followed it down, past the Auronzo village and then along the course of the Piave, till at length the little town where Titian was born, Piave di Cadore, came in sight, perched commandingly on a highish saddle to the west. 'What sort of a place is Cadore?' did you say? Well, after all, it is, as famous birthplaces are apt to be, nowise particular. It has its *piazza* and its *pretorio*, a smallish building of characteristically Italian type, and with an old tower, on which a statue of the great painter, twelve feet high, stands pointing to the house in which he was

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LAKE OF SANTA CROCE.

born. Would that the sculptor's execution had been equal to his enthusiasm! The notable house itself is the last on the left as one passes out of the town. The traveler who has the usual complement of eyes can hardly mistake it, for on the wall a sufficiently conspicuous tablet says—says— Let me see: I think I copied the inscription into my notebook. Yes, here it is for your edification:

NEL MCCCCLXXVII
FRA QUESTE VMILI MVRA
TIZIANO VECELLI
VENE A CELEBRE VITA
DONDE VSCOVA GIA PRESSO A CENTO
ANNI
IN VENEZIA
ADDI XXVII AGOSTO
MDLXXVI

"Close by stands a fountain, the centre of its basin occupied by a figure of *Saint* Titian, the bishop and saint of the family, after whom the young person who was destined to make the name world-famous was called; and there is an undoubted specimen of the master's handiwork in (I think) the church; and when you have seen that you have seen about all that Cadore has to show in the way of actual relics or traces of *il gran Tiziano*."

"One must have gone through a pretty extensive course of his pictures, though," said I, "before one has any right to affirm that one has seen all that Titian has to show in the way of remembrances of his native Dolomites. I, for my part, have felt an immensely increased interest in his mountain-landscapes since I have made acquaintance with the Antelao and other peaks that suggested them. From Cadore I suppose you two have tramped on here by way of Longarone?"

"Yes, and a very pleasant bit of walking too, in all respects, except for the thought that every step was taking us farther from our beloved Dolomites. All along the road there is a constant succession of what the guide-books call objects of interest—crags of all shapes, among them one, near Longarone, not inaptly styled the 'Hen's Beak' (Pic Gallina); and here and there a little town or hamlet, picturesquely placed, as a sample of which I think I should take Castel Lavazzo. What say you, W——?"

"Against your selection of Castel Lavazzo not a word; but if you ask me which I look back upon as the most extraordinary and characteristic Dolomite in the neighborhood of Longarone, I give the palm without hesitation to that wonderful mass of jagged, saw-like *ti-*

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guilles, over Zoppé way, which bears the appropriate name of Monte Serrata."

"Well, I think," struck in C—— syllabically— But what he thought was not destined to be communicated to the world on that occasion, for at the moment our *postiglione* came up protesting apologetically that it was necessary to be getting under weigh again at once if we wanted to arrive at Conegliano in time for the afternoon train to Venice; and—would we remember the postilion? Certainly we would when we should have reached Conegliano. Ah, but the signors did not understand: Alessandro drove no farther than this point. So Alessandro had to have his tip forthwith, and two, if not three more, successive postilions put forward similar requests in the course of the two or three hours' drive from Capo di Ponte to Conegliano—a system which might pall, perhaps, if one had very much of it.

Every mile as one travels south from Capo di Ponte one is getting into more and more ordinary level country. A pretty lake, called the Lake of Santa Croce, close above which the road winds lovingly, is about the only object creative of vivid remembrance until the bustling streets of Conegliano, a market-town on the line of railway between Venice and Trieste, are reached. Here the sight of ticket-offices, locomotives and goods sheds sharply remind us that we are once more in touch with all that goes to make up prosaic nineteenth-century life. We are almost thankful to the ticket-official for so promptly and decidedly reminding us where we are, as he does by cheating us outright in the matter of change; and by the time that we have risen that evening from the last course of the elaborate *table d'hôte* at the Hotel Europa on the Grand Canal, and are gazing lazily, through our cigarette smoke, at the gondolas gliding hither and thither over the smooth lagoons, it is almost impossible to realize that we are so near the region of Dolomites that in this clear weather Antelao may be seen from the top of the great campanile in the Piazza.

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A TOURIST'S PARADISE.

ON the Mediterranean coast, midway between Monaco and Ventimiglia, and near the boundary-line of France and Italy, lies the charming town of Mentone, famous as a resort for invalids and tourists. It formerly belonged to the principality of Monaco, but after the treaties of Villafranca and Turin, Mentone and its sister-town Roccabruna voted, on the 15th and 16th of April, 1860, to annex themselves to France, and they now form part of the French canton of the Maritime Alps.

Annexation to France has proved of vast benefit to Mentone, and it is at present a handsome and prosperous town of several thousand inhabitants, which annually attracts to itself tourists in constantly increasing numbers, who spend there every winter many millions of francs. It was not until 1850 that it took rank among the health-resorts of the Mediterranean coast. Now, however, its reputation is second to none; and as strangers flock thither, so many new hotels and villas have been built to accommodate them that land which a few years ago was nearly valueless commands fabulous prices, and it is almost impossible to find a new site for a habitation within convenient distance of the town.

If we cannot all cross the seas to visit Mentone and look with our own eyes on the beautiful and majestic scenery of its *riviera*, it is some compensation, at least, to see it through the eyes of another who has been there and intelligently observed it. On this visit to Mentone we will take as our guide M. Adolphe Joanne of Paris, *littérateur*, traveler and author of *Joanne's Guide-books*, who describes his sojourn there in the months of March, April and May. In company with his wife and son and two friends, Monsieur and Madame Charles X., he had left Paris, and had gone to Mentone for a few months of relaxation and amusement. It is possible that the tourists were led to select Mentone as the objective point of their journey by reason of a legend, most flattering to the town, which the Mentonese preserve and probably credit.

When Adam and Eve—so runs the legend—were driven from Paradise, they fled from Eden without attempting to carry away with them anything that grew in the garden to remind them of the happy home they had forfeited by their disobedience. Adam was the more repentant or the more afflicted of the two, for Eve, as she ran, could not help glancing around her with a covetous look at the delights they were about to relinquish for ever. As they passed through the gates she saw a magnificent lemon hanging temptingly within reach of her hand. This she plucked and concealed under her apron, thus evading detection. Outside the gates she exclaimed, "I will give this fruit to the most beautiful country I may see on earth." Adam and Eve wandered for a long time through many lands without seeing any that would justify Eve in giving to it the lemon she had stolen from Paradise. At last they reached the spot where now stands Mentone, and, enchanted with the beauty of the newly-discovered region, Eve threw the lemon into a neighboring field, exclaiming, "Go, prosper and multiply. Make of this place a paradise in which the mortals who inhabit it may find from age to age something of the sweetness and blessings of Eden." Without questioning the truth of this ingenious tradition, it may be said safely that this fruit is now the great source of revenue to the little community, the exportation being annually about forty millions of lemons.

The fertility of the soil of Mentone is so extraordinary as to warrant another exaggerated tradition—of modern date, however—the proof of the truth of which is proudly pointed out by the Mentonese in the shape of a tree which is still to be seen in the Rue Saint-Michel, near the celebrated model-bazaar whither go all

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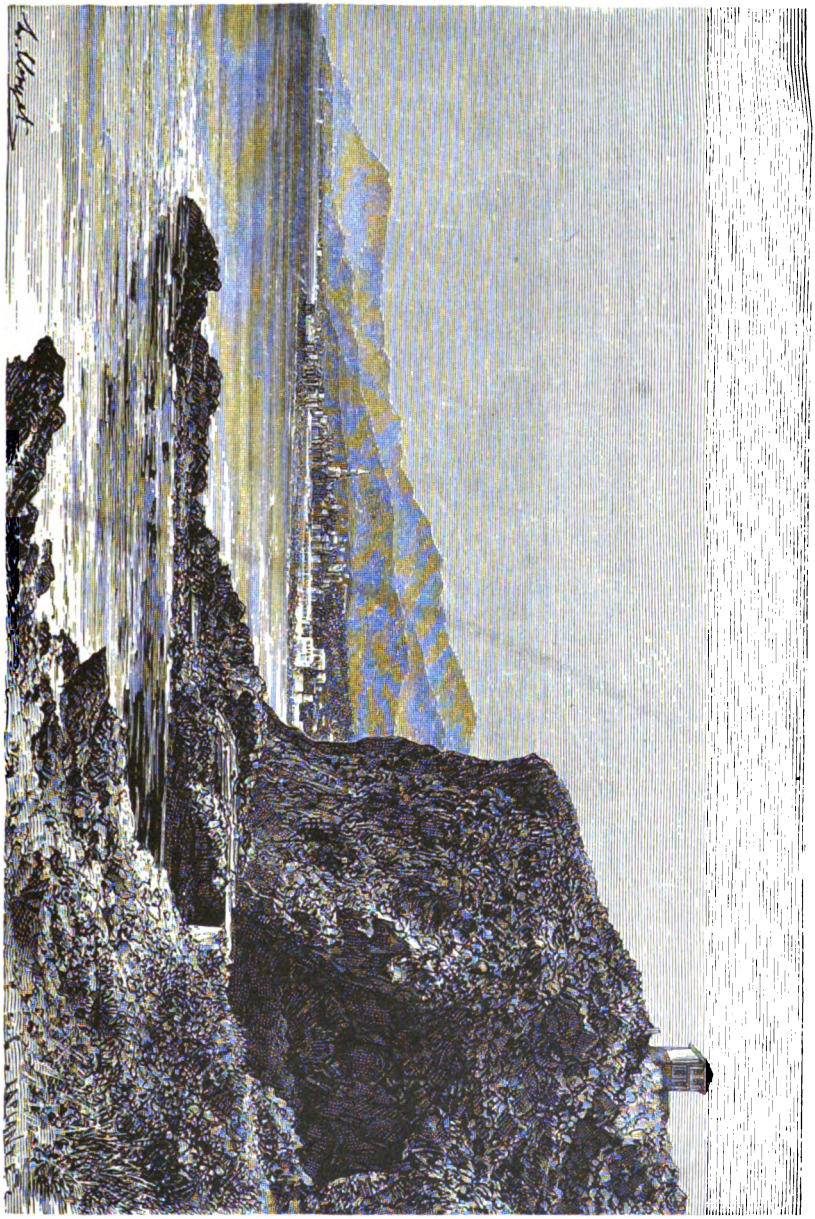
strangers in the town to make their purchases. A foreigner, calling upon a native Mentonese, stuck his walking-stick in the ground near the door of the house



MENTONE, FROM LES ROCHERS ROUGES.

before entering. On his departure he forgot to take it with him, and there it remained. A few days after, remembering that he had left it there, he returned to the spot. What was his astonishment, however, to find, instead of his walking-

stick, a fully-developed sapling, with its branches and leaves complete! Since that day it has flourished, and it is now a tree of large proportions. So much for tradition.

M. Joanne and his party reached Mentone on March 7th by rail. Night had fallen when they entered the town. It had been raining, and the sky was overcast. They found their Mentonese entertainer, M. Viale, awaiting them at the station with an omnibus to take them to his villa of Santa Maria, a short distance in the country. The journey to the villa carried them first through a part of the route wherein they saw many windows and shops brilliantly lighted, and then, as they made a sudden turn in the road, amid thick shadows. At a distance below them, on their right, they heard the sound of the sea-waves beating against the rocks. Finally, the villa, which fronted the Mediterranean, was reached.

During the night the hoarse murmur of the waves dashing on the beach came to their ears, but in the morning the scene had changed wondrously. Only the roadway separated them from the sea, which was now calmer and reflected a brilliant sun. From the back of the parlor the appearance was as if one were on the sea, no land being visible. From the window the view in front took in a small bay lined with hotels, villas and gardens, while on the east the picture was completed by a magnificent cluster of red rocks, and in the west by an old town with picturesque houses. In the small garden attached to the villa birds sang joyously in blossoming trees, which formed domes of leafy verdure impenetrable to the hot rays of the sun. Delicious odors arose from a grove of orange and lemon trees covered with flowers and fruits which lay behind the house and extended to the slope of a mountain not far distant. All this under a cloudless sky, the blue sky of Italy.

The Villa Santa Maria was distant about ten minutes' walk, on the east, from the town, and fifteen minutes, on the west, from the frontier of Italy. M. Joanne and his companions did not tarry long before visiting the town. The sun had already dried the mud of the evening before, and the principal street was crowded with people—invalids, tourists and residents. This street extends from the Château de Carnolès to Saint Louis bridge, the frontier-line, and is not less than two miles and a quarter in length. In some places, especially in the most frequented and most thickly-settled part, it is so narrow that its sidewalks seem to have been intended for one passer at a time. When walking through this quarter one must exercise caution and prudence in order to escape injury. The air resounds with the passionate exclamations of pedestrians who are threatened at every moment with disaster from omnibuses, carriages of every kind, horses and heavily-loaded donkeys, which crowd them to the walls. Everybody is crying out, leaping or gesticulating violently. The Mentonese are remarkable for the varied use they make of their hands in conversation. Every word they utter is illustrated with a sign. When a cook enters a butcher's shop she marks out on her person, with an expressive gesture, the portion of the animal which she wishes to purchase. The market is a shady retreat, safe from the dangers of carriages and of beasts of burden, and is as worthy the attention of the artist in its floral accompaniments as of that of good livers in the matter of its fruits and viands.

Mentone consists of two distinct towns. The new town, devoted to the use of tourists and invalids, is built along the sea, and extends into the valleys; the other, the old town, the town of the Mentonese, was built at the foot of its fortified castle upon a rocky promontory, behind solid walls, now demolished, which were originally erected to protect its inhabitants from the incursions of the Mediterranean pirates. The ascent to it is steep and wearying, but once in it, the visitor is transported, as by enchantment, not only to another place, but to another age.

"The old town," says M. Joanne, "where a carriage has never penetrated, is perched too high on the hill, which it covers like an amphitheatre, to tempt one to make many visits to it. And yet

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THE VILLA SANTA MARIA.

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how much more interesting is it than its young rival! Nearly everywhere in it one might think himself carried back to the Middle Ages. Its steep, narrow, dark and silent streets are merely winding stairs, often badly paved and too hard to the feet. But how magnificent the effects of the light beyond those low, gloomy arches which unite the houses! If at certain points the air is not what invalids or delicate lungs would desire, the heat there is never oppressive. At every step a subject for a drawing or a painting presents itself. Hastily sketching in our albums the most picturesque corners, as if we were never to see them again, we pitied the fate of the occupants of the ground-floors, which are darker and damper than a cellar. But at the same time we observed that the upper stories of the houses, owing to the steepness of the ascent, enjoyed the sea-view and basked in the sun."

Having descended from the old town more quickly than they had ascended to it, the party determined, at a suggestion from M. Charles X., to visit the neighboring town of Roccabruna. They entered a calèche.

"To Roccabruna!" exclaimed M. X. to the driver; and the calèche set out at a gallop.

"I will show you," he continued, "how one should come to Mentone—not by the railroad, but by the route of the Corniche."

But they did not go so far as Roccabruna that day. They stopped the calèche on an eminence, amid a grove of venerable olive trees, at a point where the road stretches over the promontory of Cape Martin, near the junction of the Nice and the Monaco roads. From the height on which they stood a noble prospect spread before them. At their feet, to the east, lay Mentone, half hidden behind the gardens of its villas, while between waved the leaves of an ocean of olive trees. The old castle, now a cemetery, and the churches which look down on the ancient town, came out in relief against the background of the fine mountains on which they are situated. Beyond Saint Louis bridge, which crosses a narrow, rocky ravine—the line of separation between France and Italy—the Corniche road follows a rugged coast as far as a rustic building, once known as the *ristorante* of the frontier, and now the custom-house, which picturesquely crowns the Red Rocks, one of the features of Mentone scenery. Still farther away is the Cape of Murtola; beyond that the cliffs and fortifications of Ventimiglia, and the long point of Bordighera, which rests as if floating in an azure lake; and at last, completing the view, the eye falls on the purple hills of San Remo, Genoa-ward, twenty miles away. The sea on that day was as blue as the sky, and sky and sea at the horizon were so confounded in dazzling brilliancy that the eye could not look on them at the line of meeting; while under the bright sun the white foam that flecked the shore shone and flashed, and the yellow beach and shining rocks glittered like gold and bronze.

Among the memorials of Mentone are three metal slabs which record important episodes in the chronicles of the little town. The first, placed on a garden-wall in the Rue de Bréa, informs the reader that when Pope Pius VII. returned from exile in 1814 he stood on the terrace of this garden on the 11th of February of that year, and thence gave his blessing to the Mentonese. The second is affixed to a wall in the same street, a little farther on, and commemorates the death of General de Bréa, who was born at Mentone on April 20, 1790, and who was killed by the revolutionists of Paris on the 24th of June, 1848. The inscription, in French, was placed on the slab "by decree of the Grand Council of the free towns of Mentone and Roccabruna, of September 28, 1848." The third is commemorative of Carlo Trenca, the Mentonese patriot and the Washington of the towns of Mentone and Roccabruna, for it was under his leadership that in 1848, when Florestan I. was prince of Monaco, the two towns separated from Monaco and proclaimed themselves free towns under the protection of Sardinia. The slab was attached to the side of a house nearly opposite

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the bazaar on June 4, 1854. Its inscription is in Italian, and testifies to the gratitude of his fellow-citizens: "To Carlo Trenca, for principle, love of country and virtue most eminent, meritorious and cherished."

STREET IN MENTONE—THE OLD TOWN.

M. Joanne in this connection relates a curious narrative regarding a system of raising revenues adopted by the princes of Monaco, and against which the Mentonese, under Trenca, finally revolted. He first confesses, however, that until he had read the inscription mentioned above he had not been aware of Trenca's existence. There was in Mentone an old lady who had lived in the town for forty years. He was furnished with a letter of introduction to this lady, and, seeking her, after the necessary preliminaries of a first visit he questioned her:

"Madam, were you acquainted with Trenca?"

"Yes, and I shall always honor his memory," she replied.

"What did Trenca do that he should possess the celebrity which he seems to enjoy in his country?"

"Permit me," she said, "to narrate to you a souvenir of my youth.

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'I was ten years old in—I will not tell you the year, for you might betray the secret of my age—when, suffering from sickness, my parents brought me to Mentone for the first time. I have no doubt that the doctors despaired of my cure. There were no railroads in the days to which I allude. Travelers were compelled to perform journeys in large, heavy carriages drawn by four horses, which were hired for a specified period, and which journeyed only a few leagues each day. People provided for themselves in these carriages as if in their own houses. When we left Nice my father filled my basket with cakes and small fresh loaves for my use. Reaching the frontier of the principality of Monaco, we were stopped by two custom-house officers, who compelled us to descend, notwithstanding my weak condition, in order that they might search every nook and cranny of the carriage. Nothing suspicious was found, and they gave us permission to continue on our journey, while retaining the little fresh loaves that my father had bought for me in Nice.

"'But,' said my father, 'you are not going to take away my daughter's bread?'

"'Yes we are,' they replied brutally.

"'And why?'

"'Why? Because the law requires it.'

"'A law that requires you to take bread from the mouth of a sick child!'

"'Ordinance of May 15, 1817,' replied one of them.

"'Ordinance of July 14, 1817,' added the other.

"We could obtain no other answer. It was only when we reached Mentone that night that the mystery was explained. According to the ordinances that the custom-house officers had cited to us, all the inhabitants of the principality of Monaco, as well as all foreigners who might sojourn, if but for a single day, in the territory of this principality, were obliged, at the risk of severe punishment in case of disobedience, to eat only *official bread*."

"Official bread!" M. Joanne exclaimed, interrupting her: "you are joking."

"Alas! no, my dear sir, I am not joking. The sovereign who then ruled in Monaco—for the Restoration had restored to him the throne of which the Revolution had deprived him—bore the title of Honoratus V. In France, where he always resided, he called himself Duc de Valentinois, and sat in the Chamber of Peers. He even affected philanthropy, it is said, and as he lived ostentatiously, he needed a large revenue. But his principality was small and poor. He did not lack intelligence, it was clear, for he knew how to invent very ingenious methods of obtaining as large a sum as three hundred thousand francs from his subjects. He first declared that his ordinances should have the force of laws, and then he issued a formidable series of them."

M. Joanne jumped in his seat.

"Reassure yourself," she said to him with a smile. "I will speak to you only of that ordinance of which I myself was the victim. Honoratus V., prince of Monaco, had made himself the miller and the baker of all his subjects. No one but him—that is to say, his representatives—had the right to grind wheat and bake the flour into bread. Under threats of severe penalties, which were rigorously inflicted, people were forced to eat the prince's bread, which was called *official bread*. This bread, which he sold at a very high price, was of a very bad quality, for it was made from damaged flour bought at a low price in the markets of Genoa and Marseilles. Even foreigners had not the right to introduce into the principality so much as a mouthful of bread, whether they came from France or Italy or elsewhere. Should a native family fail to buy the quantity of bread that had been fixed as its measure of consumption, it was overwhelmed with domiciliary visits from police-agents, and if no change resulted from this course, the head of the family was then summoned before the courts."

A smile of incredulity flitted across M. Joanne's lips.

"You refuse to put faith in my narrative," she said after a brief pause. "I am not astonished at it, but I will not endeavor to convince you. I am fatigued: it is the hour for my *siesta*. I will postpone further discourse on this subject until to-morrow. But when you leave me,

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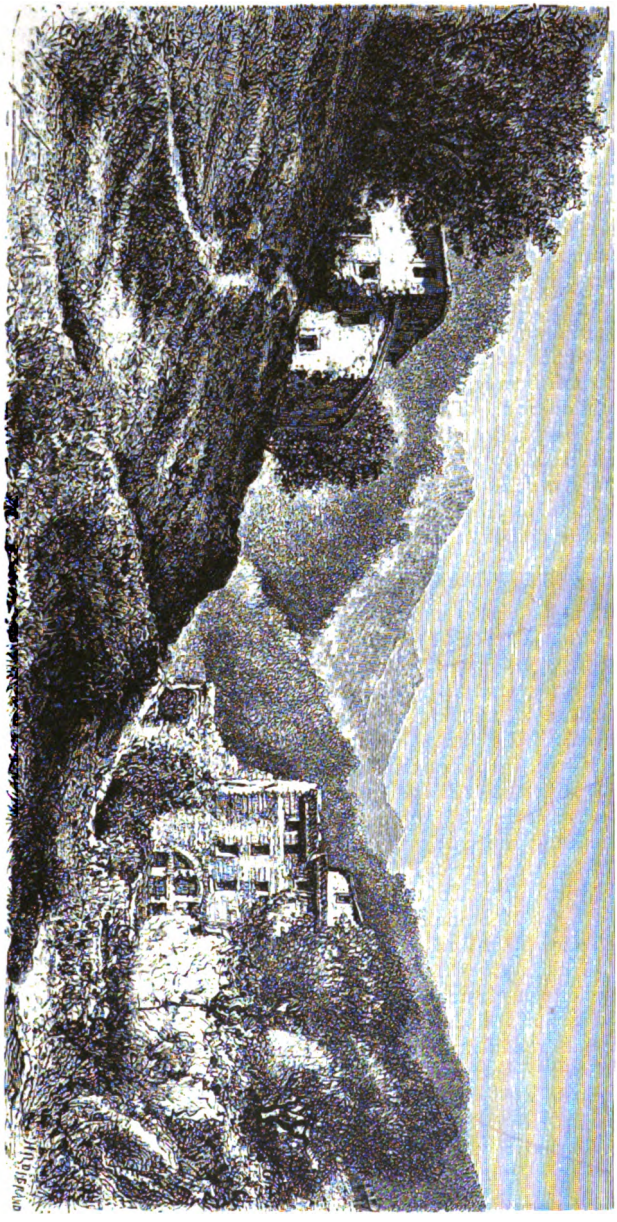
go to the bazaar and buy M. Abel Rendu's *History of Mentone and Monaco.*"

M. Joanne took his leave with the intention of hastening to the bazaar, but scarcely had he stepped into the street before he hurried back up stairs.



MILLS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF OLIVE OIL.

"You have forgotten something?" she asked, waking from her sleep.

"Trenca," he replied.

"Trenca, sir, is the Mentonese hero

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who delivered his country from this system."

"Then, *vive Trenca!*" he cried, and took his departure.

M. Joanne remained three months in Mentone, but he modestly declines to pass an opinion of his own upon the character of the people, who are divided into two classes—to wit, the poor, who are never very poor, and the rich, who are numerous and often very rich. But there was a young lady of his acquaintance who had resided in Mentone for three or four years consecutively, and had studied them from life, and who outlined their characteristics for him.

From the testimony furnished by this intelligent informant it appears that Mentone has no aristocracy, as the term is generally understood. The numerous class that has enriched itself forms what may be called the *bourgeoisie*, the French equivalent for the well-to-do middle class of population. The people of this class, in their bearing and manners, if not in their dress and language, often resemble the class beneath them. When they wish to dress well they do so, and when they choose they can speak French with sufficient purity. As for the common people, their language is a frightful jargon composed of a mingling of words borrowed from all the nations which at various times have inhabited the shores of the Mediterranean. An Italian can no more understand this jargon than a Frenchman; and the patois has in it something of the language of Piedmont, of Provence, of Spain and of the Arabs.

The bourgeois of Mentone is especially lacking in amiability and politeness. Although the class owes most of its wealth to the foreign element, the latter is treated by it with a disdain that is at times rude in its manifestations. Even when a Mentonese is acquainted with a foreign visitor, he rarely salutes him if he meets him in a parlor or on the promenade. At the casino, where is assembled a crowd of French, Italian and English tourists, he will speak, if he speaks at all, to a fellow-citizen in his jargon, which is unintelligible to the rest of the company. Nor is this type of residents solicitous to yield the walk or to make way on a pair of steps for an invalid, a woman or an old man. With all this, they lack mind and are economical to the point of stinginess.

From this unflattering picture of the male Mentonese of the upper class it is a relief to turn to the Mentonese ladies. "These poor Mentonaises," M. Joanne's lady friend observes, "are almost all amiable, *distinguées* in appearance, kindly in nature, and they manage, under the cloak of much grace and refinement, to hide a little ignorance. If their husbands, lazy and avaricious, do not spend more than fifteen centimes a day to buy and read a newspaper, the Mentone ladies know how to give in abundance of the beautiful flowers of their parterres, of the oranges and lemons of their gardens, and to receive foreigners with a charming goodness while exhibiting the kindness of their hearts to the poor invalids who come to Mentone to seek health, leaving with the latter the most agreeable souvenirs."

As to the lower orders, M. Joanne's informant gives a much more creditable account of them. They are simple, good-natured, intelligent, and polite without servility. The women are more laborious than the men, however. This class, sprung from a mingling of Arabs, Spaniards, Corsicans, French and Italians, offers here and there characteristic types of the nationalities from which its members may have descended. Thus, among the women may often be seen the Moorish type so well preserved in Andalusia, the distinguishing features of which are a dark complexion, eyes long and black, figure slender and graceful, features delicate and bearing *distingué*.

There is but little real religious feeling among the Mentonese. Like the Italians, they have very little piety, and they satisfy themselves with the exterior observances. They are, however, very superstitious and naïve. The Mentonese cook of the family at the villa—her name was Annuccia—was a pretty fair type of the people. In some respects she was decidedly a character, both honest and obliging, although superstitious and tim-

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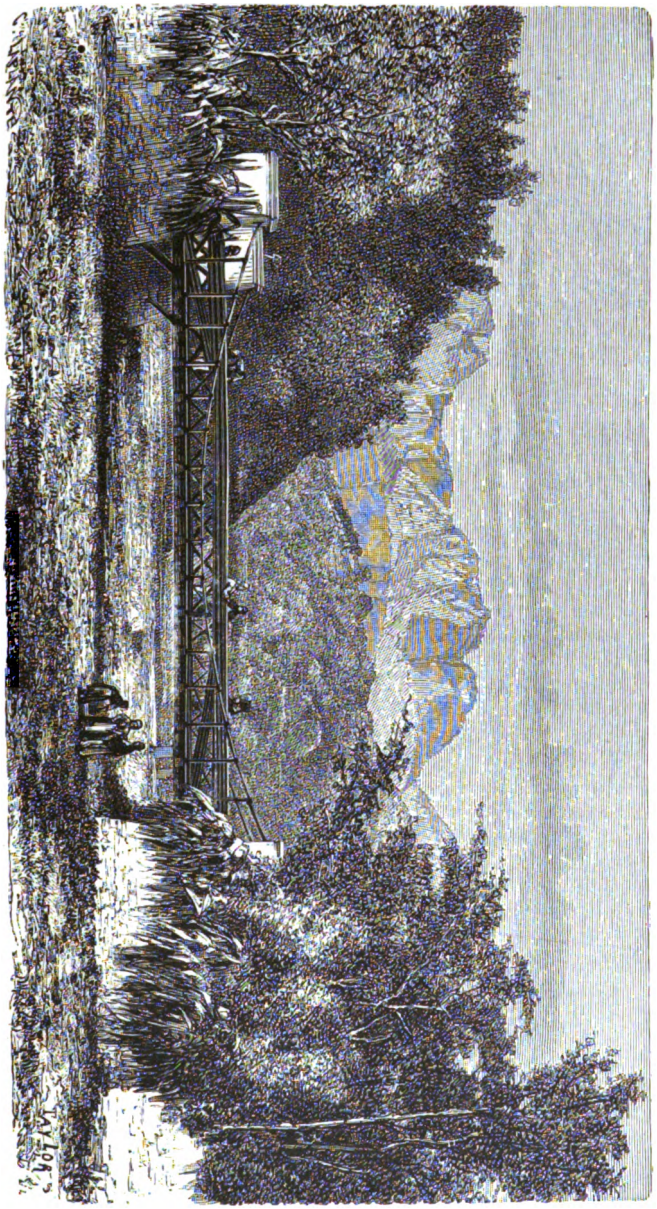
orous. She considered all unmarried men boys of greater or less growth, and



BRIDGE AT CARÉI.

said "*petit*" having served in the mobile ranks in the Franco-Prussian war. After their return to Paris, Annuccia wrote to she was in the habit of speaking of the younger M. Joanne as "*le petit*," the them requesting the "*petit*" not to forget to remember her to his nurse.

Mentone owes its prosperity to its cli-

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mate, which is not only the attraction that brings thousands of strangers there, thus imparting to the land an extraordinary value, but also the cause of its superexcellence in the matter of lemons, the other great source of revenue. This fruit, which grows so freely in its climate in the open air, cannot be cultivated at Cannes, Nice, Pisa, Rome, or even Naples, where the occasional colder weather destroys or severely injures it. Observations of the climate of this balmy spot made from January 1, 1851, to December 31, 1860, give the following annual averages of meteorological results: Two hundred and fourteen days of cloudless sky, forty-five days of partly cloudy weather, twenty-four days of skies overcast, eighty days of rain in variable quantities —to wit, eighteen in winter, twenty-one in spring, thirteen in summer and twenty-eight in autumn. One of the complaints of the Mentonese is that they have not enough rain for their crops. While the winter is sometimes too mild for entire comfort, the summers are never very hot. The average summer temperature is about seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit, and only twice in twenty-six years, it is said, has it risen above eighty-eight degrees.

The occurrence of a fog at Mentone is a very rare phenomenon. During M. Joanne's sojourn in the town, however, a fog prevailed which has already assumed in the converse and memory of the inhabitants the aspect of a traditionary event. The day was the 25th of April, and the visitors were preparing to take their departure for San Remo. Suddenly, Annuccia, the servant referred to above, rushed into the dining-room, where M. Joanne and his friends were at breakfast. Her face was agitated, and she was crossing herself vehemently.

"What is the matter, Annuccia?" they asked her.

"Ah, ladies and gentlemen!" she exclaimed, again making the sign of the cross. Then she went into the next room, motioning to the party to follow her, and pointed to the window. The sea, which had been brilliant with sunshine a moment before, was now covered with a dense fog, which was rapidly advancing like a wall toward the house. So swift was its approach that scarcely had they set eyes on it before it enveloped them in its opaque folds, shutting out the sight of all things as in a white darkness. Annuccia, who had never seen such a fog, was dreadfully alarmed. She prophesied all sorts of evils to Mentone, and insisted that the fog was a sign of the displeasure of Heaven because on the previous evening M. Joanne had lectured a young Capuchin, who had come to the house to beg, on the evils of laziness.

A residence of some time at Mentone, or indeed at any point along the Mediterranean, will serve to dispel any lingering belief in the traditional calm of that sea. In time of storm the giant waves beat furiously on the shore, and then the fishermen of Mentone, accompanied by their wives and children and by neighbors of both sexes and all ages, are to be seen hurrying to the quays to save their cherished boats, perhaps all they possess in the world. On such occasions the end sought to be gained is to haul and push the boats up into the streets adjoining the port. But even in these streets a place of shelter cannot always be found, for the sea remorselessly pursues the noisy, struggling crowd, now pushing the boats forward, now, as the waves return, drawing them downward again, causing the fishermen to lose all the ground they may have gained. The conflict between man and the sea is often a long and painful, as it is always an exciting one; and when finally the boats are safely dragged beyond the reach of the waves, the relieved populace receives each success with cheers.

It is a peculiarity of the Mediterranean that, in a moment when it seems at its calmest and resembles a mirror in its placidity, it will suddenly break into waves and hurl itself against the beach; and when it thus dashes along the shore there is a wearying monotony in its voice which soon affects the stranger disagreeably, and causes him to long for silence. In the winter season the Mediterranean is most unquiet, and its reputation for calmness is probably due to the fact that in the spring, summer and autumn it is

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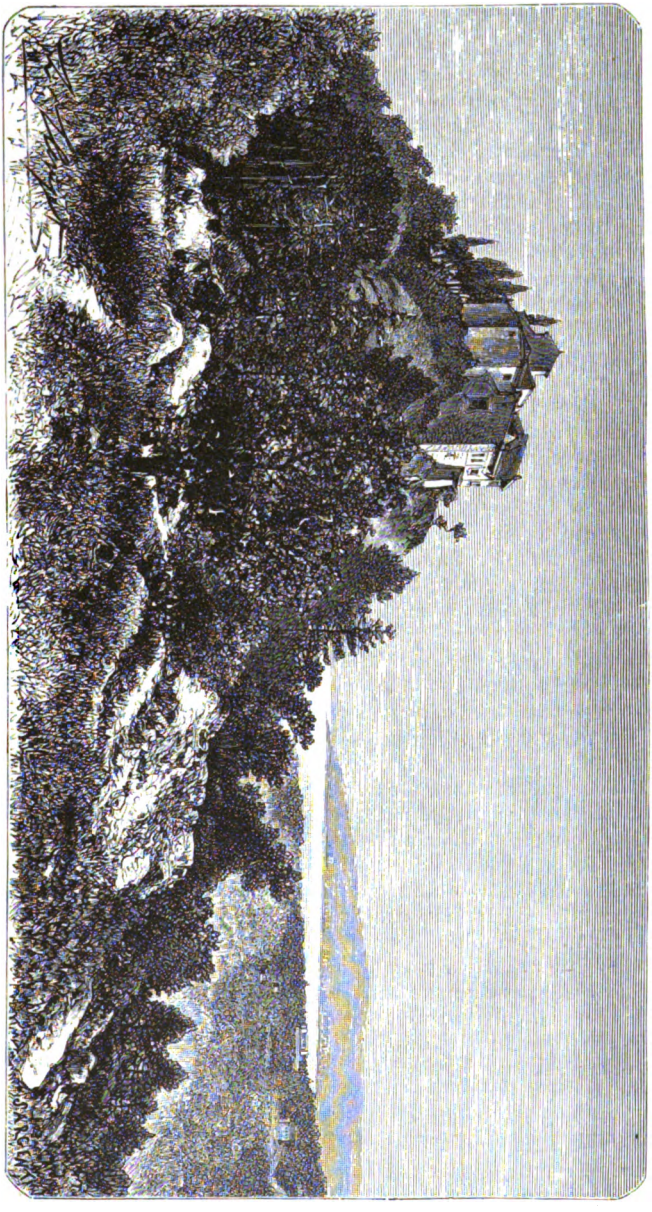
rarely agitated. Statistics accord to it an average of two hundred and fourteen days of complete repose in a year.

Fishing is but a poor industry at Mentone. The warmth of the water and the depth of the sea unite to render fish



CONVENT OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

scarce. Notwithstanding this fact, however, fishermen abound, and it is a melancholy sight to see them industriously hauling the seine with the almost inva-

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riable result that one miserable little fish —sometimes two—is drawn up entangled in the net, together with some compensation in the way of whitebait, which the natives eat raw, but which visitors prefer fried.

The dark side of tourist-life in Mentone is found in the vast numbers of mosquitoes which infest the place; and it is a curious fact that this little insect neglects the natives to fall on and devour foreigners. M. Joanne gives a feeling description of his sufferings from their stings—of how he chased them about his room with a candle in one hand and a towel in the other—and requests solutions of the following problems: first, What purpose do mosquitoes subserve? second, Why are not natives stung as foreigners are? and third, Why is it that natives who may absent themselves from Mentone are never stung on their return, unless their absence has lasted more than six weeks?

In addition to lemons and olives, oranges form an extensive feature of the fruit-exportation of Mentone, the yield varying from a million and a half to two millions annually. But the lemon is the great and most valuable product of the soil. This fruit is gathered all the year round, although the chief harvest is at the end of June or the first of July. As fast as they are gathered from the trees the lemons are placed in large baskets, which, when filled, are carried away on the heads of women. Notwithstanding the weight of these baskets, the women, accustomed from youth to this work, perform the task without fatigue. Indeed, they acquire from this employment an elegance of figure and a strength in the hips which they would not otherwise possess. The women also carry their marketing in this way, as well as water-jars containing their supply of water for domestic use; and so skillful are they that—as was observed by M. Joanne on one occasion—a woman may thus carry a water-jar on her head and a child in her arms, and at the same time kick vigorously at boys who may impede her progress in the street, without spilling a drop of the water in the jar. After having been gathered the lemons are carried by the women from the heights to the port, where they are deposited in large warehouses. Here they are examined and assorted, the best being put on one side to form the top rows when the boxes are packed. Three kinds of boxes are used —the *Lyonnaises*, the *Flandrines* and the *Messinaises*. The first, containing four hundred and ninety lemons, are sent to France; the second, with four hundred and twenty, go to the north of Europe; while the last, which hold only three hundred and sixty lemons, are shipped to America. Every year, about the beginning of May, American ships suddenly appear in the harbor. Scarcely have they come to anchor before their cargoes of lemons are brought to them on luggers from the shore. These cargoes comprise about three thousand boxes, containing ten million lemons. The price varies between the minimum of two and a half or three dollars (gold) a thousand, and the maximum of ten to twelve dollars. The lemon tree needs cultivation, for if left to itself it bears neither flowers nor fruit. It is also liable to diseases, the worst being what is called *morfea*, which covers it with a black powder formed by myriads of insects.

According to M. Joanne, the olive tree is incontestably the king of all the Mediterranean trees. Of those in the groves around Mentone many are several hundred years old, going back, it is said, to the old Roman period. They grow fantastically, stretching their larger limbs capriciously in every direction. Their foliage, which gives a refreshing shade, is light and graceful in appearance. Blossoms appear on the tree in April: the fruit ripens in autumn, becomes dark in December, and begins to fall in that month and in January. Olives are gathered once a year, in various ways, according to the humor of the owners of the trees: some knock them down with flails, others pluck them carefully, while others, still, wait until they drop of themselves. Olive oil is manufactured in picturesque mills, and is sold at a franc to a franc and a half the kilogramme (about two and a quarter pounds).

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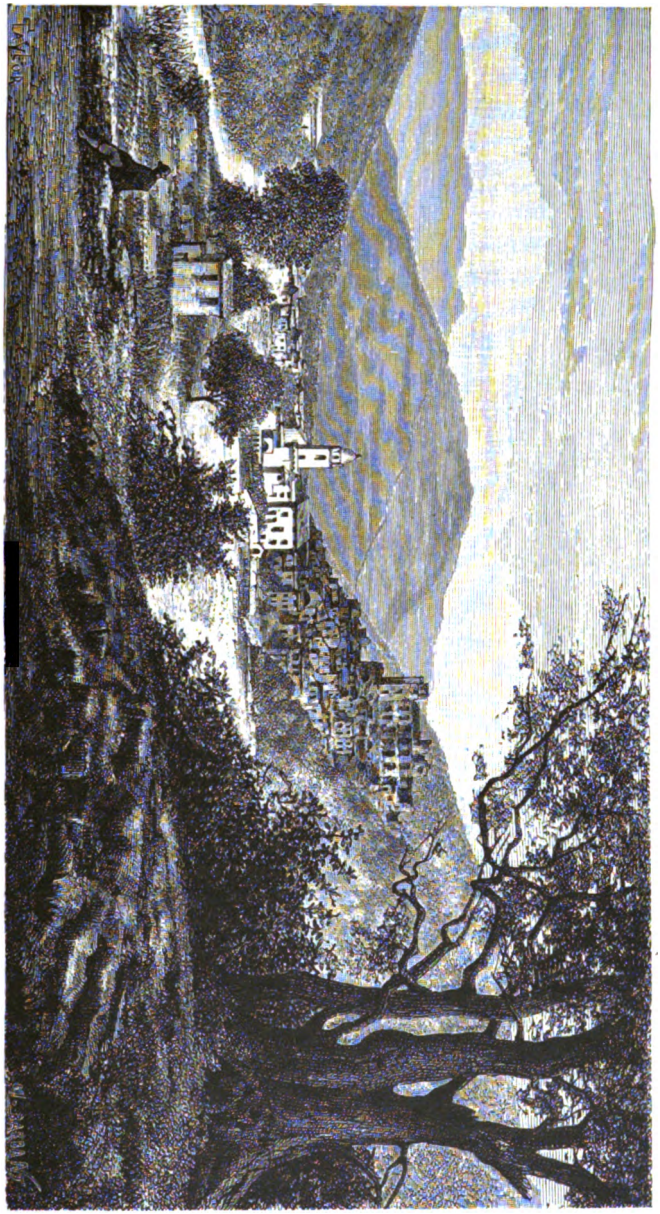
Mentone is famed for its flowers as well as for its fruits. Here are found in perfection the violet, the anemone, the hyacinth, the narcissus and the tulip



DULCEACQUA.

among others, and, in a superb growth, chrysanthemums, geraniums, roses, etc. There are within its narrow limits no fewer than a thousand different species of flowers, which are not less remarkable for the variety of their forms and for their

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brilliancy of color than for their delicate perfume. Many of the larger growths assume the proportions of small trees. The ingenuity of the Mentonese has found means to create patches of soil on the mountain-sides where none existed in a natural state. The patches are duly planted and made to yield, and in time the mountains are covered with a productive and luxuriant vegetation.

A favorite promenade of the visitors was to the old *Ristorante della Frontiera* on the summit of the Red Rocks. There are certain grottoes in the Red Rocks which have long enjoyed celebrity among men of science. In the last century, De Saussure, author of *Travels in the Alps*, called the attention of the world of science to the caves of Mentone. Since that time they have been visited by many geologists, and explorations have been made, but up to a year or two ago nothing had been found there but traces of human industry, together with the débris of animals which had lived with man or had served him for food. In 1872 and 1873, however, two interesting discoveries of human skeletons were made in the Grotto of the Cavillon by M. Rivière. These skeletons were found, one twenty feet and the other twelve feet below the surface: one was between six and seven feet in length. They were both found lying on a bed of ashes, surrounded by arms in silex and bone, which do not belong to the age of polished stone. These skeletons are believed by savants to be not less than twenty thousand years old.

Near the old town lies the Val di Mentone, which M. Joanne calls the "*chef d'œuvre* of this terrestrial paradise." To reach it one must ascend on foot or on the back of a donkey as far as the ruins of the old château. The valley is then attained by gradual descents from terrace to terrace amid a forest of orange, lemon, fig and gigantic olive trees. The path that leads to the valley follows the irregularities of the ground, and winds fantastically in the descent on its way to the depths. A profound silence prevails in the valley, and the sunlight, falling through the luxuriant foliage, trembles on the ground. Everywhere, under these leafy arches and amid ever-varying scenes, reign the same calm and the same solitude. Sometimes the tranquillity is disturbed by the steps of women gathering lemons, or by those of a family returning from the country with their old donkey walking among them. The mother rides the donkey proudly, seated on fern or on the spoils of some orange grove: her younger children are seated near her, while her adult son holds the bridle, and the oldest sister brings up the rear, carrying on her head the fruit-laden basket. Everywhere one inhales the perfume of flowers and breathes a pure and balmy air. Even the winds from the south are disarmed of their heat when they penetrate these retreats, for here they become only sportive currents of air and light breezes prattling in the density of the woods. So all seasons are confounded in the Val di Mentone. The summers there are cool, and winter preserves all the richness and wears all the beauty of summer. There are three other valleys on the same side of Mentone, but they all possess different physical aspects. These are the valleys of Carêi, of Borrigo and of Gorbio. On the uplands of one of these is picturesquely situated the Capuchin convent of the Annunciation, which stands on a rock in the midst of a pine forest.

Another favorite spot to visit on the eastern side is the little village of Sant' Agnese, which, with its five hundred inhabitants, is perched high up on a mountain, nestling under the shelter of its ancient fortified castle, whereof the picturesque ruins crown the indented top of the hoary mountain. The ascent to Sant' Agnese may be made by one afoot in two hours and a half, but donkeys are generally employed for the purpose, as the road is not practicable for carriages.

Apropos of donkeys, M. Joanne gives his experience with one of the long-eared family on which he rode to Sant' Agnese. "At Mentone, as everywhere," he writes, "the donkeys are bravely obstinate, and if they suspect that you are going on a long journey with them, they meditate on setting out the most atro-

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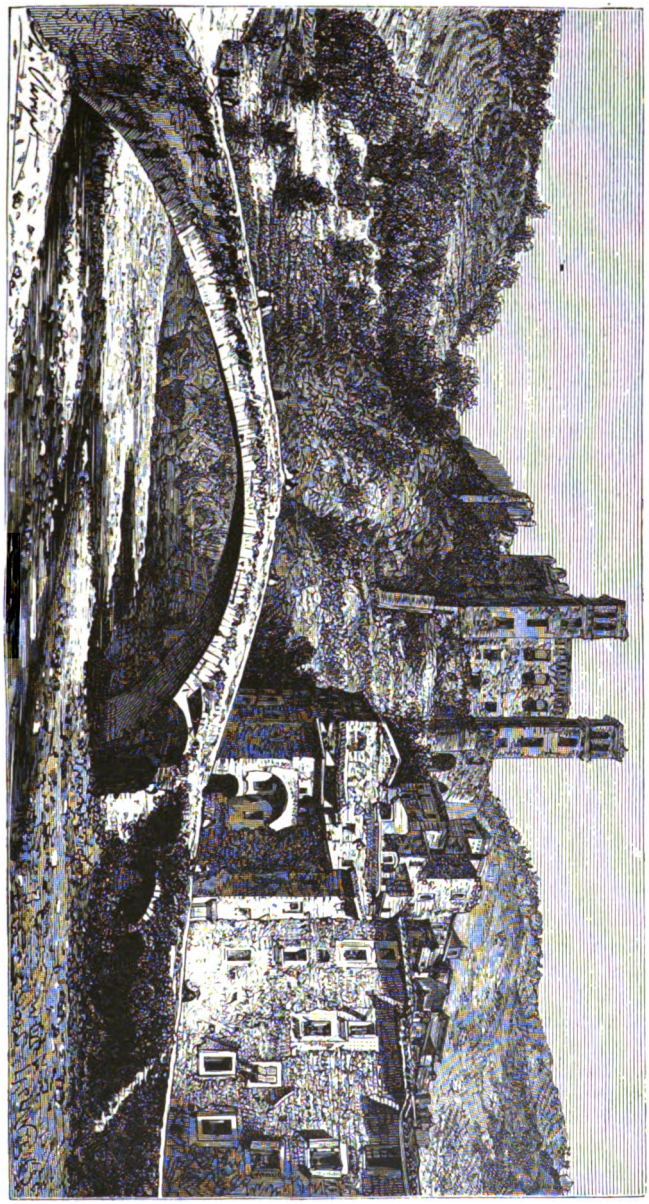
cious measures of revenge. As soon as they perceive a garden-wall they walk along it as closely as possible, so as to rub your knees against the projecting



DOLCEACQUA.

stones: should a precipice yawn on the right or the left of the road, they walk just on the edge, not merely to induce painful emotions in you, but also to endeavor to throw you into the chasm. The day of my ascent to Sant' Agnese I

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bestrode the finest donkey in Mentone. He bore an illustrious name — Montebello. I afforded much amusement to my little guide, Mademoiselle Philippine Viale, who spoke very correct French, when I cried, '*Montez, bello—descendez, bello;*' but these puns on his name were not so pleasing to my donkey, who positively refused to follow the right road. Exasperated by his obstinacy, I resolved to bring him to his senses. In the struggle that ensued between us the saddle-girth, which dated from the reign of Florestan I., gave way, the saddle turned, and, to the great enjoyment of my friends, and even of Philippine, who laughed heartily, I abruptly left the vertical position to assume a horizontal one, with both legs on the donkey and head and breast on a rock. The road was so narrow and the rocks on either side were so close that it was impossible for me to reach the ground."

As the visitor to Sant' Agnese proceeds along the route from Mentone, he passes through a region of diversified scenery. From the district of olive trees he enters, as he ascends by a narrow footpath where is visible on either side a deep valley, the region of pines. In this balmy forest the odor of resin mingles with the sweet perfume of aromatic flowers and plants which exhales from immense beds of thyme, rosemary, violets, lavender and heather. At a height of more than fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea he comes to the region of chestnuts, with the village of Sant' Agnese still six hundred feet above him. Ascending, the path becomes zigzag in its character, following the windings of a gorge. Between this point and the village stands on a little neck of the mountain the chapel of San Sebastian, and from this chapel the observer looks down on a grand prospect. Below him is a deep valley shadowed by mountains more lofty than those which he has ascended, but the immediate surroundings are harsh and barren. There is not a tree, a plant or a shrub here: all is gray, white, yellowish, dull. But in a backward glance he sees the many-hued spectacle of mountains, hills, valleys, forests, gardens, and the sea lying joyous and radiant in the distance.

"Sant' Agnese," M. Joanne writes, "has but a single street, on either side of which gloomy masses of stone, pierced here and there with a narrow opening, serve as dens for the inhabitants who hide themselves in them. The village of Castiglione, not far distant, and much more picturesque besides, has better preserved its mediæval aspects. As is the case everywhere along this coast, children swarm in this street: as everywhere, they are unclean, inquisitive, importunate, but at the same time pretty, and in some cases beautiful, and their intelligent little faces induce one to pardon all the little inconveniences to which their owners give rise.

"At the end of the street, near the rustic chapel of 'Our Lady of the Snows,' a steep and narrow path leads to the ruins of the old château. One must cling to the rocks in some places to avoid slipping. This last ascent, which is not at all dangerous, requires fifteen minutes. The platform crowned by the ruins is the Rigi of the Mediterranean. Was this old château, so well situated, a nest of Saracen pirates, or a refuge built by the inhabitants of Liguria as a shelter against the incursions of the Moors of Spain, of Tunis or of Algiers? To my great regret, I am unable to inform you. Up to the present time its history has continued completely unknown."

After a three months' sojourn in Mentone, M. Joanne and party set out for Bordighera, twelve or fourteen miles farther east, situated in Italian territory, between Ventimiglia and San Remo. It is in the vicinity of Bordighera that Ruffini has placed the principal scenes of his novel, *Doctor Antonio*. They traveled in a large calèche along the Corniche road, which is wide and protected by hand-railings. Its course follows the line of the shore, but at times it rises to great heights or sinks nearly to the level of the beach. Along the route the traveler passes, before reaching Ventimiglia, the new custom-house; the Tower of the Corsicans, which overlooks the beautiful garden of Dr. Bennet; a wooden cross

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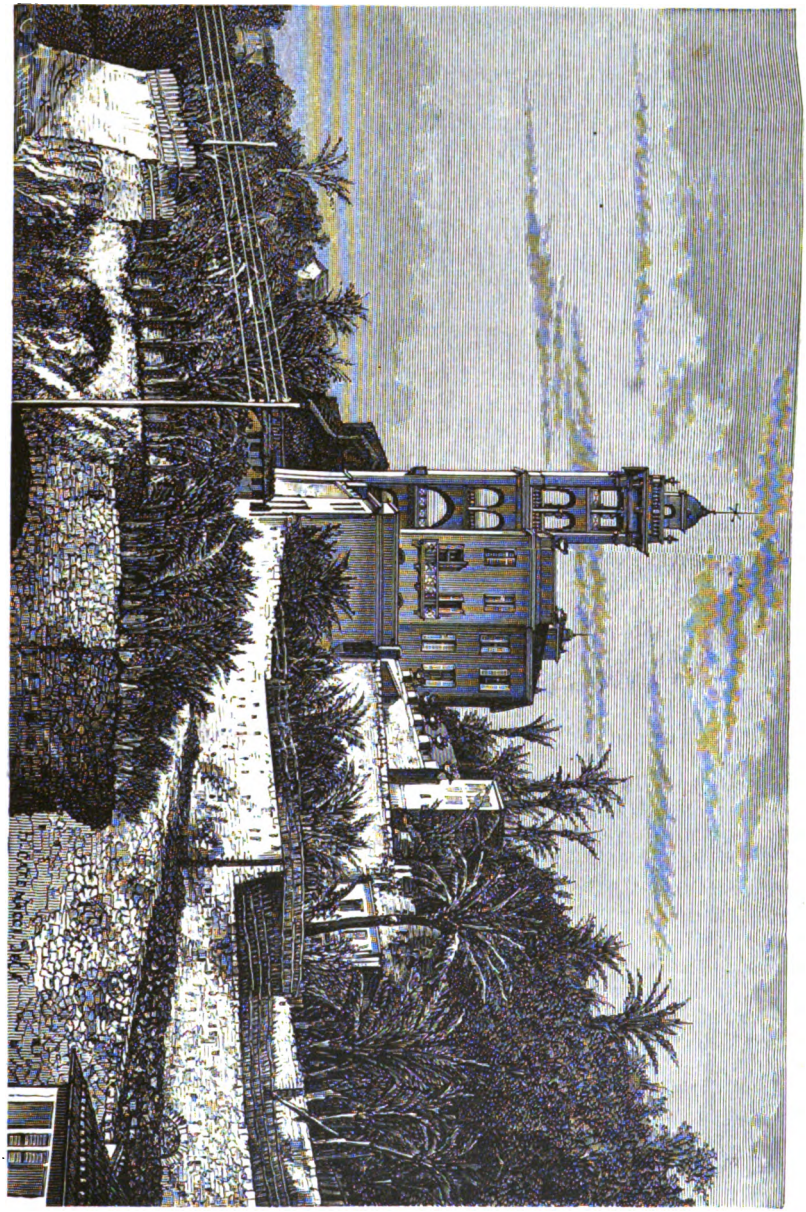
erected on an eminence, whence may be seen the valley of Sorba, with its Salvator-Rosa effects; the picturesque village of Murtola, built on a mountain; and



THE VILLA GARNIER.

finally the fertile and laughing valley of Latta. The road through this valley is dusty, but the view is charming. From this point one sees in advance, at a height of five hundred feet, the modern fortifications of Ventimiglia, to which

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several waving palms give an Oriental aspect. The imposing ruins of the Château d'Appio crown a steep rock to the right, while on the left, below the observer, are the curious cliffs of Ventimiglia, against which the sea beats unceasingly.

Ventimiglia is one of the most ancient towns of Liguria. Built on a rock, it is isolated from the world of travel which passes at its feet along the Corniche route and on the railroad. It has been sacrificed to the necessities of the latter, and with the coming of the iron horse the town with its venerable traditions has been pushed to one side, as it were, and the old mule-road which crossed it, passing under a gate in the walls, has become a thing of the past. The track of the railroad passes under the town through a tunnel, and the station has been established at some distance from it, beyond the left bank of the Roya River, in the suburb of San Agostino. There are many beautiful and interesting localities in the vicinity of Ventimiglia, not the least of which in point of attraction is the romantically-situated village of Dolceacqua.

Beyond the bridge of the Nervia, on the way to Bordighera, the traveler enters on a part of the route which recalls Syria, Palestine and Algeria rather than Europe and Italy. On the left the eye falls on a range of olive- and pine-crowned hills: on the right, extending downward to the sea, is a sandy plain, with a patch of cultivation here and there, while occasional palms wave their graceful plumes above a row of aloes or cactus or an expanse of reed-grass. The country is flat, but as Bordighera is neared the evidences of cultivation and prosperity increase. Houses appear on the roadside; on an elevation to the left is seen a fortified town; farther on, a handsome modern hotel, built for the accommodation of English tourists, is passed; and at last the traveler enters Bordighera through a dusty and ill-smelling street, lined with ugly modern houses. This street is called La Marina, and it constitutes the maritime quarter of Bordighera, which the inhabitants name Sant' Ampeglio.

If the traveler be disgusted with the sorry welcome afforded by La Marina, he has but to proceed a hundred yards beyond the last houses of the street to find his disgust changing into admiration. As the road turns, a vast forest of palm trees stretches before him. It is a picture worthy of Sahara or of Judea. M. Charles Garnier, architect of the opera-house at Paris, has built on the edge of this forest a villa which, says M. Joanne, will be henceforth one of the curiosities of Bordighera.

As Mentone enjoys almost the monopoly of the cultivation of lemons, so does Bordighera excel in the cultivation of palms. Everywhere else the palm tree grows solitary in a square or in a garden, but at Bordighera these trees flourish as in the tropics, and on this town is conferred the privilege of supplying the Vatican at Rome with palm for use on Palm Sunday.

"Like all the towns of Liguria," writes M. Joanne, "Bordighera was fortified on a height to protect it against the too frequent incursions of the Mediterranean pirates. Through some portions of its walls, which are now partly destroyed, air and light penetrate. We enter the town through a gate, and leave it by the opposite gate. A few minutes suffice to traverse it. Its streets are narrow, dark, tortuous, steep, but picturesque. Most of the houses are connected by large arcades, which produce curious effects of light and shade. A pretty fountain showers an abundance of pure water in front of a church which is not worthy of a glance. The children are magnificent specimens of health and vigor, but revolting in uncleanliness, and so insupportable are they that we were obliged to keep them at a distance with our walking-sticks. They followed us with cries for a 'little sou' repeated a thousand times. There is absolutely no shame in Bordighera beggary. Notwithstanding our objurgations, our escort, increasing at every house we pass, accompanies us as far as our destination—the Villa Moreno."

Attached to this villa is a garden which is regarded as the marvel of Bordighera.

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as Bordighera is the marvel of the Mediterranean. So affluent is its growth of trees, shrubs, rare plants and flowers of the most opposite regions of the globe

BORDIGHERA.

that it may be likened to a conservatory out of doors. The eye is dazzled and enchanted by the splendid collection. M. Joanne did not seek to enter into the details of this Eden; but his mind bore away with it, above all, the memory of

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the palms, which in number, variety and beauty were there "chief among ten thousand." "But," he exclaims, "what matters it to me if this tree, which so attracts and retains my charmed gaze, is a *Coripha australis*, a *Latania borbonica*, a *Chamærops excelsa* or a *Cocos nucifera?*" What, indeed? Enough that all these were there to be seen and admired.

Among the strange and beautiful flowers in this garden, one in particular enchained his attention. It was a flower of the jasmin family, with four entirely black leaves.

"What is the name of this flower?" he asked the gardener.

"The black flower," was the answer. Further than that the gardener knew nothing, but Madame Louise X. was present and overheard M. Joanne's question, and forthwith she proceeded to narrate to him an Arab legend concerning this flower, a specimen of which she had seen in the garden of a friend at Mentone.

"Ali," the legend says, "had conducted his Moors against the people of Bordighera to pillage and slay. While they were killing the Christians without pity, an old sorceress approached him and said to him as she gave him a sprig, 'Ali, plant this stem in thy garden: it will produce the flower which in one year will best suit thy well-beloved.'

"Ali returned to his fortified castle of Monaco, and as he presented to the beautiful Moab the twig that had been given to him by the sorceress, he said, 'Flower of love, this flower is to be the one that will best suit thee. Plant it in thy garden, and when it shall bloom its smile will be for thee.' Moab became pale when she received the flower: she felt a sad presentiment, and she sought to induce her Ali to promise that he would no more go to fight the infidels. But he could make no promise. His duty to his country and to his father urged him to sustain the Crescent against the Cross.

"The spring came in time. The twig had taken root, and the little bright, solid, shining green leaves were developing, when Ali received from his father orders to lead another expedition against Bordighera, which had revolted anew.

"On leaving Moab, Ali said to her, 'I should have liked to see this flower open. I leave it a bud, and I place a kiss on the bud of this unknown flower: when it shall open thou wilt take the kiss from it as a caress from thy well-beloved.' But Moab trembled, for it seemed to her that in proportion as the plant increased in its growth, sadness and gloomy presentiments increased in her heart. Ali kissed the flower, and then kissed his well-beloved, entered his bark, and disappeared from the weeping eyes of Moab behind the Cape of Murtola.

"That night Moab had a horrible dream. She saw Ali dead in his bark, and covered with a black cloth which had the shape of a flower. She rose agitated, anxious, fearing to go to her garden to look at the flower which now should be in bloom. Yet, urged by her very uneasiness, she descended. The flower was in bloom. It was the black flower! Moab swooned, and when she recovered consciousness she saw herself surrounded by her weeping women. A slave had just arrived, bringing the news that Ali had been killed that very night, and that at the moment when he fell an old sorceress had cried out to him with a wicked laugh, 'Ali! the flower that best becomes thy well-beloved is the flower of mourning.'

"Moab kissed Ali's last kiss from the fatal flower, and then she placed it against her heart to keep it there always. When Azrael, the angel of death, came to seek her to reunite her to her well-beloved, he found the black flower in the same place; but when she entered paradise the black flower was transformed into a diamond flower, which never fades, for Moab had kept her love for Ali intact in her heart."

And with this legend we bid M. Joanne farewell.

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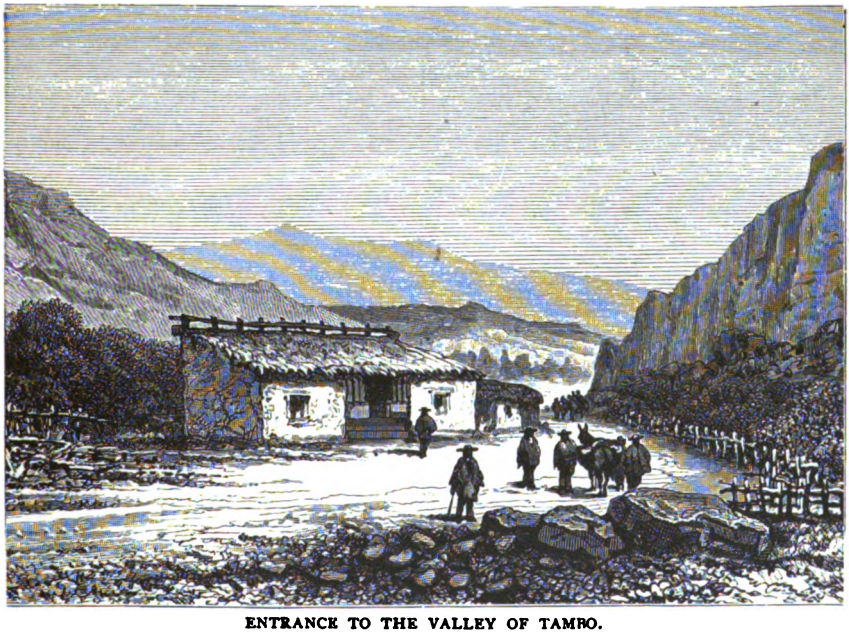
IN THE VALLEYS OF PERU.

FOUR PARTS.—I.



ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF TAMBO.

THE coast of the department of Arequipa in Lower Peru, between the sixteenth and eighteenth degrees of latitude, would present a most desolate uniformity of aridity but for certain fertile valleys which break the dreary monotony of the *lomas*, or barren ridges, that line the shore of the Pacific for three hundred and twenty miles. The fairest and most tropical of these valleys is that of Tambo, which begins at Mollendo beach and extends for fifteen leagues up to the heights

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of Puquina on the slope of the Western Andes. It is enclosed narrowly between a double chain of rocky hills, and rises gradually from the ocean-level to an elevation of six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The Tambo River flows through it and empties into the Pacific.

It was from this lovely valley of Tambo that, toward the end of a certain October, Paul Marcoy, the French traveler in Peru to whom the world owes much of its later knowledge of that country, started on a long journey across the sierra region to explore the Rio Apurimac from its source in Lake Vilafro, at the base of the eastern slope of the Andes, to its junction with the Rio Aquillabamba or Urubamba—a journey which led him across the sierra and up the valley of Huarancalqui to Cerro Melchior in the Great Pajonal.

PIERRE LEROUX.

At the period when Marcoy, with gun on shoulder and sketch-book under arm, is discovered, as the stage-directions have it, in the valley of Tambo, it contained three large haciendas (estates). The hacienda Arenal, nearest to the sea, belonged to General Cerdeña, a Spaniard and ex-officer of the royal army that was defeated at Ayacucho in the Peruvian war of independence. The next was owned by an Englishman; and the third, a rice, cotton and sugar plantation, was the property of a friend of Marcoy, whose acquaintance he had made five years before at a place called Caraveli in the northern part of the province This person, Pierre Leroux by name, needs an introduction to the reader, for he was destined to become Marcoy's traveling companion in his excursion, and to share with him in his experiences, pleasant and otherwise, up to the summit of Cerro Melchior. He was a native of Besançon, and had been living in Peru for fifteen years, during which time he had acquired and lost two fortunes in mining operations. As Marcoy has sketched him with pen and pencil, we are shown a man of forty-five years of age, tall, with a countenance at once frank and intelligent, robust in health,

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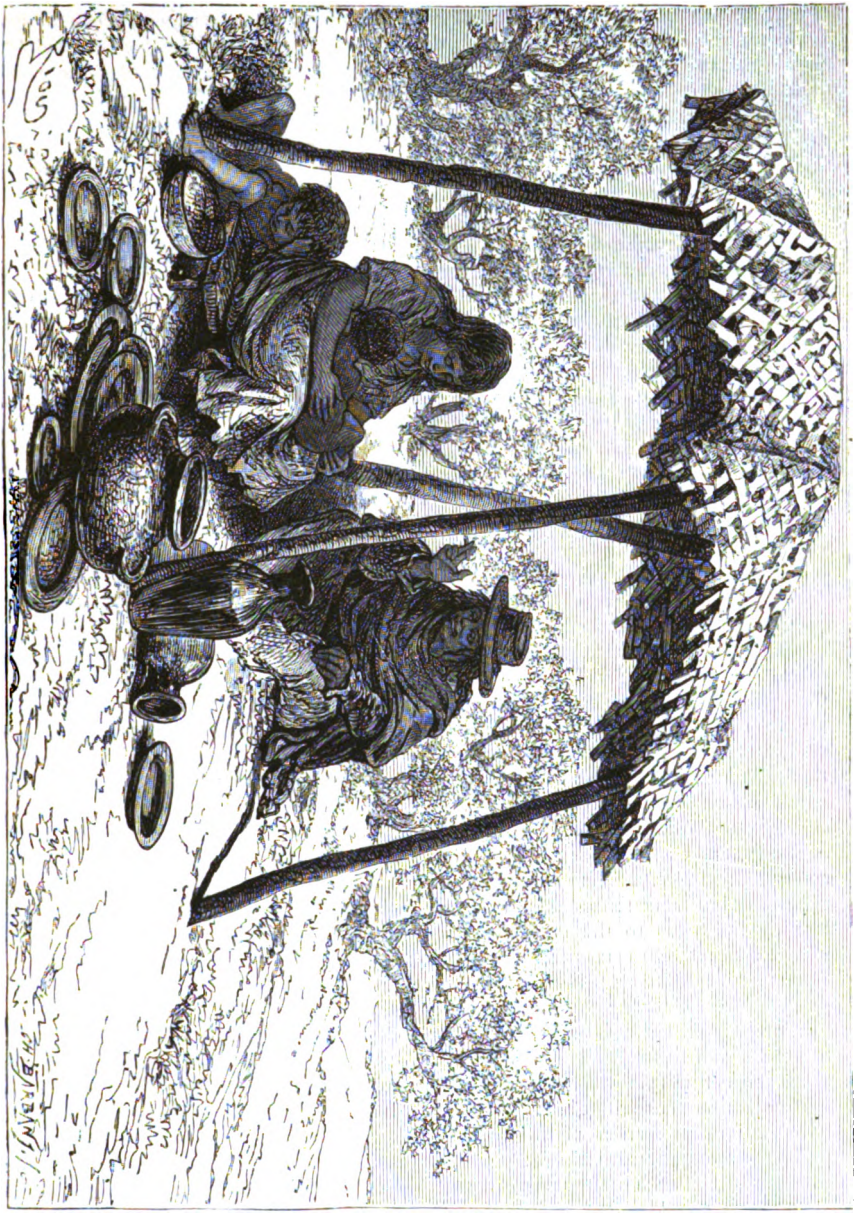

AMONG THE OLIVE TREES.

sinewy of limb, and with the iron will of one who, having marked out a goal, seeks it unmindful of obstacles. He had given to his plantation the name of *Tambo-chico*, or "Little Tambo."

Leroux's mind at the moment of Marcoy's appearance in the valley was absorbed in a project of introducing on his hacienda the use of certain machinery for cleaning his rice and cotton. He had ordered it a year before at a cost of thirty thousand dollars from New York through

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the British consul at Islay, a port about fifteen miles higher up the coast, and was now impatiently expecting its arrival, together with that of the ready-made pine-wood sheds intended to house the machines. Once a week he went to Islay to make inquiries, leaving Tambochico in the morning and returning by nightfall. During these absences of his host Marcoy devoted a part of the day to peregrinations among the *olivares* and *higuerales* — as the small olive and fig plantations are called—which fringe the valley, and in conversing with their Indian proprietors. Among the five or six native families established in the olivares, one in particular aroused his interest, and he often stopped in his walks to converse with these people on the subject of the life they led there and of their olive-culture and its revenues. The family had erected its dwelling among the olive trees, and although its members had all the outward appearance of ill-health and poverty, they seemed to be happy and contented, seated under their simple roof of mats upheld by four posts and with their household utensils scattered about them. They told Marcoy that their home was in the upper part of the valley, and that the simple shelter under which they received him was merely their temporary camping-out residence. Like all the other proprietors of the olive and fig plantations, they remained away from their plantation for eleven months of the year, leaving the trees to the care of Providence: the twelfth month, when the time to collect the crop had come, they passed where Marcoy found them.

From his friends of the olivares our traveler would stroll a few hundred yards higher up the valley to chat with his acquaintances of the *higuerales*. The male adult owners of the fig plantations were generally absent, as they preferred to abandon the conjugal roof and hire themselves out as laborers to the large planters of the valley, some of them returning each night and others only at the end of the week. The women of the family meanwhile attended to the gathering of the figs and their preparation, in a dried state, for the markets of the sierra towns, or engaged in the manufacture of a sort of violet-colored wine made from the figs which the people call *chimbango*. This fig wine is sweet and agreeable to the taste and of moderately intoxicating powers, and is sold at a *cuartillo* (about three cents) a quart.

Still higher up the valley this cultivated zone was succeeded by a sandy tract irregularly interspersed with low ridges of the kind which, under the name of *lomas*, characterizes the physical features of the coast. The normal barrenness of these hills is changed from May to October, during the season of fogs, into fertility, for the humidity causes a green sward to appear, and a multitude of charming flowers spring up and cover their surface. In the old days the gay classes of the population of the sierras were wont to resort, during the period from May to October, to this spot, ostensibly to indulge in sea-bathing, but really to enjoy a merry-making season as frantic and fantastic as any Venetian carnival of the past. Tents were pitched among the hills, and the festival lasted for a month or two, during which time the lomas, accustomed only to the melancholy sound of the surf beating against the shore and the murmur of the passing wind, echoed the notes of the guitar, the shouts of the revelers and their joyous songs. Strange to say, however—a circumstance probably unknown to those thoughtless pleasure-seekers of the sierra —this part of the valley is the burial-place of thousands of Indians of both sexes and of all ages, whose bodies were deposited there before the Spanish conquest, and, as is supposed, during the reigns of the last incas. The bodies lie in trenches barely three feet from the surface. In the majority of cases they are extended on their backs with their heads toward the rising sun, the object of their reverence in life. Others are found in various constrained attitudes—some as if sitting with their elbows resting on their knees and the closed hands set in the eyeless sockets. Some of the bodies are nude, others are swathed in woolen rags or in a coarse kind of

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drawers woven from the *sipa*, a grass that grows on the mountains. In the trenches are laid beside them the implements, weapons and adornments which belonged to them in life, and which, in the belief of the survivors, would be needed by them after death.

One afternoon, when Marcoy returned to the hacienda from this old cemetery, bringing with him the mummies of a little child and of a small llama—doubtless the child's playfellow—which he had found lying together in the same trench, he was greeted joyfully by Pierre Leroux, who had come back from a visit to Islay at an earlier hour than usual. Leroux brought important news. The ship with the machinery, the consul had told him, might be expected at any time within three or four days. In his impatience the master of Tambochico resolved to start for the coast with as little delay as possible, and take up his quarters at Mollendo, where the vessel was to land her cargo.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, host and guest, accompanied by servants, mounted their mules and set out for Mollendo with provisions and baggage, the latter consisting simply of an iron saucepan, a few rush mats and stakes intended for the construction of shelter-huts, and some bed-coverings.

The news of Pierre Leroux's visit to the beach, and a knowledge of its purpose, having spread abroad through the valley, scores of his neighbors, people whom he scarcely knew or had never seen before, came to make inquiries regarding the wonderful machines. So great were the numbers attracted to the "festival," as they called it, that an honest fellow of the vicinity deemed the occasion a propitious one for driving a lively trade in figs, pomegranates and watermelons, which he brought to the spot on an ass's back and sold rapidly to the assemblage, drinking-water being scarce and the fruit serving excellently to quench the thirst of the curious company.

A FIG PLANTATION.

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On the fourth day, in the afternoon, the sails of the expected vessel appeared above the tops of the group of rocks that form Cape Islay, and about the same time an Indian arrived with a letter to Leroux from the British consul informing him that, as it would be dangerous for the ship to approach too near the beach, owing to the heavy surf, her captain had resolved to land the machines on a raft to be composed of the material for the sheds. While Leroux was reading this letter the ship came up and dropped anchor at about two-thirds of a mile from shore.

Although the labor of building the raft was begun at once, two days elapsed before the hoisting of the Peruvian colors aboard the vessel announced that all was ready for the landing. The process of transferring the machinery to the shore was simple enough, for while the ship's crew would "pay out" a line attached to their side of the raft, the people on shore were to pull the latter toward them by means of another. A fisherman went out to the ship on his *balsa*, or inflated sealskin raft, procured the end of the shore-line and brought it safely to the beach. As soon as he landed the hawser was seized by a hundred officious individuals, who hauled away vigorously at the raft, which by this time had been released from the vessel's side. Leroux, Marcoy and the spectators watched the progress of the frail tossing platform with varying emotions. Suddenly a great shout arose from the volunteers who were pulling the rope. The hawser had parted! For an instant the raft swayed about helplessly in the great waves. Then a wave bore down on it, and in a few minutes all that remained was a mass of planks and beams tossing wildly against the beach. Leroux looked on at this ruin of his hopes like one thunderstruck, and for a little while Marcoy feared that his reason was about to leave him; but he recovered himself slowly, and, gazing with a despairing glance at the timber lying on the beach, he turned to Marcoy and said with a sigh, "Well, here is another fortune to make."

At some distance from them stood groups of the spectators discussing the event. Although they appeared to belong to the well-to-do class, and their faces bore a commiserative expression suitable to the occasion, still it could be seen, when they turned their glances on Pierre Leroux with a half smile, that the catastrophe had not caused them much regret. Along the shore were ranged the *cholos* (natives of mixed Spanish and Indian extraction) and Indians who had assisted in dragging the raft, and who now seemed to be amusing themselves with the erratic movements of the beams and planks as the waves threw them on the beach and then floated them back into the sea. Presently, having come to the conclusion that the flotsam belonged to the first claimant, they began to load their shoulders with the wood. Some of them were already trudging off with their burdens along the road to Tambo, when suddenly an individual whom nobody had hitherto noticed emerged from the crowd and in an uncouth sort of Spanish ordered the pillagers to throw down their spoils. As the rogues seemed to take no notice of this admonition, the newcomer administered a few kicks and cuffs to them, which soon caused them to drop their prizes and fall back in disorder.

The stranger who thus championed so zealously Pierre Leroux's interests was a Frenchman, who, having deserted from his ship, a three-masted vessel from Marseilles, at the port of Arica in Bolivia, about three months before, had been wandering since that time from village to village near the coast, earning a precarious livelihood while awaiting an opportunity to ship on some other vessel. His name was Moïse, and he was a native of Provence. He was a carpenter by trade, and having heard while at Islay of the intended landing of the machinery, he had come to Mollendo with the hope of obtaining work in the erection of the sheds. This information he imparted to Marcoy, who stepped forward to question him, and who recognized in him, when the man's story was told, a member of the restless maritime fraternity known in that region as

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"Brethren of the Coast"—in other words, deserters from ships who lead vagrant lives until they can once more find employment before the mast.

Moïse was a vigorous specimen of the brotherhood. He was about forty years old, with regular features, a complexion bronzed like that of an Indian, and a waving mass of tawny hair and beard that imparted to him a leonine look. His costume consisted of a ragged straw hat that might have done duty as a scarecrow, a tattered red woolen shirt and a pair of sailcloth trousers patched in a dozen places and upheld by a leathern belt. He carried a long staff, and the rest of his wardrobe was tied up in a handkerchief.

The idea occurred to Marcoy to make this adventurer the guardian of the wood—which represented a certain value in money to Pierre Leroux—until the latter could have it transported to the hacienda. He therefore proposed to him to remain on the beach and preserve the property from pillage, with the understanding that his services were to be paid for at the rate of four reals (fifty cents) a day, and that provisions should be sent to him from Tambochico. Moïse accepted the offer, which Pierre Leroux authorized with a motion of his head when Marcoy broached the matter to

AMONG THE MUMMIES.

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him. Thus constituted supervisor of the wreck, Moïse seated himself in the sand, and, twirling his staff, fixed his eyes on the crowd and observed in broken Spanish, "I'll smash the head of the first fellow that touches this wood. You hear me?"

His words—and his manner, perhaps, more than his words—had the effect of causing the would-be pillagers to draw off, and the servants having collected in one spot all the wood that had floated ashore, Moïse constructed a rude sort of shed with the remains of the raft, in which he could lodge comfortably with the three peons who were to remain with him until further orders. When this work was completed, and nothing remained for the curious to discuss and ponder, the spectators departed like a congregation retiring from church, leaving only Marcoy, Pierre Leroux, General Cerdeña (who had been among the interested lookers-on from the beginning), Moïse, the servants and the ship as witnesses of the day's failures and disappointments. After dark the vessel weighed anchor and sailed away.

The period fixed by Marcoy as the limit of his stay in the valley was now approaching. A few days more would see him on his way from the coast and across the mountains, traveling through the sierra in a climate and amid a vegetation—or a lack of vegetation, as the case might be—altogether different from the climate and vegetation of the tropical estate of Tambochico. As the hour of departure drew near an idea that in the beginning had been only a fugitive thought took firm hold on his mind. This idea was to withdraw his friend and host from the contemplation of his loss by associating him with the journey he was about to undertake. Leroux at first positively refused to listen to the suggestion. Nothing daunted, however, Marcoy persisted in his pleadings, until finally he gained his host's reluctant assent. It was arranged that during Leroux's absence the *mayordomo* should take charge of the plantation, and that Moïse, who was then engaged in building a new sugar-house, should await at Tambochico the planter's return.

One morning at the hour of four, accompanied by a *mozo sirviente*, or "body-servant," and under the guidance of a muleteer who was returning from the valley to the sierra region with a load of sugar, they left Tambochico, riding in the direction of the mountains. As they reached the top of the first line of hills a thick fog, descending into the valley, met them and enveloped them so completely that not only were they unable to see two yards in advance, but their garments were penetrated by the moisture. While making their way through the mist the sound of horses' feet and the tinkling of bells in their front warned them of the approach of a caravan. So close was it on them, in fact, that they had barely time to turn their mules to one side when the other party, men and animals, passed swiftly along the road like phantoms. Only their silhouettes were visible for a few seconds, and then they vanished in the fog. Soon, however, the rising sun tinted the icy vapors with an opaline hue, and the wind, striking the mist, blew it back rolling on itself in the shape of ocean billows. The struggle between the fog on one side and the sun and wind on the other was not of long duration, for, rent asunder by the wind, the curtain of vapor was hurried in broken fragments toward the north, and the atmosphere was left clear. The plateau on which the party found themselves overlooked the valley of Tambo from a height of twenty-four hundred feet. Beyond it lay the wide-spreading ocean, its azure waters confused at the horizon with the blue of the sky. Before, in the east, were the heights across which their route was to lead them, and still farther away, behind these, the snow-covered peaks of the Andes towered in the air. The day's journey ended at the hamlet of Omate, a mass of thatched-roof huts which seemed at a distance nothing more than a disagreeable natural feature of the scenery. Two leagues to the northward rose the once formidable volcano of Omate, with its yawning crater, half in darkness and half illumined by the setting sun, sharply inclining to the south-east.

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MAKING FIG WINE.

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For two days after leaving Omate the travelers journeyed along the western slope of the Andes through a dreary and almost solitary region. When night came they took shelter in a cave-like abode among the rocks in company with the shepherd who inhabited it and his flock. Toward the close of the next day they drew near to Pati, their halting-place for the night. This was a mere group of huts in the heart of the Cordilleras. Here and there along the approaches to it were llama-folds, and on the right of the road, elevated above the plain, was a wooden cross. They found a post-office—or rather post-hut—occupied by a troop of muleteers, who were about sitting down to their supper, and who at first received our travelers ungraciously, but after their first surprise and embarrassment had passed away they made the best of the interruption, and were soon on excellent terms with the newcomers, who slept side by side with them before the rousing fire which was kept burning through the night.

MOISE.

Having made an arrangement the next morning with these muleteers to guide them as far as Cayloma, a village which lay in Marcoy's itinerary, and by which the muleteers were to pass on their way to San Tomas, their destination, the travelers bade farewell to their late guide, who was compelled to leave them at Pati to pursue his homeward journey in another direction, and set out with their new friends toward the north-north-west and the region of snow.

A few hours of descending march brought them to the Punas or Andean plateaus, a barren and rugged stretch of country furrowed by ridges of minor hills unconnected with any of the greater surrounding chains. The northern boundary of these Punas is the snowy range of mountains known as the Sierra de Huilcanota; and as they approached this chain on the second day of their journey from Pati the road became more precipitous and the arid surface presented the aspect of steep hills and deep gorges, forming a succession

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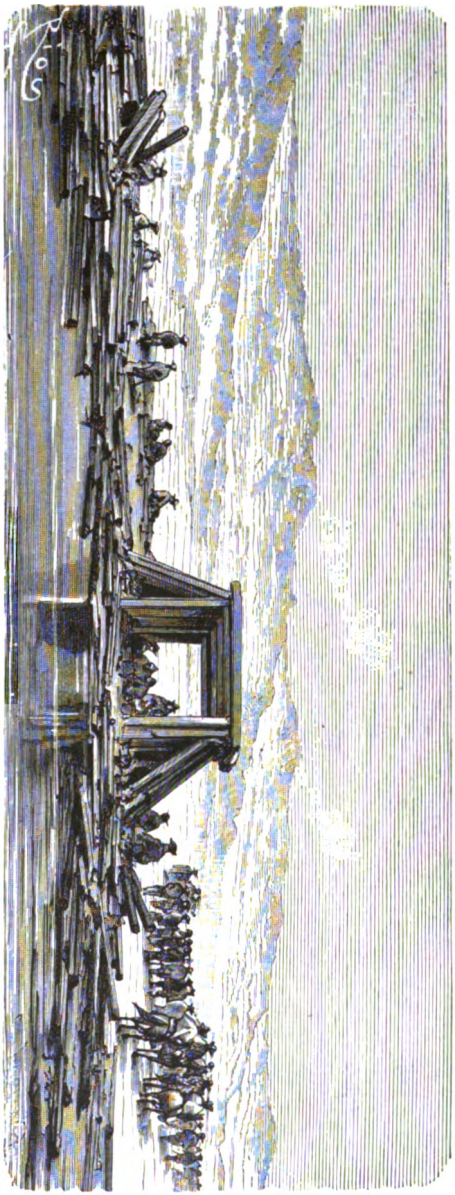
of heights and ravines which severely taxed the strength of their mules and horses. These difficulties might have been avoided had the old Carrera Real, or post-road, been followed to Caylloma; but the guides had preferred to pursue a course of their own choosing across the Punas, in order to spare their animals the ill effects arising from the rarefied air at an elevation of seventeen thousand feet, which would have been attained had they gone by the highway.

During the afternoon of this day they skirted the side of a hill at the base of which were three large square openings, evidently the work of man. As Marcoy and Leroux peered into these gloomy artificial caverns, the chief of the muleteers informed them that they were the entrances to the mine of San Lorenzo, formerly renowned for its yield of silver, but which at present is unworked. One league distant is the mine of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, equally celebrated during the period of the Spanish occupation, but now also abandoned. As they progressed they caught occasional glimpses, through breaks in the mountains, of the snowy summits of the Andes: then, farther on, the white tops were lost to view and the stony heights presented themselves in all their bald nakedness. This appearance in turn of snow-capped peaks and stony ridges continued until they reached the point at which the Sierra de Huilcanota joins—or rather is confounded with—the great chain of the Cordillera or Western Andes. At this stage of the day's journey the scenery on all sides became arctic in its character. The mountains were clothed in a white mantle in every direction, but as the sun was hidden by the clouds, the observer could enjoy the splendors of the view without having recourse to the pasteboard tubes furnished with blue glasses, a sort of spectacles used by travelers in these snowy regions to preserve their eyes from attacks of the *surumpe*, an ophthalmia occasioned by the reflection of the sun on the snow.



WRECK OF THE RAFT.

The travelers hoped to reach before night a postal-station called Machu Condoroma, situated on the western slope of

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the Huilcanota chain. But as the afternoon lengthened the sky became overcast with still darker clouds, and suddenly snow fell so thickly as to shut out from their sight objects four paces distant, while the wind, thunder and lightning added to their perplexity. Not a rancho or shepherd's hut was visible as they went on with heads bowed to the blinding storm and trusting to the sagacity of their mules for the selection of the right path. The close of the day found them too far from Machu Condoroma to hope to reach it before darkness should shut out the path, and they therefore prepared for their bivouac for the night by arranging their couches and cooking their supper under the ledge of a projecting rock whose position had kept the space beneath it free from the drifting snow. After supper Marcoy and Pierre Leroux lay back to back in a bed which the muleteers had constructed with the bundles and pack-saddles, while the guides slept in a democratic fashion piled on top of each other.

During the night the storm passed off, and the morning broke clear and cold—so cold, indeed, as to redden the travelers' ears and noses. The journey was resumed while it was yet dark, and after a two hours' march over horrible roads they passed Machu Condoroma, a wild, lonely spot lying in the shadow of beetling ridges. The post-house, built of blocks of stone cemented with clay, stood in relief against the white background of the snow-clad sides of the mountain beyond. At a day's ride from the station lay Caylloma, and they resolved to push forward so as to reach it before night. As they went on they found the roads in a dreadfully slippery condition from the mingling of the melted snow and the clay and ferruginous earth that composed the soil. Occasionally unhorsed by reason of the inability of their animals to keep their feet, the party finally reached the Rio Condoroma, at that moment a roaring, tumbling torrent. Crossing this stream by ascending to a ford three miles higher up than the point at which they had struck it, they stumbled on the village of Condoroma, a humble hamlet that dates from the time of the Spanish domination, during which period its silver-mines were among the most celebrated of Peru.

At the hour of their entrance into Condoroma all the villagers seemed to be absent, for the doors of the houses were closed and neither man nor beast was visible. A brief halt was made here for breakfast, and while they were engaged at the meal the horses and mules roamed among the houses and satisfied their appetite by eating the freshly-laid thatched roof that covered one of them.

Four leagues distant from Condoroma is the hamlet of Chita, consisting of twenty houses and situated in a plain with a picturesquely-profiled range of mountains at its back. A mountain-torrent near by leaped noisily over its rocky bed in its descent from the heights. The travelers saw Chita from a distance, and rode by without halting. They feared to lose by delay the advantages offered by the fine weather that prevailed. Their hopes of continued favorable weather up to Caylloma were, however, doomed to disappointment, for about four o'clock clouds gathered in the blue sky and obscured the sun. At sunset the heavens were overcast with a reddish-gray, against which the surrounding summits were outlined with distinctness, and the cold became intense. At a turn in the road they rode into a plain, and at its farther extremity they saw the houses of a large village. This village, rising mistily before them, was Caylloma, which, on account of the valuable product of its silver-mines in the past, was called for a long time by the people of the country and the Spanish chroniclers *Caylloma la Rica*, or "Caylloma the Rich."

Candles were lighted in the houses of the village when they entered its precincts. As Marcoy and Leroux were without acquaintances in the place, they were obliged to follow the muleteers to the *tampu*, or caravansary, at which the latter were accustomed to lodge with their animals on the occasions of their visits to Caylloma. This tampu was a large yard with the sky for a roof.

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The appearance of the ground, covered as it was with broken straw and other refuse matter, indicated that the place was used as a stable or as quarters for horses and mules. Three sides of the yard were built up with small cells of masonry, to each of which a single door admitted light and air. These diminutive apartments were the lodgings assigned to travelers.

The arrival of strangers in this remote village was an event of so rare an occurrence that as the cavalcade filed into the tampu a dozen or more of the villagers surrounded the muleteers, plying them with innumerable questions begotten of purposeless curiosity or due to a natural desire to be informed of the events of the outer world. Some of the questioners — the shopkeepers—wanted to know what merchandise the bundles contained; others — the politicians and intelligent class generally —inquired concerning the latest revolutionary movements in Peru, and were solicitous to learn whether the legal president of the republic had been assassinated or whether he was still in peaceable occupancy of his office. Another element of the crowd—mere idlers—looked on and said nothing, filling the rôle of listeners. Among the last-mentioned class was an individual wrapped in a cloak and with his face shaded by a slouch hat of the kind called in the country *pansa de burro*. This person gazed with a sort of sympathetic interest at Marcoy and Leroux, as was evinced by the friendly smile that illumined his face when their looks were turned in his direction. Marcoy observed this, and surmising that the unknown desired to make his and Leroux's acquaintance, but was deterred from addressing them by native modesty, he approached him and greeted him with the air of an old acquaintance. "Good-evening, friend," he said. "You are in good health, I hope?"

VILLAGE OF PATI.

"Thank you, señor," modestly replied

the stranger. "You are very kind to inquire concerning my welfare. My name is Mariano Telar, and I enjoy very good health, Heaven be praised! I live here in Caylloma, where I have many friends among the best people. Just now I overheard you conversing in French with your companion, and my attention was attracted to you because the language in which you spoke reminded me of the *Adventures of Telemachus*, which I once endeavored, in a small way, to put into Spanish. My house, señor, is at the service of yourself and your friend during your stay in Caylloma, if you will honor it with your presence."

MINE OF SAN LORENZO.

Glad to be spared the horrors of a night passed in the tampu, the travelers promptly accepted the hospitable Caylomero's invitation.

With a request to them to follow him, Don Mariano set off through the dark and muddy streets in the direction of his house, which fronted on the small square of the village, one side of which was occupied by the church. At the house the guests were presented to their host's wife, a grave, middle-aged matron, who welcomed them with a dignified courtesy. The good dame, after a few remarks had been exchanged, disappeared, and half an hour later a servant announced that supper awaited the guests in the *comedor*, or dining-room. Under the influence of the local wine of Locumba, two kinds of which, the sour and the *dulce* (the latter being prepared by mixing the sour wine with sugar), were on the table, Don Mariano developed a gay and talkative mood, and the good lady having retired, as is the fashion in England, after the meal, he opened his heart to his guests, and for three consecutive hours, like the genuine Peruvian that he was, discoursed on the subject of how he had made his fortune and had become acquainted with his wife. Noticing, finally, that his guests were about to drop from their chairs with drowsiness, he considerately closed his remarks, and conducted them to the chamber which they were to occupy for the night.

Early the next morning, Marcoy, leaving his companion in bed, rose and went to stroll about the village, which he found to consist of five streets and sixty three houses, exclusive of a number of thatched-roof huts attached to cattle-yards scattered about the outskirts. The church was a rectangular structure surmounted by two square belfries, each covered with a sort of cap having the appearance of an incomplete cupola. On either side of the altar was a shrine—one dedicated to Our Lady of Carmel, the other to Saint Joseph, the patron saint of the republic. These shrines were adorned with a profusion of votive offerings which had been placed on them by the faithful—reliquaries and lamps of solid silver, the latter made from metal taken from the neighboring mines.

When he returned to the house he found his host and Pierre Leroux conversing, over a glass of rum, on a subject that seemed to possess a special interest for the former. A messenger, it appeared, had just come into Caylloma with the information that a colonel of the national engineer corps had set up

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his standard, metaphorically speaking, in the vicinity of the village, having just arrived from Cuzco with orders from the government to survey the boundaries of the province and to obtain its area in square miles. The messenger was this officer's secretary, who furthermore was empowered to notify the inhabitants of the place that they would be expected to furnish the colonel with all the supplies he might need while thus engaged in a work which was destined to redound

CHITA.

to their glory and to the advantage of the republic. There was great excitement in Caylloma la Rica, for no sooner had the tidings been disseminated in the village than the little community became divided into two parties on the subject of the true purpose of the intruder into their mountain seclusion.

One party loudly proclaimed the colonel a government spy, declaring that his surveying mission was a sham, and that his real instructions were to impose an extraordinary tax on the people of Caylloma. The other side held, on the contrary, that this official visit was an evidence of the interest felt by the president of the republic in their distant and hitherto neglected province, which he desired to see take rank with its neighbors. Don Mariano joined hands with this wing of the population, and vigorously championed the cause of the maligned colonel. As the dispute was one in which Marcoy and his friend had no excuse to interfere, they decided to resume their journey at once, or as soon as possible after the breakfast which their host, who heard of their intention with profound regret, insisted on their sharing with him.

After hastily-uttered farewells they left Don Mariano and his neighbors wrangling and gesticulating over the important political event—for so was it regarded—of the morning, and started due west on their way to Chalqui, the next village in their route. The ride for some distance was a fatiguing one, as the road was filled with declivities, pitfalls and quagmires. The snow of the previous day had melted, however, and the mules were enabled to make better progress. An hour after their departure from Cayl-

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loma their eyes caught sight of Lake Vilafro—called by the natives Lake Huanana—and their attention was attracted to the spectacle of a number of men standing on the shore. These, as they soon learned, were the colonel of engineers and his followers. The colonel was a short, paunchy, bow-legged person, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform consisting of a blue coat set off with a profusion of gold braid and a pair of shining, brand-new epaulets, tight breeches and riding-boots, and a red silk scarf with flowing ends wrapped around his rotund waist. On his head was a cloth cap of the same color as the coat, with a leather visor and trimmed with gold lace.

As this magnificent personage approached the travelers, Marcoy was struck, in the first place, with his extraordinary ugliness, and, secondly, with his resemblance to some one whom he had seen before. His doubts on the latter head were soon solved; for as the brilliantly-dressed colonel came up with eyes and mouth opening gradually, as if in a sort of stupid surprise, he recognized in him a man whose acquaintance he had made in Cuzco two or three years previously.

"Amigo Don Pablo!" exclaimed the newcomer, extending wide his arms to clasp Marcoy in his friendly embrace.

"Señor Don Julian Delgado y Palomino!" cried Marcoy in a similar burst of recognition.

"I have been made a colonel of the engineer corps since I last saw you," whispered Don Julian rapidly. "At some other time I'll tell you all about it. But not a word at present before all these people."

After an introduction to Pierre Leroux, Don Julian invited the two to accept the hospitality of his cave, in which, in default of a more commodious dwelling, he had temporarily established his headquarters. It proved to be a spacious subterranean chamber about twenty-five feet high, forty wide and eighty deep. A rudely-constructed wall between five and six feet in height divided it into two sections, in one of which the traces of fire and the presence of straw showed that the place had served at one time both as the abode of man and as a stable for animals.

At their host's request the travelers seated themselves on a couple of leather trunks which did service for chairs.

"This place seems to have had a tenant already," observed Marcoy, glancing around him.

"The fact is," replied the colonel, "this cave has been inhabited, and if you would like to know something about the former occupant, the guide whom I engaged at Mamanihuayta may be able to inform you.—Hallo there, somebody!" As he spoke he looked toward the entrance of the cave, and three or four of the attendants appeared at the same moment in answer to the summons. "Call Quispè," he added shortly.

Quispè, the Indian guide, came forward promptly, and stood at the entrance twirling his hat in his hand in a way that savored of embarrassment.

"Advance and narrate to this gentleman the absurd story concerning Vilafro that you told me yesterday," said the colonel of engineers loftily, while Quispè gazed with a timid and astonished look at Marcoy.

"Come," remarked the latter pleasantly, "tell me what you know about this Lake Vilafro."

"The lake is called Huanana, and not Vilafro," returned the Indian: "Vilafro is the name of a man who belonged to your people."

"Then the lake was Vilafro's property, since he gave it his name?"

"The lake never belonged to man," replied Quispè. "The hills, the lakes and the snows have no master but God. The man of whom you speak was a Spaniard, to whom a poor driver of llamas revealed the existence of the silver-mines of Quimsachata, which you can see from this cave. Vilafro after five years' labor amassed so much silver that he shod his horses and mules with that metal. Although he gave up one-fifth of his treasures to the viceroy as tribute, and was a devotee of the most holy Virgin—as is proved by his gift to the church of Sicuani of a silver lamp

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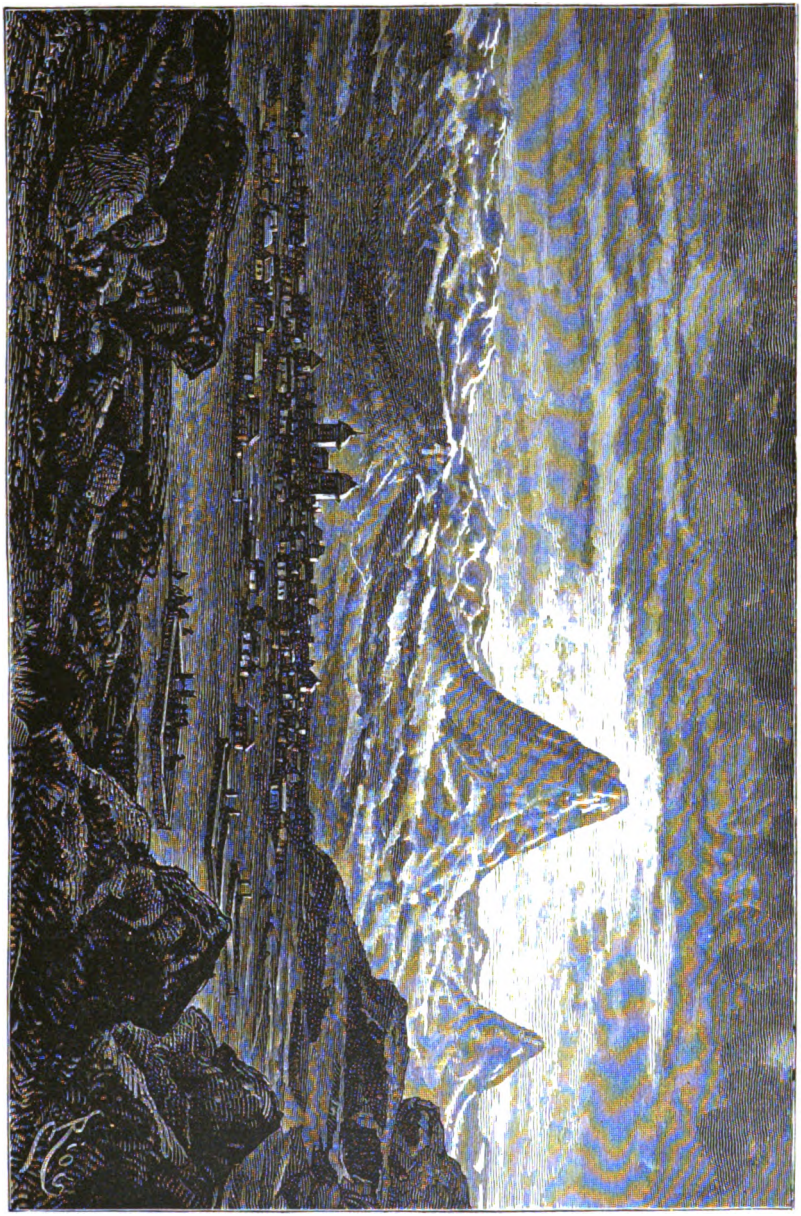

CAYLOMA LA RICA.

weighing three hundred marks—he was accused of impiety, fraud and rebellion. His fortune brought him more enemies than friends. He was ordered by the Inquisition and the viceroy to appear before them at Lima, was cast into prison and was afterward hanged, while his riches were confiscated to the profit of the king of Spain. Since that day the mine of Quimsachata has been abandoned, for the ghost of the hanged man every night revisits its old domain."

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During the recital of this gloomy legend Don Julian busied himself with preparing a collation in the shape of a few dry biscuits and a bottle of sherry, which he took from one of the trunks, and while full justice was being done to the repast by the hungry travelers he entered into some particulars regarding his mission. "You must know," he began, with a slight frown of importance, "that of all the provinces of Lower Peru, Caylloma is the only one in regard to which the government is not fully informed. Not only is it ignorant of the statistics of the province, but the boundaries of its territory are so vaguely marked that the people living on the other side of its borders have frequent disturbances with its inhabitants in regard to the mines and pasture-grounds, which each side claims as its own. Such a condition of things could no longer be tolerated, and His Excellency General Hermenegildo, our illustrious president and my well-beloved cousin through my wife, has decided—"

At this moment the sound of a rapidly-galloping horse interrupted the colonel's account of himself. Then joyous cries echoed on the air from the outside, and the party, with Don Julian at their head, rushed out to learn the cause of the uproar. In the advance of a confused crowd of people mounted on mules and horses Marcoy beheld a youth who was riding furiously and shouting wildly.

"My aide-de-camp, Saturnino, on his return from Caylloma," explained Don Julian with a wave of his hand.

Saturnino was a young *cholo*, a half-caste of mixed Spanish and Indian extraction, of brown complexion, with beardless chin and long, straight blue-black hair falling on his turned-down collar. A traveling cloak thrown back over his shoulder revealed a blue uniform without trimmings. A leather-visored cap, similar to that worn by Don Julian, completed his half-military, half-civilian costume. Behind this apparition crowded a cavalcade composed of the notables of Caylloma, who had sought the fat colonel in his isolated cave to extend their congratulations to him and to place themselves and all they possessed at his service. Marcoy looked in vain for their late host, Don Mariano, among this goodly company, which included a number of ladies, who, encouraged by the presence of the wives of the *gobernador* of the district and the *alcalde* of the village, had accompanied the deputation, riding with Arcadian simplicity astride their horses. The party was headed by the gobernador himself, and by his side rode the *gobernadora*, a portly lady seated on a jenny whose bridle the gobernador held in his hand.

The women remained in the background, smoothing down their ruffled garments, while the men advanced to greet the great man. Each notable in turn expressed his pleasure at seeing the colonel among them, and at the close of their harangues Don Julian began an address in a loud key, which was more applauded in the exordium than in the peroration. After declaring his own personal satisfaction at having been selected by the chief of the state to visit the inhabitants of Caylloma (so worthy in all respects of the solicitude and high appreciation of His Excellency) on a mission which was destined, he trusted, when its territory should be surveyed by him, to call the province to a new and glorious future which would place it on a level with the most renowned provinces of the commonwealth, he promised that thenceforth the name of Caylloma should shine beside the names of its sister-provinces in the solemn celebrations of the republic and in the almanacs published at Lima. "And now, señores," he concluded, "I have to request that before sunset the citizens of Caylloma will send to me two fat sheep, some smoked beef, a bag of potatoes, a leather bottle or two of brandy—brandy, remember: don't forget the brandy—and a sufficiency of fuel and bed-clothing to protect myself and my men from the cold while I am engaged in this task which is to redound so greatly to your prosperity."

At the utterance of these last words the countenances of the notables lost that expression of patriotic enthusiasm which had marked them before, and the worthy fellows looked at each other askance, as

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if doubtful of the reception that should be given to the proposition. Don Julian, however, making a pretence of not observing their hesitation, bowed and left them to their deliberations, turning aside to converse with their wives, and throwing as much gallantry as possible into the expression of his ugly countenance and the movements of his ungainly figure. At his invitation the ladies entered the cave, and graciously accepted his hospitality in the shape of biscuits and wine. His polite attentions soon won them over to his cause, and by the time the biscuits and the sherry had gone the rounds for the third time the wife of the governor, a lady of mature age, addressed him familiarly as "My dear," while the wife of the alcalde, younger, and therefore less bold than her companion, had gained her own consent to style him "Gossip."

The levee was at its height, and the ladies were all laughing together in the most delightful confusion at the colonel's heavy sallies of wit, when the husbands, who had received no invitation to enter the grotto, becoming weary with the delay, or jealous, it may be, of Don Julian's monopoly of their spouses, joined the revelers in the cave, and conveniently pleading as excuse the distance between Lake Vilafro and Caylloma, and their disinclination to intrude further on the kindness of his lordship, finally succeeded in inducing their better halves to resume their seats in the saddles. The expressive looks of the latter on taking leave of Don Julian and his guests satisfied the colonel that his request for provisions would be granted. In fact, about sunset an Indian was seen approaching, driving before him two donkeys and four llamas loaded with supplies of all kinds, not a single article called for by the colonel having been omitted. A good part of the evening was spent in arranging the provisions in the cave, and Marcoy and Leroux, having yielded to Don Julian's entreaties to remain with him a day or two longer, retired to sleep without being disturbed by the uneasy spirit of the executed Joaquin Vilafro.

DON JULIAN AND HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP.

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IN THE VALLEYS OF PERU.

SECOND PART.

BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

WHEN Marcoy awoke next morning he found himself alone with Don Julian, Leroux having gone out for a walk. Curious to be informed how the jovial citizen whom he had known in Cuzco had undergone his transformation into a colonel of the engineer corps, he proceeded to question him on the subject.

"You must ask my wife about that," replied Don Julian with a chuckle: "it's all her doing, and it is owing to her that I am here instead of being somewhere else."

"Doña Balbina?" queried Marcoy.

"Yes, Doña Balbina. For a long time she had been finding fault with my habit of staying at home, and with the idleness, as she said, in which I was stagnating. Now, no one knew better than she that my business affairs in Cuzco and the care of my plantations in the valley of Santa Ana gave me enough to do, and that of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year I devoted three hundred to overseeing my estates, scolding my peons, selling my crops and putting out my money at the best possible rate of interest."

"To be sure, Don Julian; but the commission as colonel: what about that?"

"Oh, as to the commission! Doña Balbina, deeming all these bothers insufficient, conceived the idea of writing to her cousin, the president, to ask my appointment as colonel in the national army. And, diablo! what is more to the purpose, her request was granted."

"So I perceive."

"Doña Balbina," continued Don Julian, "presented me with the commission on my birthday. A funny gift, wasn't it? Naturally, I protested, and even refused the present; but my wife insisted on my accepting it. Then, as for my part

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I would not yield, she became angry, stormed, and went so far as to taunt me —me, Don Julian Delgado y Palomino! —with being chicken-hearted and with preferring my money to the honor and renown of my country. This domestic tempest raged for two days. Unable to struggle longer against her, I ordered a uniform. Fortunately for me, there was no vacancy in the army lists, and, more fortunate still, there was no revolution in progress, and consequently no war."

"That was lucky indeed."

"But for this fact, you see, I should have been sent at the head of some infernal regiment or other to a distant province, my wife having particularly requested her illustrious cousin to put me where I could see service. As the president, under the circumstances, could not give me a regiment, he hit on the plan of appointing me colonel of engineers and sending me hither to survey the province."

"And you accepted such a mission?" asked Marcoy in amazement.

"Impossible to refuse, my dear friend. My wife had settled everything without consulting me. But, I say, what do you think of my figure in uniform? Doña Balbina assures me that it makes me look ten years younger."

"Since that is your wife's opinion," said Marcoy politely, "I must agree with her. But to come back to our sheep. In what way can you fulfill acceptably the mission with which you have been charged? You are not, as far as my knowledge extends, a mathematician, an economist of any sort, a land-surveyor, an engineer, a geographer, or even —"

"Softly, Don Pablo! Remember our Spanish proverb: *Ciencia es locura si buen senso no la cura.*"

"So, Don Julian, you expect your good sense to make up for your ignorance of science?"

"Exactly! All that I can say to you is, that I will prove myself worthy of my epaulets."

"But, my dear sir, it is not a question of epaulets at all, but of a chart of the province that you are expected to furnish. Now, this map: where will you find it, since you are unable to make one?"

"I have it here," replied Don Julian mysteriously, taking from a leather hand-trunk a sheet of yellow parchment, which he unrolled before his guest's eyes. "On this sheet, you will perceive, is drawn a plan of the province with a precision of lines which indicates that it was the work of an employé of a register of lands. These words, written in the title, sufficiently prove the fact and attest its genuineness: 'Drawn by order of the Most Excellent Viceroy, Count Gil de Lemos, August, 1690.'"

Don Julian seemed to enjoy the surprise with which Marcoy gazed at this relic. "It certainly looks old enough to be genuine," said the latter, after recovering from his astonishment. "How did you obtain possession of it?"

"I bought it in Cuzco," said the colonel, lowering his voice and looking round him, "for two *pesos* from a lay-brother of La Recoleta, who had purchased it for a mere song from a merchant of the Baratillo."

"And you will have the audacity to offer it as the work of your own hand?"

"What! this parchment?"

"Yes, that parchment."

"Why, no—certainly not! Of course not the original; but I will hand in a copy which I will have made by my godson, who is a notary's clerk. The rogue writes a fine hand and has a good idea of drawing. He will do this little job as an amusement."

"Unworthy plagiarist!" exclaimed Marcoy, half seriously and half in jest.

"Bah!" exclaimed Don Julian carelessly. "Why should I not make use of it, when so many learned and illustrious people do not scruple to array themselves in the spoils of others?"

Pierre Leroux's sudden appearance at this moment put a stop to Don Julian's confidences, and the shriveled old parchment was hastily thrust into the trunk, while the colonel whispered rapidly to Marcoy, "You promise not to say a word about all this?"

"I promise," returned Marcoy without changing countenance. But he added

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mentally, "For twenty-four hours, that is."

Happy and confident in the possession of his chart of 1690, the colonel of engineers spent the rest of the day, when alone, in drinking his brandy and sherry wine, of the latter of which he had an ample supply, and in reading a file of newspapers he had brought with him from Cuzco, while Marcoy wrote up his notes of travel and Pierre Leroux paid a visit to the abandoned silver-mine that had proved the source of Joaquin Vilafro's fortunes and misfortunes.

The next morning Don Julian, after he had finished reading his newspapers, informed Marcoy that he had decided to return to Cuzco immediately.

"What, so soon?" exclaimed the latter.

"Certainly. Why delay when I have my survey all ready in my pocket?"

Marcoy shrugged his shoulders. It was impossible to answer such an argument. He could not help wondering, however, whether dear Doña Balbina would be so well satisfied at the early return of her hero from his mission of glory and with his epaulets as lustrous as when he went away.

The announcement of their host's intended departure led the travelers to resolve upon the resumption of their journey at the same time. While the muleteers were engaged in bridling their animals and fastening the pack-saddles on their backs, and Saturnino was on his way to Caylloma to return Don Julian's thanks for the provisions that had been sent him, the two, leaving the colonel to his potations and newspapers, went out for a last stroll on the shore of the lake, whose waters, reflecting the hue of the pearl-colored sky, were stirred at this moment into ripples under the influence of a gentle breeze that blew from the cordillera. Marcoy had made a pencil-sketch of the lake the evening before, and in order to put the finishing touches to the drawing he and his companion retired to a secluded spot among the rocks whence the whole of the surface was clearly visible.

He had been at work about half an hour when suddenly a noise was heard proceeding from the hill that overlooked the camp, and presently they perceived a mounted company of men and women galloping, helter-skelter, down the inclined road that led to the cave. They poured, like a torrent that had burst its banks, into the meadow with cries of "*Viva el coronel! Viva el presidente de la nacion!*"

The tumult brought Don Julian bareheaded from his lair, and no sooner had he made his appearance than he was seized promptly by two females of the party, each with a bottle in her hand, in whom Marcoy thought he recognized the wife of the gobernador and her friend the wife of the alcalde, and who began to whirl the obese colonel of engineers round and round in a sort of bacchic dance. The rest of the company—which, as the reader has doubtless surmised, was composed of the visitors of the previous day—gathered about the three in a circle, and glasses and other bottles having been produced, everybody began to drink to the health of the colonel, who under the auspices of the gobernadora and the alcalda, was compelled to drink in turn with every individual of the assemblage. Marcoy and Leroux, fearing that if discovered they would be forced to share in these farewells of the Caylloma notables, prudently kept themselves concealed and quietly watched the proceedings.

The *cacharpari*, as this speeding of the parting guest is called by the Peruvians, lasted for two hours. At the end of that time the revelers mounted their horses and set out for Caylloma, the men yelling at the top of their voices and the women joining in with shrill cries that rose above the chorus of their male companions. When the last notable had disappeared behind the crest of the hill, Marcoy and Leroux emerged from among the rocks and made their way to the scene of festivity with the view of learning from Don Julian the details of the pleasant affair. Greatly to their surprise, they found the muleteers unsaddling their mules, while others of the attendants were carrying back into the cave the trunks and bundles that a few hours before had been brought out

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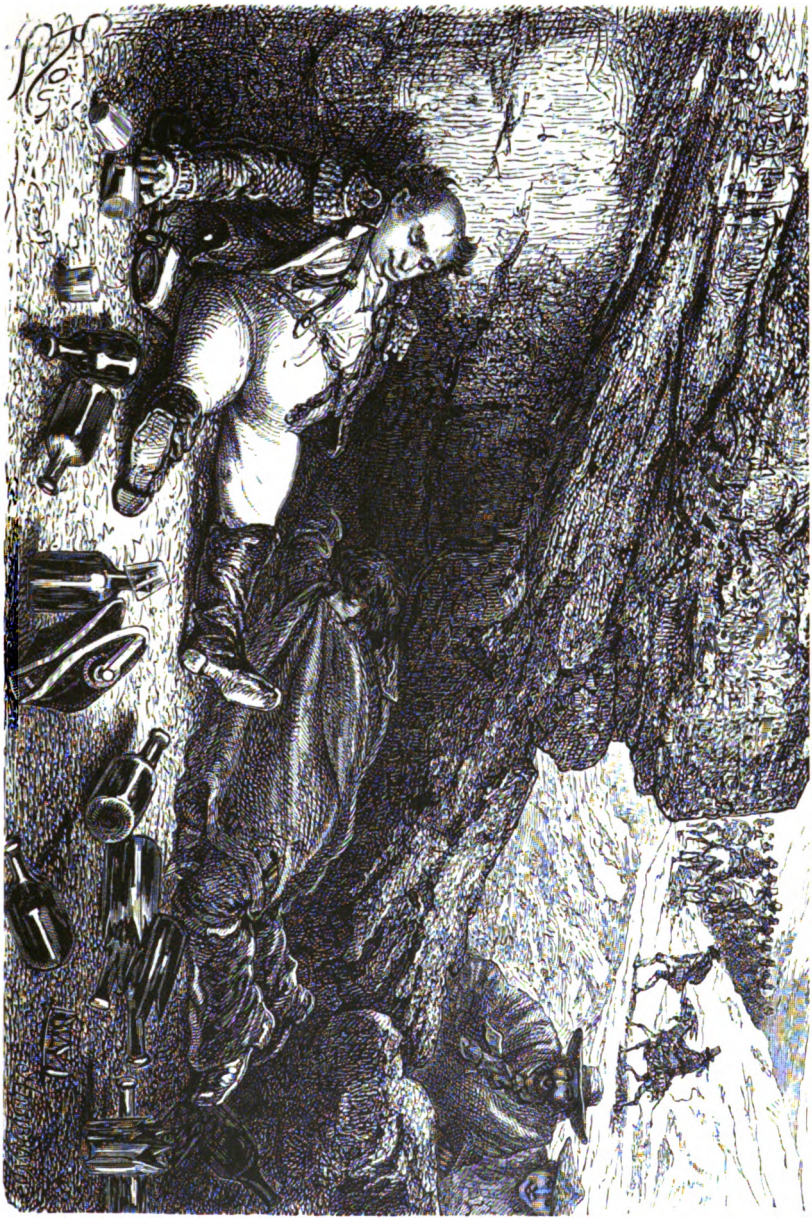

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

to be packed on the animals. As this seemed to indicate a sojourn at the spot rather than a departure, Marcoy asked them whether the start was not to be made that day. For a reply Quispè pointed to the side of the rock near the entrance to the cave, where they saw their host, half seated, half reclining, with his back to the rock and his aide-de-camp stretched out on the ground near him. Don Julian and Saturnino presented a melancholy spectacle.

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The effects of these potations had not passed away the next morning when Marcoy and Pierre Leroux, rising and dressing themselves, left the oblivious pair to their heavy slumbers. As a means of killing time until the colonel should have slept off his debauch, Marcoy determined to have the depths of the lake sounded, and to procure some specimens of the fish that swim in its chilly waters. An offer of a small sum of money induced six of the Indians to undertake the task, although it could be accomplished only at the expense of a cold leg-bath of two hours' duration. As there was no boat, it was necessary to construct something that would serve as a substitute. Several armfuls of *jarava*, a kind of grass that grew abundantly in the plain near by, were cut and tied together into large bundles, thus making rafts on which the Indians ventured into the lake, each on his improvised raft and propelling himself with a stick used as a paddle. One of their number was supplied with a plummet, and the others were furnished with fishing-tackle. The lake was found to be of variable depth, ranging from seven to nineteen fathoms, with a bed of quartzy sand. Four varieties of a small fish of the *Silurus* species were caught and brought to shore. They varied in length from three to six inches, and were similar to some that Marcoy had caught in Lake Titicaca and other lakes of the Andes.

When Marcoy and Leroux returned to the cave they found the colonel and his aide-de-camp awake and sitting up on their beds, looking at each other with a confused and sheepish expression of countenance. A broth of dried beef well seasoned with pepper soon cleared their minds, however, and enabled them to follow intelligently the recital of what had happened, as narrated by Marcoy. After breakfast our travelers prepared for immediate departure, and as the Indians who had guided Don Julian from Coporaque were returning thither, Marcoy, who also was on his way to Coporaque, made arrangements to accompany them. As a reward for their services to him the colonel gave them, in lieu of any more substantial recompense, a certificate of good conduct, and after charging them, under pain of the displeasure of the curate of Coporaque, and at the risk of the severity of the gobernador, to obey the travelers in all things, he bade his guests farewell.

On leaving this scene of adventure the direction taken by the travelers was northward. The company consisted of sixteen persons. Quispè rode at the head of the troop, and his companions followed him in single file. Their route soon led them from the level plain to a series of declivities, and finally to an elevation from which the whole of Lake Vilafro was visible, with its motionless surface of a grayish-blue resembling a steel mirror framed in the ground and surrounded by rocks and undulating hills. In its eastern edge was an aperture through which flowed a placid stream across the plain. As Marcoy paused to sketch the scene, Pierre Leroux approached him, and the former called his friend's attention to the issuing water. "Salute," he said, "the cradle of the Apurimac River, which over yonder flows from Lake Vilafro!"

Quispè was standing near him and overheard the remark, although, as the language was French, he understood but the single word *Apurimac*. "*Taita*," he said in Spanish to Marcoy, "you mistake. What you imagine to be the Apurimac is nothing but Lake Vilafro, which eight leagues from here, toward the east, receives the torrent of Parihuana and takes the name of Rio de Chita, which it retains for several leagues. When that slender thread of water flowing across the plain over there shall have received nine rivers on its right, eleven on its left, and have run its course through twenty-three leagues of sierra region, then only can you call it the Apurimac." And with this bit of geographical information he resumed his place at the head of the column.

A few miles beyond the travelers crossed the torrent of Parihuana, referred to by Quispè, and next reached a place called Quimsachata, a farm with a dwell-

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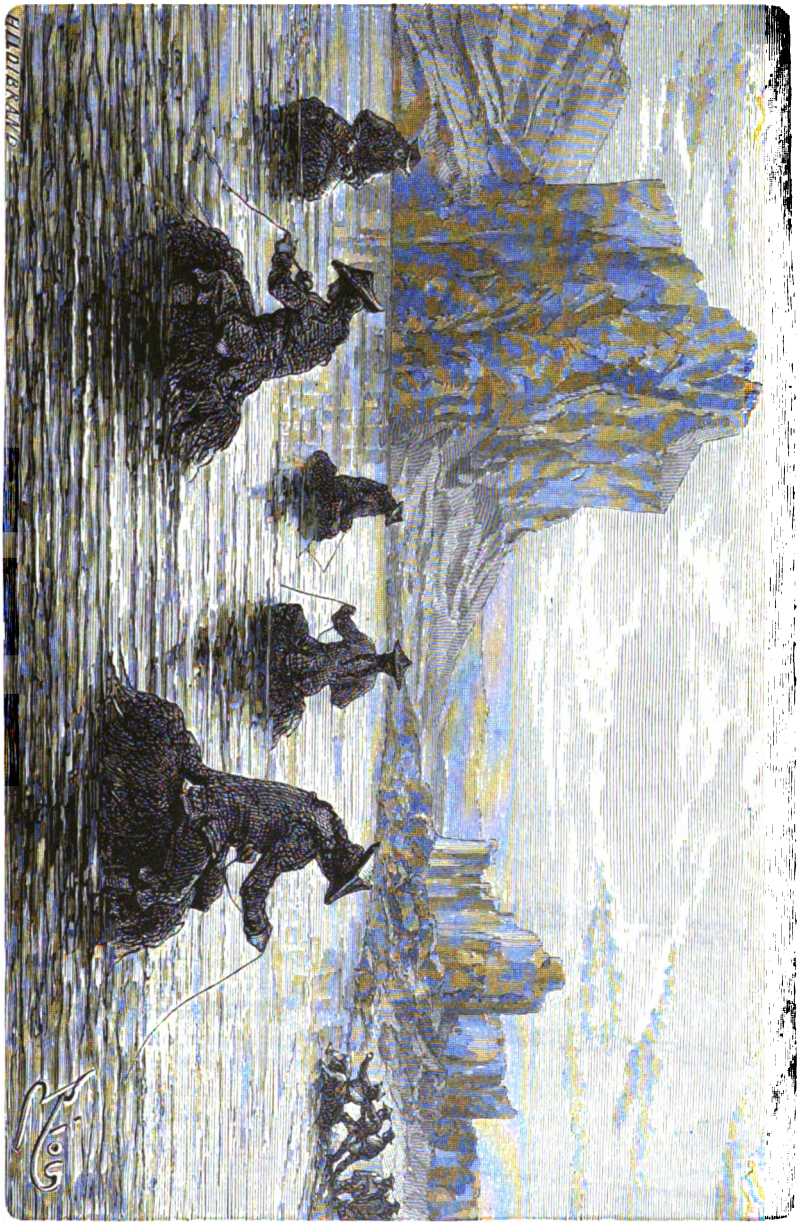

FISHING IN THE LAKE OF VILAFRO.

ing-house attached, where the industry of llama-raising was carried on. As they drew near, these animals, to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred, could be seen wandering about the fields and grazing on a short, stiff grass that covered the ground. They purchased from the keeper of the farm a llama six months old, which, according to the testimony of the Indians, would furnish an excellent roast, and as they set out again the little animal trotted by the side of the

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mules. Leaving Quimsachata behind them, Quispè led the party from the main road to follow a steep path among the rocks which the mules climbed like goats. The purpose of this deflection, as he explained, was to enable Marcoy and Leroux to visit certain stones near the village of Chalqui, which the Indians are convinced are all that remain of the ancient capital of the empire of the Great Cana. Instead of a city fallen into decay, however, Marcoy saw when he reached the place what he regards as the site of an old quarry of the days anterior to the coming of the incas, the most complete specimen of which class of antiquities in Peru is that of Ollantay-Tampu, in the district of Urubamba.

RUINS AT CHALQUI.

To the left of the road, on a slope, rose a monolithic cube as large as one of the thatch-roofed huts of the country, in the eastern side of which were the simulacra of a door and a window, with oblique jambs, cut into the rock for a distance of less than half a foot. To the right, on a hillock, was a rectangular mass of stone hollowed out in the interior, without a ceiling, and pierced with a single door having inclined sides. A row of stones, some standing on end and others lying on the ground, resembling Celtic menhirs, extended along the base of the hillock. Near this eminence was a still higher hill, steep in ascent and of elegant outline, up which wound a very precipitous path. Its summit was crowned with a sort of square-work, hollow within, with oblique faces and pierced with three doors.

Marcoy's explanation of the antiquities is that they are not ruins of an ancient city, as Quispè declared them to be, but that the quarrymen, after their labor of extracting the stones from the quarry was finished, hewed some of the stones into their present shapes and cut the pretended doors and windows in the sides as a matter of amusement and in order to give them the appearance of monuments. However, as he says, Quispè's version was not without its justification, for the reason that the Cana nation had once inhabited this region, and when the incas appeared in Peru houses similar in design to the Chalqui ruins were occupied by them. The Canas were a fierce and

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courageous people, and for a long time struggled against the invasion of the Children of the Sun, and it was only when the twelfth inca, Huayna Capac, married the daughter of their chief, Atun-Cana, that they became reconciled to the inca rule.

From the ruins the travelers journeyed on through the village of Chalqui, from which the monumental stones take their name. The village was silent, and, as at Condoroma, all the houses were closed. Quispè informed Marcoy that the inhabitants, together with the people of Condoroma and the other neighboring villages, were probably at that moment assembled in the plain of Chiñini, about a league distant, for the purpose of celebrating the feast-day of San Isidro, the patron saint of laborers and the guardian saint of agriculture. The fact that such a festival should be celebrated seemed strange to Marcoy, considering that as far as the eye could reach the region they

VILLAGE OF COPORAQUE.

were traversing presented nothing but a succession of snow and rock, with here and there a patch of feeble grass, but not an inch of cultivated land. The fact is, however, that the procession of San Isidro's Day, which starts annually from the village of Collana, the principal town of the district — situated to the right of the road they were traveling — has no reference to the crops, real or possible, but is merely an opportunity for a little diversion.

Borne on the winds, the murmur of the merrymaking came to the ears of Marcoy and his companions. At these sounds of revelry Quispè and his people betrayed an unwonted excitement, for in imagination they already sniffed the fumes of the *chicha* and the brandy which they knew formed the substantial joys of the festival. As the party approached the plain the noises grew louder, until finally, emerging from a narrow gorge, the cavalcade debouched into an extensive open space in which stood an altar formed of planks resting on four posts, with an arched altar-piece composed of mirrors hired for the occasion, and a figure of the Virgin with a lighted candle on either side of it. Above the Virgin's head hung festoons of roses, while from the altar-piece waved the

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Peruvian colors attached to poles. As they reached the scene they saw the celebrants, who had just arrived, marching down a steep path in the mountains past the altar to the number of a thousand or twelve hundred of both sexes—Indians, most of them. Four men bore on their shoulders a platform on which was a standing figure of the saint dressed in a green robe, with shaven crown and with a nimbus around his head. In his right hand was a watering-pot and in his left a rake. The platform was deposited in front of the altar, and at the same moment a flourish of tin trumpets, supplemented by a noisy tune the product of a drum and two guitars, gave the signal for the procession to break ranks. The members at once began to fraternize, and jugs of chicha and brandy were passed around from hand to hand. Perceiving that his guides were all anxiety to join the revelers, Marcoy accorded them the privilege of mingling for half an hour in the festivities. At the expiration of that time he ordered the "recall" to be beat, and when the men had come together, a trifle shaky on their legs from their potations, he gave directions to his party to mount and away. For some time after leaving the plain the sounds of rejoicing were still audible, dying away at last long after the scene had faded from their view.

THE CURATE OF COPORAQUE.

The increasing dangerous steepness of the road between the plain of Chiñini and Coporaque induced the travelers, as they progressed, to abandon the reins to their mules. The careful animals picked their way cautiously and bore their riders in safety over the perils that lay under foot. Near the village of Aconcahua they passed certain ruins called "the Four Chapels of Aconcahua," monolithic stones fifteen or twenty feet square, similar in design to those at Chalqui, and affirmed by the natives to be the remains of the palace of Atun-Cana, king of the Canas. A few minutes later the cavalcade drew rein in Coporaque, where Quispè and his companions were to leave the travelers' service.

The entrance into Coporaque created a sensation. All the women and children flocked to the doors and windows to inspect the visitors. Presently, those of the women whose husbands were among the arriving muleteers rushed forth to greet them, and bore them off in triumph to their respective homes. Left alone with Quispè, Marcoy request-

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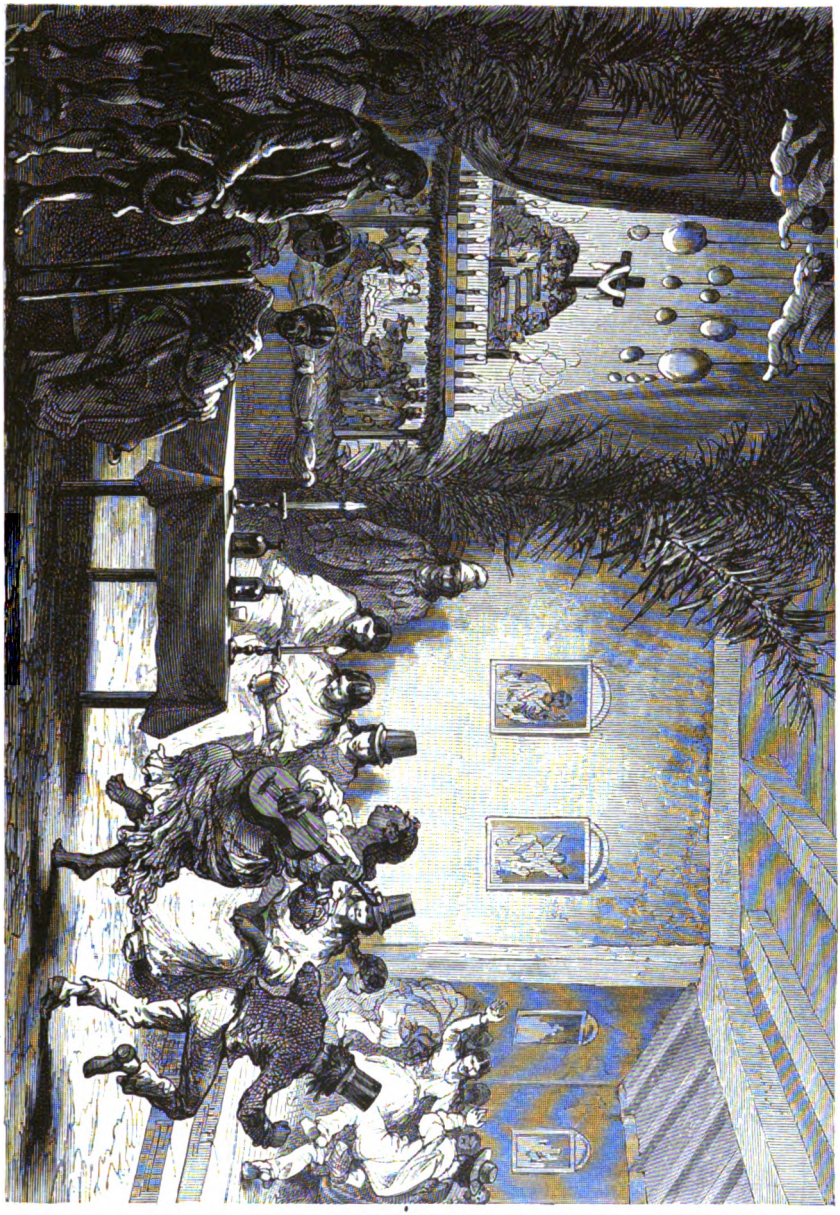

NATIONAL DANCE.

ed the guide to point out to him the parsonage. The curate of the place, Don Mariano Teran by name, gave them a cordial welcome, and, though Marcoy's only purpose was to ask the priest to engage a guide for them as far as the limit of the regions of cold, the latter was so persistent in his friendly requests that they should remain with him until the next day at least that the travelers were forced to consent. The curate was of mingled Indian and Zambo origin. In

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one of the rooms of his house was a valuable collection of Peruvian antiquities ranged on three shelves against the wall. These articles had been presented to him at various times by pious people whose spiritual director he was, but Don Mariano esteemed them simply as so many curious objects, and would have prized equally a musical-box or a cunningly-carved cocoanut if Marcoy had given him one.

At supper our travelers sought to obtain some information regarding the monolithic blocks of Chalqui and Aconcahua, but they could learn nothing more definite about them than what Quispè had already told them. But the worthy curate gave them all the information about himself which they could possibly have desired. Thus, they learned that once a year he visited in his pastoral capacity the eleven settlements attached to his curacy; that his annual expenditures for alms amounted to about twenty dollars; and that the widows and orphans of Coporaque, and also certain holy women of the place, eight in number, were under his special charge. All these were required to work at some useful occupation, and Don Mariano paid them for their labor in small sums or the equivalent in clothing. Thus, the widows were charged with the duty of keeping the streets in repair by filling with stones the ruts caused by the thaws; the orphans gathered the droppings of llamas from stables, which were used for fuel in Don Mariano's kitchen; and the holy women washed the curate's shirts and surplices and the altar-cloths, sang the responses, the anthems and the litanies during service, and plucked away from the ground near the parsonage a vigorous growth of dogwood that grew there.

At breakfast the next morning the curate, who lost no opportunity to exalt his province in the minds of his guests, invited the travelers to visit with him the cave of Huarunini, which was situated about a league from the town and on their route of travel. Before setting out Marcoy broached the subject of a guide. To his question the curate replied by asking whether Quispè had not given satisfaction; and when Marcoy remarked that Quispè had been most exemplary in his conduct, but that he had no desire to tear him from the bosom of his lately-rejoined family to undertake another journey, Don Mariano answered with a laugh, "Oh, is that all? Quispè will go with you as far as Cusibamba, and still farther if necessary; but at Cusibamba you will find the Indians who cultivate pimento and coca, and you can accompany them into the warm valleys, whither they go to carry their wares to market."

Our traveler could not help thinking that this was a very cavalier way of disposing of the unfortunate Quispè by the latter's spiritual adviser, but he promised to himself to reward the good fellow liberally for the additional labor imposed on him. A few minutes later Quispè appeared on the scene with a most woebegone look, but prepared to resume the duties of guide. When all was ready for departure, the company, including two Indians provided with torches for the lighting up of the cave, left Coporaque. In about an hour's time they reached Huarunini, a hamlet composed of seven huts grouped at the foot of a mountain, immediately along which lay the road, at this point a narrow ledge not more than five or six feet wide, with the mountain-wall on one side and a yawning abyss, one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in depth, on the other. A false step of a mule during this passage might have proved fatal to its rider. When the other end of the perilous pass was attained, they wound around the mountain, and soon reached a dark opening in its side, the entrance to the cave.

Accompanied by the torch-bearers, the curate and his guests entered the fairy-like grotto. The interior was a wonderful receding intricacy of elegant pillars, a vaulted roof crossed by massive ribs, pendent stalactites and uprising stalagmites, all glittering with a solemn whiteness or flashing back the hues of the rainbow as the wavering torchlight fell on them. The Indians of the party seemed uneasy, during their stay in the cave, in the presence of the phenomenal

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GORGE OF THE APURIMAC.

whiteness and the unfamiliar shapes that crowded before their gaze, and doubtless in their simplicity they regarded the beautiful grotto of Huarunini as the abode of gnomes and hobgoblins, if not actually one of the approaches to the bowels of the earth. When the visit was over and the explorers emerged into the open air, the native attendants breathed a sigh of relief.

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At the threshold of the cave the travelers parted from their host, who rode away with his two Indians southwardly, while they, accompanied by Quispè, followed the route to the north. After a rough ride over a desolate road, about nightfall they reached Velille, a town eight leagues distant from the grotto. Next to San Tomas, Velille is the most important town of the province of Chumbivilcas. It is situated in a picturesque spot at the entrance to a gorge formed by the escarpment of several low mountains. As the travelers entered the village the church-bells were ringing joyous peals. Marcoy inquired of Quispè the cause of this merry tintinnabulation, and was informed that the day being December 24th—a fact that our travelers had forgotten altogether—the bells were ringing in the *Noche Buena*, or "Good Night"—in other words, Christmas Eve. As they made their way along the street the indications of the festival became more numerous, for they saw people coming and going, while a profusion of lights twinkling here and there in the darkness showed that an illumination of the town was in progress.

The first thing to be considered by the travelers was the question of lodgings for the night, and Quispè conducted them to the tampu, at the entrance to which was suspended a lantern. In pursuance of a custom connected with the occasion of this festival, the *chicherias*, or meat-shops, were transformed for the nonce into eating-houses, which were to be kept open all night for the convenience of the public and the profit of their owners. From one of these establishments Quispè procured supper for Marcoy and Leroux, who after the meal strolled through the streets to see what was going on.

The throngs without had increased while the travelers were at supper, and everybody seemed to be in a holiday humor. The fronts of the houses were draped and festooned with flags and streamers, and a shadowy appearance was given to passers-by as they walked in the circle of the vague light emitted by the lanterns hanging at the windows. The church at this hour was closed, and was so to remain until midnight, when it would open its doors and display its interior resplendent with light from a multitude of candles. The travelers in their peregrinations observed that certain of the houses were in some way objects of special attraction to the crowd, for people were entering and departing from them in a constant stream. They buttonholed a visitor retiring from one of them, and interrogated him regarding these goings and comings. He replied that the families in the dwellings referred to were celebrating a *nacimiento*, or festival in commemoration of the birth of our Saviour, and that entrance was free to all pious persons who might wish to make their devotions before the shrine of the infant Jesus. Acting upon this hint, they followed the line of visitors into a low, well-lighted room, whose whitewashed walls were hung with religious pictures. In the background an altar, semicircular in shape, reproduced the touching scene in the manger at Bethlehem. A representation of Mount Calvary, surmounted with a cross, overlooked the group in the stable, all the figures of which were made of painted pasteboard, and the whole presented to the observer at one glance the birth and death of Jesus—the Beginning and the End.

A dozen women were seated in front of the nacimiento, and near them was a table on which were two candles, a couple of bottles and a drinking-glass. At the moment of our travelers' entrance a woman of fifty years and a young *cholo* were executing a national dance to the music of a guitar held by the woman. At each figure of the dance they paused a moment to make a curtsey directed toward the altar. When a visitor presented himself, a woman of the company, who seemed to be in charge of the nacimiento, rose from her seat, filled the glass with brandy and offered it to the newcomer with the utterance of a set phrase, to which the visitor gave a reply expressive of his thanks, and then stood at one side awaiting his turn to indulge in a dance before the nacimiento. After

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his dance he repaired to an adjoining room, where his predecessors were skipping about merrily. What is said here of the male visitor applies as well to the visitor of the female sex. The dances executed in the adjoining room were of the kind that the Spaniards call *troche y moche*, a designation which may be rendered in English by the term "helter-skelter." In their quality as strangers Marcoy and Leroux escaped the ceremony of dancing before the altar, but before they retired they accepted the customary glass of brandy, which was offered them in the name of the child Jesus.

Leaving the worthy Velilleos to celebrate Christmas Eve after their own fashion, our travelers repaired to their cells in the inn. Bright and early next morning they were in the saddle, and, leaving the sleeping town behind them, were on the road to the village of Pampanca, the next halting-place. For some distance beyond Velille the road lay along a narrow path that skirted the sides of mountains that bordered a deep ravine through which flowed the Velille River, and for the half hour they consumed in passing through the gorge they trembled lest some inadvertence should cause them to follow to the depths below the downward-rolling stones which their mules at every step detached from the soil and set in motion. Beyond this locality they left behind them several villages that lay on the right-hand side of the road. In one of these villages, Livitaca, was exposed for a long time one of the limbs of a martyr of liberty, the cacique José Gabriel Tupac Amaru, a descendant of the incas, who, defeated in an insurrection which he led against the Spaniards nearly a hundred years ago, was captured, tried and condemned at Cuzco, and quartered in that city on the 18th of May, 1781, by order of the Spanish supreme court.

About a league from Pampanca the travelers caught a glimpse of a river whose bed was contracted between perpendicular schistous sandstone formations. It was the Apurimac, rushing at the rate of fifteen knots an hour over an inclined plane studded with rocks, and bounding and foaming at the base of the sandstone barriers. A turn in the road hid the stream from their view, and soon after they rode along a winding path between rocks into Pampanca, a *pueblo*, or hamlet, of eleven thatch-roofed houses built on a hill.

After a frugal supper they slept in one of the ranchos of the hamlet, stretched on the ground with their ponchos for coverings and their saddles for pillows. They rose early the next morning, and speedily resumed their journey. An hour later they reached the village of Pampacucho. The descending slope of the country between the two points was so rapid that at the latter place they were surprised to find themselves surrounded by fields of oats, lucerne, beans and potatoes. But this relative condition of fertility ceased after Pampacucho was passed, for a desolate region again met their eyes as they rode through the villages of Colcha and Ayrapalpa, which next appeared on their route. A few miles farther on, however, the slope still continuing, they again entered a belt of vegetation, and a warm breeze blowing in their faces made them aware that they were about to leave the bleak country of snows to experience the mild climate of the temperate zones. The exceptional temperature that greeted them at this stage was due to the propinquity of the two fertile valleys of Totohuaylla and Huacacha, veritable oases which lay sheltered in the mountains about ten miles distant, and in which grow to maturity the banana, the orange, the papaw fruit and other productions of tropical climates. As they approached Cusibamba, where they expected to find the pimento and coca Indians who were to supply Quispè's place, the road continued as rough as ever, but the face of surrounding Nature assumed a softer aspect. The depths of the ravines along their course were covered with bushes, and their sides were carpeted with grasses and plants, while the rocks were green with mosses, and trees and shrubbery at intervals enlivened the scene.

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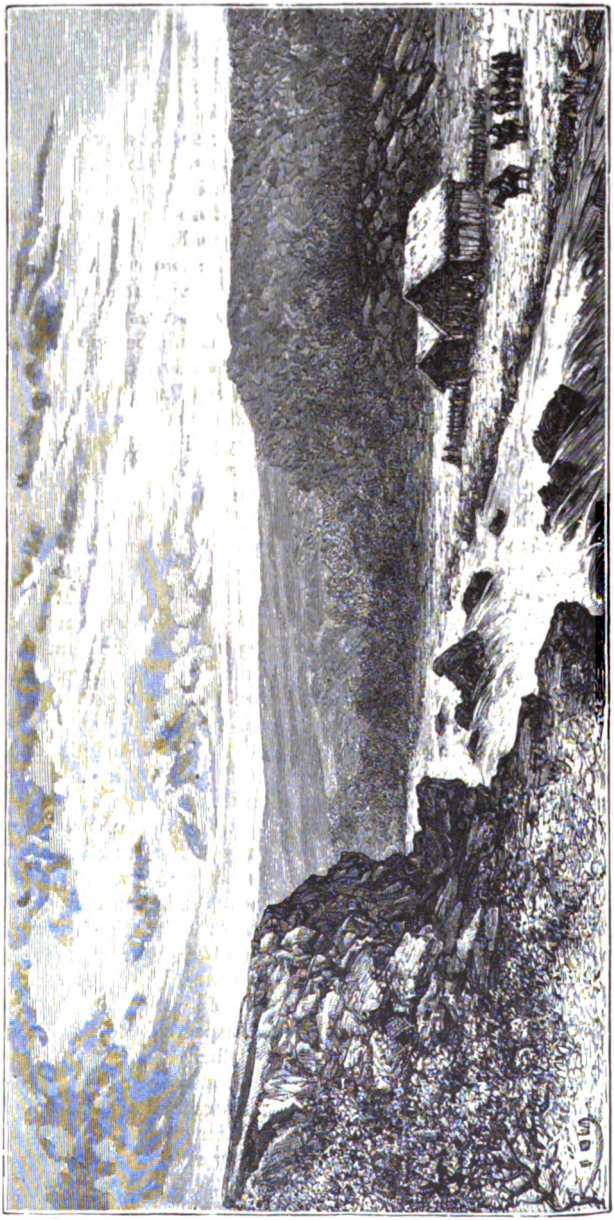
IN THE VALLEYS OF PERU.

THIRD PART.



THE VALLEY OF JARAMA.

AN unexpected disappointment—especially to poor Quispè—awaited the party at Cusibamba Not a single one of the trading Indians whose presence there had been promised by the curate of Coporaque was to be found in the village, and Marcoy, much to his annoyance, was compelled to call on Quispè for continued service as guide. This decision, which had not been anticipated, produced a marked change in the unfortunate Indian's countenance. The pleased smile which his face had worn while he was nearing Cusibamba gave way to a gloomy scowl, and although Marcoy promised to reward his services amply when they should cease to be needed, the pecuniary outlook did not seem to compensate him at all for this protracted absence from his wife and children and the friends of his youth. How-

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ever, as he was unable to furnish a substitute, the party rode away from Cusibamba, as they had entered it, with Quispè directing the route.

A league from Cusibamba the river of that name forms a junction with the Apurimac, and here they rejoined the latter stream, and crossed it on a frail sort of suspension bridge which hung above the yellow, turbulent river dashing over the rocks seventy-five feet below. They led their mules by the bridles over this unsteady crossing, moving cautiously, and holding by a rope stretched from shore to shore. The temperature continued to grow milder as they progressed, and large spaces were covered with grass and herbage. By sundown they had forded or crossed on bridges seven tributaries of the Apurimac. Only two farms had met their sight since their departure from Cusibamba, and at one of these, called Intimama, which they reached at the close of day, they resolved to stop for the night. It was enclosed between grassy-sloped hills, and the

THE RANCHERIA OF HUATQUINA.

dwellings consisted of two huts shaded by clumps of the tropical sapota tree and the wide leaves of the banana. The only inhabitants of this solitude seemed to be an old woman, a younger female and two children. At the moment of their arrival the elderly female, seated on a stool, was engaged in combing and exploring the hair of the younger woman, who was kneeling before her, while the youngsters, in the costume of the Stone Age, were squatted on either side, attentively watching the proceedings. The party passed the night under the roof-tree of this primitive family, after partaking of a supper of bananas baked in the ashes, and before sunrise the next morning they had mounted their mules and resumed their journey.

A ride of two hours brought them into the narrow valley of Jarama, between two ranges of abruptly-sloping hills, covered halfway to their tops with shrubs and bushes. Crossing the Rio Jarama, they soon reached the rancheria of Huatquina, a verdurous spot embowered in trees and shrubbery. Back of its three houses was a luxuriant mingling of flowers and foliage.

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Through an opening in this leafy mass of vegetation were visible large green tracts bathed in the sunlight. On the left of the scene rose a group of sandstone rocks of picturesque shape in which myrtle trees had fastened their twining roots. The travelers sought one of the houses, where dwelt in common two families of wood-cutters, who prepared them a meal consisting of smoked mutton and jiraumont, a vegetable fruit of the size of a pumpkin.

SOURCE OF THE RIO MESACANCHA.

Between Huatquina and the source of the Rio Mesacancha, which they reached in the afternoon, the scenery presented an unvarying succession of verdurous levels and barren ridges. In the whole uninhabited reach of country there was neither cultivation nor dwelling to give token of the presence or the labor of man. From the top of one of the low hills which they crossed they saw to their right, rising dimly in the distance, the Peak of Malaga, a snow-covered cone which towers to the height of twelve thousand feet above the cordillera of Huilcanota. The minor peaks grouped about the colossus, and seeming to serve as its pedestal, resembled the billows of a swelling sea on which a sudden freezing temperature had seized, solidifying them as they rose and fell. The shining whiteness of this arctic background was intensified by the long undulations of verdure formed by the outlines of intervening mountains and plateaux which were defined clearly against the distant snowy perspective, making the latter still whiter by the contrast. Before reaching Chollacchaca, a hamlet of seven houses, where they intended to spend the night, they caught sight of a beautiful cascade which descended between two wooded peaks At a distance the waterfall résembled a ribbon of foam, and seemed to be not more than a yard wide, but of a height of at least three hundred feet. The cascade, Quispè said, was the source of the Rio Mesacancha, one of the tributaries

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which the Urubamba receives in its course through the valley of Santa Ana, north of Cuzco.

The sight of the source of the Mesacancha recalled to Marcoy's mind how, some years before, he had made two or three excursions into the valley of Santa Ana from Cuzco, and had visited several haciendas on the Santa Ana River, the acquaintance of whose owners he had formed in that city. Among the planter-friends of those days was a certain canon, Don Justo Apuramo de Sahuaraura — the last representative of the ancient line of the incas— whose plantation, Siete Vueltas, was situated in a secluded spot five leagues dis-

SIETE VUELTAS.

tant from the source of the Mesacancha, across the mountains and near the valley of Santa Ana. At Chollacchaca, where they passed the night, they received directions as to the route, and the mules having been saddled at daybreak, their host accompanied them to the bank of the Mesacancha River, a mile distant from the hamlet, in order to see them safely over that stream.

Their journey now became a toilsome one. For two hours their route lay across crevasses and ditches, up steep ascents and down rapid slopes—an ordeal which compelled their mules so to exert their skill and strength that the sweat poured from their chests and flanks and drenched the leggings which their riders wore according to the fashion of the country. On their way they passed the sugar-house of Mesacancha, which, concealed by the dense dark foliage of a grove of orange trees, was invisible from the road. The sound of human voices, mingled with the creaking of the roller, made them aware that the grinding of the cane was in progress, and that the *guarapo*, as the sweet juice of the cane is called by the natives, was flowing in streams into the wooden troughs below. After the sugar-house was left behind the roads became less rugged. Vegetation, aided in its growth by a thick layer of soil, began to replace the rocky surface that had prevailed farther back, the mountain-slopes were covered with verdure, and cedars and other large trees extended their grateful shade over the road, which at length debouched into a

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small circular dale, revealing the welcome sight of a farm-house. The little valley displayed a thick and luxuriant vegetation, which was kept in a constant state of green freshness by the waters of several springs. The house was roofed with thatch, and the jutting eaves, upheld by four pillars along their length, formed a veranda, of the kind which in these warm latitudes is used both as a sitting-room and a dining-room. The eaves and the pillars were festooned with a twining growth of *tumbos* (*Fuchsia gigantea*), with pink flowers nearly a foot long and bearing a fruit as large as a hen's egg.

While the travelers, who had checked their mules to pause and admire this charming retreat, were noting these features of the dwelling, an Indian near by engaged in some domestic task discovered them and uttered an exclamation of surprise. A moment after three persons appeared simultaneously under the

THE INCA-CANON AND HIS NIECES.

veranda. Marcoy at once recognized in them his friend the inca-canon and his two nieces, Manuela and Mercedes. They gazed at him doubtfully, as if endeavoring to recall him to their memory; seeing which, he dismounted, approached them and saluted each in turn.

"*Valgame Dios!*" exclaimed Don Justo in amazement. "It is our old friend, the little Frenchman!" Whereupon Marcoy fell into the canon's outstretched arms, while the nieces, one on either side of him, affectionately grasped his hands.

In the five years that had elapsed since he had parted from Don Justo a notable change had come over the last of the incas. His complexion, of a burnt-brick color in those past days, was now of a sepia hue. His features seemed to have grown harder and his lower lip protruded beyond its fellow. His jet-black hair remained the same, however. In point of costume he had not altered. When Marcoy had known him in Cuzco he usually wore a kind of brown overcoat fastened with a girdle, and a leather-visored cap of otter skin, and here, in the elevated temperature in which he again met him, he presented himself in the same attire. The nieces were not less faithful to the traditions of the past in the matter of their habiliments, which, as at the period of our traveler's first acquaintance with them, consisted of a short calico dress

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with black flowers on a red ground, and a shawl. Time had touched them, too, with his blighting wing, for the three horizontal lines extending across their foreheads and the fatal crows' feet at the outer corners of their eyes showed plainly that they were approaching the half century of their existence. But if less fresh-looking than of yore, their hearts and minds, as Marcoy soon discovered, were as gay as ever. During supper their liveliness of manner became still more pronounced, and while Don Justo, in answer to some question regarding the ruins of Chalqui, was in the middle of an archæological discourse that threatened to involve in its scope the entire reigns of all the eleven emperors of the dynasty of the Sun, they checked his dissertation by an abrupt proposition to have a little dancing and music.

The elder princess took down from the wall an ancient guitar, and with a preliminary thrumming of the strings requested Marcoy to open the ball with her sister. Not knowing how to escape the infliction, Marcoy was compelled to obey, and for twenty minutes his vigorous Atalanta of a partner literally "led him a dance" around and around the room, until, exhausted and acknowledging himself vanquished, he dropped into a chair. Pierre Leroux's turn came next, Marcoy's partner having taken the guitar and her sister having seized the saturnine planter of the valley of Tambo. If Marcoy, with some knowledge of dancing, had had cause to complain of the strength of limb of his companion in the sport, Leroux, who knew nothing at all about the accomplishment, and who was far from being a frisky person under any circumstances, was in even a worse plight. The elder sister proved to be a very Antæus in petticoats. Awkward in bearing and rigid in his movements, the wretched Leroux surrendered himself to his fate, and succeeded in keeping on his feet, to the great delight of the canon, who, imagining — simple man! — that his guest was enjoying himself, encouraged him with lively applause. During the intervals between the dances small glasses of Pisco brandy were handed around, and it was not until a late hour of the night, and when the travelers' legs were threatening to give way under them, that the diversion was brought to an end, much against the wishes of the canon's nieces, however, who vainly endeavored to dissuade their guests from their inglorious abandonment of the field.

After breakfast next morning, Marcoy and Leroux, resisting the entreaties of their hospitable entertainers to remain a week longer, prepared to resume their journey. Quispè was paid and dismissed, Don Justo having placed a servant at their disposal as a guide to Cascabel, besides furnishing them with a letter of introduction to the proprietor of a hacienda, the only estate worthy of that name, in the valley. Having ridden to some distance, the two friends halted to wait for the peon whom Don Justo had deputed to serve them as guide. This person, Juan Pedro by name, came up shortly after on foot, bending beneath the weight of a hamper of provisions which the ladies had packed for their guests. Then, in obedience to the canon's instructions, Juan took a position about ten paces in advance, and the journey toward Cascabel began. The fatigues of the mountain-ride that followed and the influence of a vertical sun soon caused an intolerable desire for water. The hamper was examined, but it contained only solids, among which, however, were several bananas and a number of oranges and lemons, which to some extent answered the purpose of quenching their thirst. Pedro was a gainer by the circumstance, for with the lightening of the hamper he straightened himself, and with a much lighter heart in his bosom walked with a much brisker step. They finally reached a steep hill, which the guide informed them was the last on the route. Its sides were covered with a diminutive species of mushroom called by the people *cetas*, much sought after by epicures. Between this hill and another, called the "Stairs of Huarancalqui," because of the resemblance of its side to a series of gigantic steps, is a gorge in which flows a torrent, the source of the Huarancalqui River. The travelers descended

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the first hill into the gorge, in order to reach the other side of the stream. As they went down the light of day seemed to be withdrawn from them, until at last only a thin strip of blue sky was visible through the aperture above. When they reached the bottom of the gorge, through which rushed the torrent with a deafening din, they stood in a strange sort of greenish light, which enveloped the place like a mist and gave to it a supernatural and solemn appearance. They crossed the torrent on logs laid transversely, ascended the "Steps of Huarancalqui," descended the other side of that mountain, and found themselves at the entrance to the valley.

For several hours they proceeded on their way up the valley through a region in which vegetation increased at every step, but where all was solitude, and where Nature reposed in her original garb. Toward the decline of day their gaze lighted on a building with white walls and a thatched roof which stood in relief against a background of orange and sapodilla-plum trees. Juan Pedro announced the arrival with a loud cry of "Cascabel!" and, apparently intent on his own personal ends, shot ahead of the party, unmindful of the canon's directions, and walked with hasty steps toward it, leaving Marcoy and Leroux to follow at their leisure. The shout that he had uttered, echoing in the silence, had brought to the door a middle-aged woman, attired in a simple costume consisting of a straw hat and a couple of indispensable cotton garments, who, shading her eyes from the rays of the setting sun, looked around to discover the cause of the cry. The guide accosted her, and after a short colloquy, during which the unknown threw up her hands as if in astonishment, she advanced to meet the travelers, whom she greeted with an *Allillamanta hueracochas* ("Good-day, gentlemen!"), proclaimed herself the mistress of Cascabel, and invited them with a gracious air of welcome to enter the house.

The interior of the residence resembled that of most of the dwellings of the valleys of the sierra, and presented the appearance of a mingling of easy circumstances and poverty, of show and negligence. The walls were hung with pictures representing sacred scenes, side by side with housekeeping utensils and bunches of onions and grapes, while the spaces between were filled with spiders' webs which swayed in the breeze. Seated on stools which their hostess offered them in lieu of chairs, our travelers answered the hundred questions which Doña Monica Valdez — for so was the mistress of Cascabel named — asked them regarding the health of her friends of Siete Vueltas.

While they were conversing the door at the back of the house opened suddenly, and a charming young girl appeared on the threshold. At sight of the strangers she uttered a little cry like that of a scared bird, and stopped short, but in the next moment, recovering from her surprise, and with a flushed face, she advanced to where her mother sat. Her costume, like that of her mother, was adapted to the exigencies of the climate.

"This is my daughter Dolores, who has just returned from the house of one of our neighbors," remarked Doña Monica to her guests: then turning to Dolores, she added, "These gentlemen are friends of the Sahuaraura family, who warmly recommend them to us."

After the greetings were over, and when Marcoy and Leroux, who had risen at the formal introduction, had resumed their seats, Doña Monica continued her remarks to her daughter. "Does your corpse look pretty in full dress, my dear?" she asked.

"Indeed does she," was the reply of Dolores. "Only, my gown was too large for her, and I was obliged to take in a piece at the back."

Politeness kept Marcoy and Leroux silent on hearing this curious query and its rejoinder, but the doña observed their surprise in their faces, and hastened to explain the mystery. A young girl, the daughter of a neighbor, had died the evening before, and her body had been laid in state before being taken to its place of burial at Soncospata. According to the usage of the country, the corpse

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had been arrayed in all the finery that could be procured, and in this way was it that Dolores had devoted one of her dresses for its adornment. She ended by her inviting her guests to go with her to the house where the body was exposed, assuring them that the family would be gratified at their presence. They thanked her and accepted the invitation.

It was night when the mother and daughter, each with a lantern in her hand, accompanied by the guests, left the farm-house and led the way to the *pueblo* or chief settlement of the valley, a few hundred yards distant. They entered one of a group of thatch-roofed houses, the interior of which was lighted up, as could be seen through the open doors. Within were a number of visitors, Indians of both sexes, who ranged themselves along the wall at the entrance of the newcomers, so as to give them access

DOÑA MONICA AND HER DAUGHTER DOLORES.

to the corpse, which lay on a bed of Spanish make, propped up in a half-sitting position with pillows. The body was that of a girl of thirteen years. An old silk dress, much too large for it, enveloped it in loose folds, and a diadem of tinsel surmounted with ostrich-feathers adorned the head. Altogether, the contrast between the cheap finery and the pallid face of the corpse was shocking to the sensibilities. Above the body two small lamps, placed on the posts of the bed, gave a vague light and emitted a thick and offensive smoke.

A table stood at the foot of the bed covered with a cloth, and on it were a crucifix placed between two candlesticks, a saucer of holy water, a glass, and two bottles, which Marcoy, from his knowledge of the customs at such ceremonies, supposed to contain *tafia*, or rum. At either end of the table a little Indian, wearing a head-band through which struggled his disheveled hair, stood on guard, and in order to give the two a resemblance to angels watching over their dead sister, each was provided with a pair of pigeon wings tied beneath the shoulder-blades with strings. The majority of the mourners were women, and during the whole time Marcoy and Leroux were present the company contented themselves with gazing at them in a vacant way.

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On their return to Cascabel, and after supper, Marcoy asked Doña Monica whether she could engage for them two willing men to serve as guides to the limit of the valley, or farther if necessary, as the guide whom Don Justo had furnished had never gone beyond Cascabel. She replied that all the men of the *pueblo* were to assist in carrying the corpse the next day to Soncospata, about nine miles distant, but that she would question them on the morrow on the subject. Contenting himself with this promise, Marcoy begged permission to retire, with his friend, to repose. The worthy matron conducted them herself to the room reserved for them, and there, on soft couches composed of the fleece of sheep covered with white sheets, the travelers, fatigued with their ride and climbings over the mountains, soon fell asleep.

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IN THE VALLEYS OF PERU.

CONCLUDING PART.

COURSE OF THE TAMBO APURIMAC.

MARCOY was gratified to learn the next morning that guides had been secured, and that they would be prepared for the journey immediately on their re-

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turn from the burial, which would be in the afternoon. The travelers devoted the morning to cleaning their guns, sharpening their knives and selecting from their clothing and wrappings such articles as might be needed. Prompt to the hour, the guides presented themselves, giving no evidence in their manner that they had walked eighteen miles that morning.

Acting under their advice, Marcoy and Pierre Leroux decided to make the last stage of their journey on foot, and leave their mules at the hacienda. They could ride only a part of the way, owing to the bad condition of the roads, and there was danger that their mules, if left unguarded in the mountains, might be devoured by the fierce puma, or that their blood might be sucked by the vampire (or leaf-nosed) bat. In a little while the last preparations were made, the packages were divided among the attendants, and the travelers bade a temporary farewell to Doña Monica and the fair Dolores, both of whom promised to offer up daily and nightly prayers for their safety.

The journey down the valley of Huarancalqui led them, almost at the outset, among scenes rarely visited by man and consecrated to the spirits of silence and solitude. Later in the day they passed a few scattered *chacaras* (or small plantations) of maize, coca, pimento, cacao and sugar-cane, some of which belonged to the guides who accompanied them and to their friends, and each one of which was provided with its *ajoupa*, or hut, which the owner occupied for the brief period when he resorted to the plantation to gather his crop. The spontaneous growths around these cultivated tracts were limited to repetitions of a few kinds of trees and plants, the vegetation becoming more feeble in proportion as it grew on the mountain-sides more distant from the Huarancalqui River, until finally on the tops of the mountains it degenerated into a short grass. The first night of their departure from Cascabel was spent under the shelter of an ajoupa, from which they swept away the old straw, the relics of its last occupancy, and a saddle-cloth served them for a bed.

They resumed their tramp the next morning before sunrise, and after a march the monotony of which was unbroken by any exciting incident, they reached, about eleven o'clock, a plantation known as Melchior Encuentro, where a small stream, also called Melchior, empties into the Huarancalqui. Melchior, who seems to have been during his lifetime—he had been dead about twenty years—the prevailing genius of the valley of Huarancalqui, was a half-caste who had been the first to explore the valley for its whole length and establish relations with the Indians of the interior. After him likewise was named the Cerro Melchior, the mountain at which Marcoy's journey was to end. He had been something of a Fra Diavolo in his day, and as a souvenir of his exploits his former place of residence still bore his name, although it belonged at this period to other proprietors. At the close of the day's journey they found themselves near the ajoupa attached to the last plantation that lay on the route through the valley. Here they supped, and the guides having lighted a great fire as a measure of precaution against prowling pumas, they retired to rest, lulled to sleep by a distant murmur which to Leroux's uneducated ears sounded like the poetic fall of a remote cataract, but which Marcoy, better informed, knew at once to be the cries of a troop of *guaribas*, or howling monkeys.

The first discovery made on leaving their camping-ground next morning was an old clearing on the left bank of the river. Above the bushes could be seen the remains of certain mud walls, which, the guides said, were the ruins of an old mission that had existed in this locality in former times, although they were ignorant of the period of its foundation and the names of the founders. Calling on his knowledge of the past to assist him in assigning to these ruins an approximate date of erection, Marcoy remembered that a certain Franciscan missionary, Fray Biedma, had been the first to penetrate to this part of Peru—which was at that period occupied by the great nation of Antes, Campas or Moscas, as they were variously called—and to establish mis-

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BIVOUAC ON THE CERRO MELCHIOR.

sions among the natives. He therefore concluded that the remains went back to the year 1677 and the years following, and that the mission was founded half a century before the official discovery of this region, which later was known to the missionaries, to geographers and on the maps as the Great Pajonal. The travelers encamped that night in the open air, and a superb red-crested *hocco*, a bird of the gallinaceous family, which Leroux had killed in the course of the

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day, was roasted for supper. After the meal the saddle-cloth that served as a mattress was spread out, and Marcoy and Leroux, old campaigners in the woods as they both were, went to sleep before the fire wrapped in their ponchos.

They rose next morning three hours later than usual, the sun being high above the horizon before they opened their eyes. They explained the fact to their own satisfaction by holding the excellent supper of the previous night and the murmurous sound of the river's flow responsible for their extraordinary sleepiness. The attendants were already prepared for the journey, and the start was made immediately. After half an hour's walk the Indian guides, who were in advance, retraced their steps to inform Marcoy that Cerro Melchior would soon be visible. Leroux shrugged his shoulders at the announcement, which the guides made with a certain solemn gravity, and declared that for his part he had seen so many cerros of various kinds, large and small, since he had left Tambo, that one cerro more or less made little difference to him. But to Marcoy, fired with the enthusiasm of the traveler, this particular cerro was of no small consequence, for it was the end of his laborious journey over mountains and valleys. As they advanced along the road, the distant perspective was hidden from their eyes by a clump of trees, but when these were passed, Cerro Melchior appeared on their right, apparently a mile and a half away, presenting the appearance of a truncated cone, overtopping the mountains that surround it, and contrasting its dark green color, due to the thick growth of vegetation that covers it from base to summit, with the yellowish hue of its neighbors. As Marcoy gazed at it he began to speculate within himself on the fact that Nature had provided each valley of the eastern part of Peru with an isolated mountain of this conical shape, thickly covered with trees and other growths; and the question occurred to his mind, Might not these mountains have served in past ages as vents for the volcanic forces generated in the interior of the ramifications of the great chain of the Andes, and in course of time have become extinct, to become at some future day the vent-holes of similar renewed volcanic upheavals? The craters of some of these cones, which exist at present in the shape of lakes full to the brim with water of icy coldness, and others filled with a mass of ligneous vegetation transformed into turf-pits, would seem to justify our traveler in his theory.

What immediately interested Marcoy, however, was the fact that the valley ended suddenly at this point, that the Huarancalqui here joined the Apurimac, and that he had traversed a valley the course of which was not to be found on any known map, and of the existence of which the vast majority of the Peruvians themselves were totally ignorant.

At the junction the width of the Apurimac was about one hundred and sixty yards, that of the Huarancalqui about fifty. There was a difference, too, in the height and appearance of the shores of the respective rivers, for while the Huarancalqui's were low and marshy and barren of vegetation, those of the Apurimac were ten or twelve feet high, and overgrown with dense forests whose trees surpassed in altitude the palm.

After a pause of a few minutes the travelers determined to follow the right bank of the Apurimac to its junction with the Rio Aquillabamba, ten leagues lower down. They went forward for this purpose, but they soon found that an insuperable obstacle intervened in the shape of an impassable thicket of vines and climbing plants. Baffled by this veritable wall of wild vegetation, they halted to consult. The result was a decision to go round the base of Melchior and so reach the river, but on their attempting to carry this plan into execution they were met by another barrier that they had not taken into account, for after a wearisome and painful tramp they saw before them a chain of mountains, the beginning of which joined Cerro Melchior, but the end of which extended beyond the range of their vision in the distance. The discovery of this impediment again brought them to a pause, and while they were gazing at each other in

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ASCENDING THE CERRO MELCHIOR.

perplexity Pierre Leroux was seized with a sudden bright thought. "Let us have breakfast," he said, "and while we are eating we can consider what is best to be done."

The repast, consisting of dried beef and the cooked roots of yams, was soon despatched, and as Leroux swallowed his last mouthful he tapped his forehead, put on a wise look, and remarked, "I have it! Let us get to the river by climbing Cerro Melchior."

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After a brief reflection Marcoy perceived that this was the surest and speediest way of attaining their end, and the plan having been explained to the guides, who did not receive its announcement in the most cordial manner, the latter led the way toward the mountain. A march of a quarter of an hour brought them to the foot of the cerro, which they found to consist of long layers of grit-sandstone of a roseate hue, covered with a soil which was thick enough to nourish the roots of the grass that grew on the first approaches. As these grasses rose as high as the waist, and the travelers were obliged to pass through them for a considerable distance, fire was applied to them, and the flames soon burnt them away, leaving a clear track of white ashes where they had stood. As the flames spread great numbers of birds sheltered in the grass rose in alarm and took to flight. Marcoy and Leroux posted themselves on some rocks out of reach of the fire, and from that position watched the progress of the conflagration. The burned space was still smoking when the party passed over it and began to ascend the mountain. A few hundred yards up, the smaller plants that had succeeded the belt of grasses were replaced by a dense growth of large trees —among them cedars, jacarandas and mahogany trees, tendrils, creepers and climbing plants—a vegetation, in short, so inextricably mingled that the laws of botany seemed set at defiance. So thick was the leafy arch above their heads that only stray rays of the declining sun's golden light could pierce through the foliage, and the forest was peopled with a noisy, moving, fluttering colony of quadrupeds and birds which disappeared as suddenly as they appeared. Gray monkeys, squirrels, opossums, toucans, woodpeckers and a multitude of parrots hopped about on the ground or flew among the trees, uttering their various cries.

The approach of night found them still ascending the mountain, with no hope of reaching the summit before darkness should overtake them. They selected a sleeping-place and soon prepared for their bivouac, and as a safeguard against the mountain-mist and the dew they stretched above their heads a sort of awning, using for the purpose one of the large cloths in which the Indians carried their bundles. A fire was built of some dead branches gathered near by, which served the double purpose of affording heat and of roasting three birds that Pierre Leroux had killed during the afternoon.

The night passed without incident, and the ascent of the mountain was resumed at an early hour. By ten o'clock the limit of the forest-belt was reached, and at this stage, owing to the heat of the sun and the physical fatigue they had undergone, the two travelers began to be troubled with an exceeding thirst. They sought relief in chewing leaves, but the attempt was a failure. Leroux declared seriously that he felt symptoms of approaching hydrophobia and a growing inclination to bite somebody. The Indians were ordered to beat about the woods in search of a spring. They were absent two hours on the search, and finally returned with a panful of rain-water which they had found, mingled with leaves and bark, in a depression of the ground. The water was reddish in color, and after filtering it through handkerchiefs the travelers drank it, not without making several wry faces over its bitter taste, due to the infusion of the leaves and bark of the quinine-plant.

Resuming their journey, after an hour of fatiguing walking they entered a zone of sedge-like plants. Here and there among these grasses a tree appeared that seemed as if lost and astray from its fellows. But there was every reason to believe that a forest had once covered all this space up to the summit, judging from the large number of logs buried in the soil and from the enormous roots, partly covered with a thick moss, that crossed each other on the surface. When this belt was passed the top of the mountain rose before their eyes. They hastened their steps to reach it, but their progress was suddenly stayed by a projecting mass of rock which must be crossed before the summit could be gained. The difficulty was soon overcome. A human ladder

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SEARCHING FOR WATER.

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was improvised out of the two guides, who stood, after the manner of circus acrobats, one on the shoulders of the other, while the servant-man climbed along their bodies to the top of the ledge, taking with him one end of a rope by means of which Marcoy and Leroux afterward ascended.

The summit of Cerro Melchior was an uneven plateau about a mile and a half in circumference, and its surface, where not bare, was covered with a short, blackish moss or with grasses of dwarfish growth. In the direction of the southeast the eye commanded a prospect of more than one hundred and sixty miles, extending to the confines of the valley of Carabaya, the bluish hue of whose sierras was blent with the azure of the sky. From the south to the west and from the west to the north the solemn and massive picture of the Andes chain was spread before the travelers, presenting a confused medley of ridges, summits, slopes and peaks, white with snow for half their height—a gigantic stairway, as it were, which, projecting and undulating by turns, descended into the flat regions, where its last steps were lost in an ocean of verdure. Over this vast expanse of country, lighted up by the sun and colored with different tints according to the character of its surface, whether of barren plains or cultivated fields or virgin forests, appeared as on a raised map the towns, villages, hamlets and farms lying in the departments of Ayacucho and Junin, between Abancay and Tarma. The rivers flowing down from the cordillera, and their tributaries, could be seen winding through the landscape, like so many silver threads amid the green carpeting of the vegetation. These streams, to the number of thirty-two, all emptied into the Apurimac, whose visible course embraced a curve of more than three degrees of latitude. At the base of Cerro Melchior the pale-green waters of the Apurimac flowed peacefully, framed in by lines of forest trees, while two small islands reflected their foliage in the river's bosom.

For two hours was Marcoy engaged in taking notes and in sketching the scenes that met his gaze from the summit of the mountain, but long before the expiration of that time Leroux had composed himself to sleep. As Marcoy closed his notebook his companion awoke.

"Well," said Leroux, "what road shall we take now to reach the bank of the Apurimac in order to continue our journey?"

"The journey is ended," replied Marcoy. "Those low hills which you see over yonder on our right, and toward which the Apurimac is flowing, are the divisions which separate it into three arms at the place where the Aquillabamba joins it. I speak from knowledge, having once had occasion to spend on the pebbles of its banks one of those nights the memory of which never leaves us."

"Then tell me, why, having once seen it, you have come thus far to see it a second time? A river has neither false hair nor a made-up figure, that a man should become so excited in its pursuit."

"Listen, my friend," returned Marcoy. "When I crossed this continent I had traced the course of the Apurimac only from its junction with the Rio Aquillabamba-Santa Ana. I was more anxious to complete it from its source to the point you see because no traveler hitherto had reproduced in its whole length the course of the Apurimac-Amazon. Now this gap has been filled. As the time will come, if it has not come already, when steamboats will ply in the great river that I descended in a pirogue, and railroads penetrate those wildernesses through which I walked so painfully, I wished to be the first to tell the world of what I have done. If there be aught of vaingloriousness in this aspiration, thoughtful people will pardon me in reflecting that I have paid dearly for the privilege of speaking of myself. And now, my friend, let us go."

Two days after this brief conversation Doña Monica and Dolores had the pleasure of greeting Marcoy and Leroux once more at Cascabel. But the travelers tarried only a few hours, for, with strength of will enough to resist the hospitable invitations of their hostesses to remain longer, they spoke their farewells and

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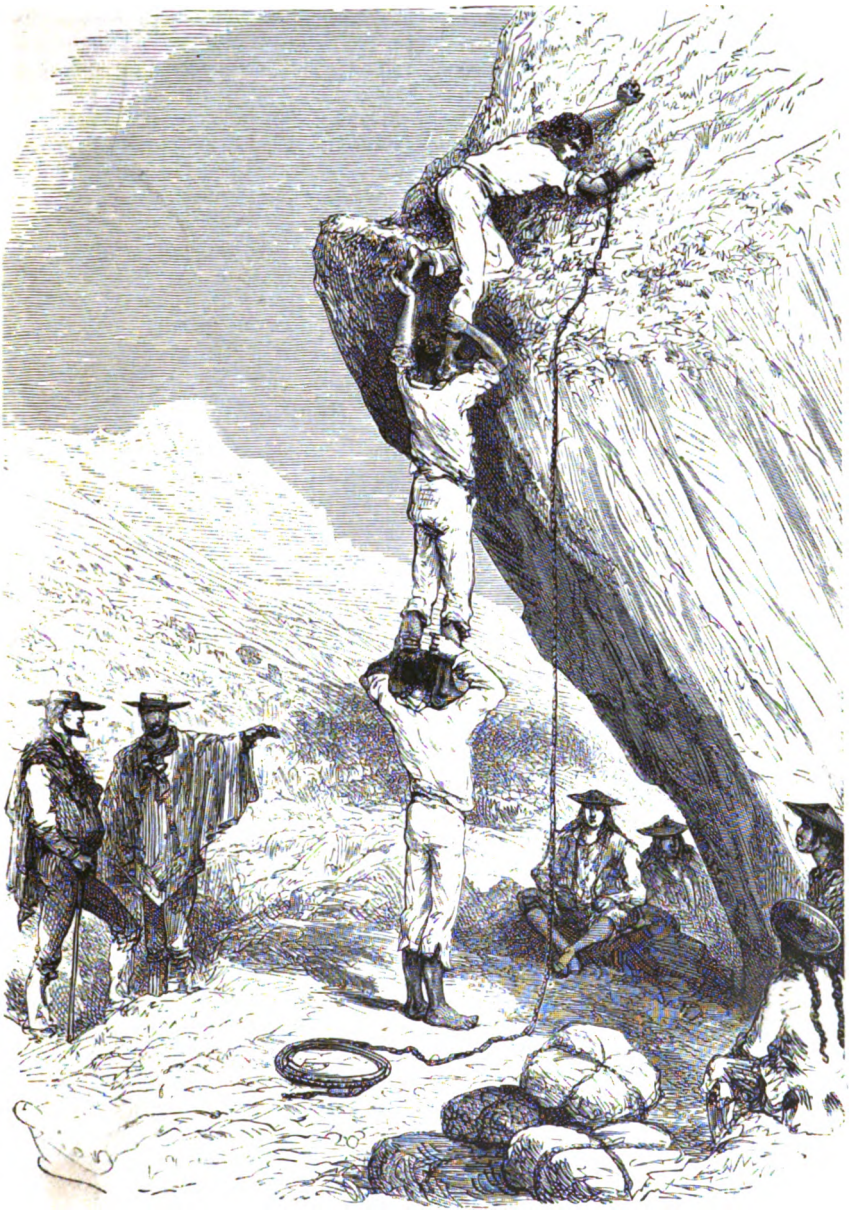

CLIMBING A LEDGE.

set out for the valley of Santa Ana. Marcoy was on his way to Cuzco, and Leroux, dwelling with increased bitterness on the loss of his machinery as the hour of parting from Marcoy approached, was about to turn his face toward Tambochico and the distant shores of the Pacific.

In the afternoon of the fourth day after their departure from Cascabel the friends

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stood in the pampa of Anta with hands clasped, bidding each other good-bye. In the distance rose against the horizon of the prairie the reddish mass of the houses of Cuzco. Thus, while Marcoy had but six miles before him, Leroux looked forward to a weary, lonely journey of one hundred and twenty leagues.

"You will visit me at Tambochico at the end of the year?" said Leroux.

"You will write to me once a month at least?" said Marcoy.

And so, with mutually affirmative answers to these questions, they parted. But alas for human nature and human friendships! Neither promise was kept.

GLIMPSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

TWO PARTS.—I.

WE sailed from Trieste in the Venus, one of the Austrian Lloyds, with a very agreeable captain, who had been all over the world and spoke English perfectly. There were very few passengers—only one lady besides myself, and she was a bride on her way to her new home in Constantinople. She was a very pretty young Austrian, only seventeen, but such an old "Turk of a husband" as she had! Her mother was a Viennese, and her father a wealthy Englishman: what could have induced them to marry their pretty young daughter to such a man? He was a Greek by descent, but had always lived in Constantinople. Short, stout, cross-eyed, with a most sinister expression of countenance, old enough to be her father, the contrast was most striking. His wife seemed very happy, however, and remarked in a complacent tone that her husband was *quite* European. So he was, except that he wore a red fez cap, which was, to say the least, not "becoming" to his "style of beauty."

We had a smooth passage to Corfu, where we touched for an hour or two. N—— and I went on shore, climbed to the old citadel, and were rewarded with a glorious view of the island and the

AMMALE.

harbor at our feet. We picked a large bouquet of scarlet geraniums and other

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flowers which grew wild on the rocks around the old fortress, took a short walk through the town, and returned to our boat loaded with delicious oranges fresh from the trees. Several fine English yachts lay in the harbor. We passed close to one, and saw on the deck three ladies sitting under an awning with their books and work. The youngest was a very handsome girl, in a yacht-dress of dark-blue cloth and a jaunty sailor hat. What a charming way to spend one's winter! After our taste of the English climate in February, I should think all who could would spend their winters elsewhere; and what greater enjoyment than, with bright Italian skies above, to sail over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, running frequently into port when one felt inclined for society and sight-seeing, or when a storm came on! for the "blue Mediterranean" does not always smile in the sunlight, as we found to our sorrow after leaving Corfu.

Our state-room was on the main deck, with a good-sized window admitting plenty of light and air, and the side of the ship was not so high but we could see over and have a fine view of the high rocky coast we were skirting — so much pleasanter than the under-deck state-rooms, where at best you only get a breath of fresh air and a one-eyed glimpse out of the little port-holes in fine weather, and none at all in a storm. Imagine, therefore, my disgust when, on returning from our trip on shore at Corfu, I found twilight pervading our delightful state-room, caused by an awning being stretched from the edge of the deck overhead to the side of the ship, and under this tent, encamped beneath my window, the lesser wives, children and slaves of an old Turk who was returning to Constantinople with his extensive family! His two principal wives were in state-rooms down below, and invisible. Well, if I had lost the view from my state-room of the grand mountainous coast of Greece, I had an opportunity of studying one phase of Oriental manners and costume at my leisure. There were three pale, sallow-looking women of twenty or twenty-five years of age, with fine black eyes — their only attraction; two old shriveled hags; four fat, comfortable, coal-black slave-women; and several children. They had their finger-nails colored yellow, and all, black and white, wore over their faces the indispensable *yashmak*, and over their dress the *ferraja*, or cloak, without which no Turkish woman stirs abroad. As it was cold, they wore under their ferrajas quilted sacques of woolen and calico coming down below the knee, and trousers that bagged over, nearly covering their feet, which were cased in slippers, though one of the negresses rejoiced in gorgeous yellow boots with pointed toes. The children had their hair cut close, and wore their warm sacques down to their feet, made of the gayest calico I ever saw — large figures or broad stripes of red, yellow and green. The boys were distinguished by red fez caps, and the girls wore a colored handkerchief as a turban. They covered the deck with beds and thick comforters, and on these they constantly sat or reclined. When it was absolutely necessary a negress would reluctantly rise and perform some required act of service. They had their own food, which seemed to consist of dark-looking bread, dried fish, black coffee and a kind of confectionery which looked like congealed soapsuds with raisins and almonds in it. Most of their waking hours were employed in devouring oranges and smoking cigarettes.

We had rough weather for several days, and the ship rolled a good deal. The captain made us comfortable in a snug corner on the officers' private deck, where, under the shelter of the bridge, we could enjoy the view. One amusement was to watch the officer of the deck eat his dinner seated on a hatchway just in front of the wheel, and waited on by a most obsequious seaman. The sailor, cap under his arm, would present a plate of something: if the officer ate it the man would retire behind him, and with the man at the wheel watch the disappearance of the contents. If the officer left any or refused a dish, the sailor would go down to the kitchen for the next course, first slipping what was left or re-

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jected behind the wheel, and after presenting the next course to the officer would retire and devour with great gusto the secreted dish; the helmsman sometimes taking a sly bite when the officer was particularly engaged.

The Dardanelles were reached very early in the morning. The night before I had declared my intention to go on deck at daylight and view the Hellespont, but when I awoke and found it blowing a gale, I concluded it would not "pay," and turned in for another nap. All that day we were crossing the Sea of Marmora with the strong current and wind against us, so it was dark before we reached Constantinople, and our ship was obliged to anchor in the outer harbor till the next morning. Seraglio Point rose just before us, and on the left the seven towers were dimly visible in the starlight. We walked the deck and watched the lights glimmer and stream out over the Sea of Marmora, and listened to the incessant barking of the dogs.

Next morning, bright and early, we entered the Bosphorus, rounded Seraglio Point and were soon anchored, with hundreds of other vessels, at the mouth of the Golden Horn. Steam ferryboats of the English kind were passing to and fro, and caïques flitted in and out with the dexterity and swiftness of sea-gulls. Quite a deputation of fez caps came on board to receive the bride and groom, and when we went ashore they were still smoking cigarettes and sipping at what must have been in the neighborhood of their twentieth cup of Turkish coffee. Madame A—— was very cordial when we parted, saying she should call soon upon me, and that I must visit her. We bade adieu to our captain with regret. He was a very intelligent and entertaining man. The officers of the Austrian Lloyd line ought certainly to be very capable seamen. Educated in the government naval schools, they are obliged to serve as mates a certain time, then command a sailing vessel for several years, and finally pass a very strict examination before being licensed as captains of steamers. Amongst other qualifications, every captain acts as his own pilot in entering any port to which he

TURKISH LADY.

may be ordered. They sail under sealed orders, and our captain said that not until he reached Constantinople would he know the ship's ultimate destination, or whether he would retain command or be transferred to another vessel. It is the policy of the company seldom to send the same steamer or captain over the same route two successive trips. In time of war both captains and ships are liable to naval duty. As we passed the island of Lissa the captain pointed out the scene of a naval engagement between the Austrians and Italians in 1866, in which he had participated. The salary of these officers is only about a thousand dollars a year.

We embarked with our baggage in a caïque, which is much like an open gondola, only lighter and narrower, and generally painted in light colors, yellow being the favorite one, and were soon landed at the custom-house. A franc satisfied the Turk in attendance that our baggage was all right, and it was immediately transferred to the back of an *ammale*,

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or carrier. These men take the places of horses and carts with us. A sort of pack-saddle is fastened on their backs, and the weights they carry are astonishing. Our ammale picked up a medium-sized trunk as if it was a mere feather: on top of this was put a hat-box, and with a bag in one hand he marched briskly off as if only enjoying a morning constitutional. We made our way through the dirty streets and narrow alleys to the Hôtel de Byzance in the European quarter. This is a very comfortable hotel, kept in French style, and most of the attendants speak French. Our chamber*maid*, however, is a *man*, a most remarkable old specimen in a Turco-Greek dress—long blue stockings and Turkish slippers, very baggy white trousers, a blue jacket, white turban twisted around his fez cap and a voluminous shawl about his waist. His long moustache is quite gray, but his black eyes are keen as a hawk's, and as he moves quickly and silently about my room, arranging and dusting, I fancy how he would look in the same capacity in our house at home.

Our hotel stands in the Rue de Pera, the principal street of the European quarter, and as it is narrow the lights from the shops make it safe and agreeable to walk out in the evening. This is one of the few streets accessible to carriages, though in some parts it is difficult for two to pass each other. Most of the shops are French and display Paris finery, but the most attractive are the fruit-shops with their open fronts, so you take in their inviting contents at a glance. Broad low counters occupy most of the floor, with a narrow passage leading between from the street to the back part of the shop, and counters and shelves are covered with tempting fruits and nuts. Orange boughs with the fruit on decorate the front and ceiling of the shop, and over all presides a venerable Turk. In the evening the shop is lighted by a torch, which blazes and smokes and gives a still more picturesque appearance to the proprietor and his surroundings. You stand in the street and make your purchases, looking well to your bargains, for the old fellow, with all his dignity, will not hesitate to cheat a "dog of a Christian" if he can. From every dark alley as we walked along several dogs would rush out, bark violently, and after following us a little way slink back to their own quarter again. Each alley and street of the city has its pack of dogs, and none venture on the domain of their neighbors. During the day they sleep, lying about the streets so stupid that they will hardly move; in fact, horses and donkeys step over them, and pedestrians wisely let them alone. After dark they prowl about, and are the only scavengers of the city, all garbage being thrown into the streets. The dogs of Pera have experienced, I suppose, the civilizing effects of constant contact with Europeans, as they are not at all as fierce as those of Stamboul. They soon learn to know the residents of their own streets and vicinity, and bark only at strangers.

Quite a pretty English garden has been laid out in Pera, commanding a fine view of the Bosphorus. There is a coffee-house in the centre, with tables and chairs outside, where you can sip your coffee and enjoy the view at the same time. The Turks make coffee quite differently from us. The berry is carefully roasted and then reduced to powder in a mortar. A brass cup, in shape like a dice-box with a long handle, is filled with water and brought to a boil over a brasier of coals: the coffee is placed in a similar brass dice-box and the boiling water poured on it. This boils up once, and is then poured into a delicate little china cup half the size of an after-dinner coffee-cup, and for a saucer you have what resembles a miniature bouquet-holder of silver or gilt filigree. If you take it in true Turkish style, you will drink your coffee without sugar, grounds and all; but a little sugar, minus the coffee-mud at the bottom, is much nicer. Coffee seems to be drunk everywhere and all the time by the Turks. The cafés are frequent, where they sit curled up on the divans dreamily smoking and sipping their fragrant coffee or hearing stories in the flowery style of the *Arabian Nights*. At the street corners the coffee-vender squats before his little charcoal brasier

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and drives a brisk business. If you are likely to prove a good customer at the bazaar, you are invited to curl yourself up on the rug on the floor of the booth, and are regaled with coffee. Do you make a call or visit a harem, the same beverage is immediately offered. Even in the government offices, while waiting for an interview with some grandee, coffee is frequently passed round. Here it is particularly acceptable, for without its sustaining qualities one could hardly survive the slow movements of those most deliberate of all mortals, the Turkish officials.

A few days after our arrival my friend of the steamer, Madame A——, the pretty Austrian bride, invited me to breakfast, and sent her husband's brother, a fine-looking young Greek, to escort me to her house. He spoke only Greek and Italian—I neither: however, he endeavored to beguile the way by conversing animatedly in Italian. As he gazed up at the sun several times, inhaled with satisfaction the exhilarating air and pointed to the sparkling waters of the Bosphorus and the distant hills, I presumed he was dilating on the fine weather and the glorious prospect. Not to be outdone in politeness, I smiled a great deal and replied to the best of my ability in good square English, to which he always assented, "Yes, oh yes!" which seemed to be all the English he knew. Fortunately, our walk was not long, and Madame A—— was our interpreter during the breakfast. Her husband was absent.

The breakfast was half German, half Turkish. Here is the bill of fare: Oysters on the shell from the Bosphorus—the smallest variety I have ever seen, very dark-looking, without much flavor; fried goldfish; a sort of curry of rice and mutton, without which no Turkish meal would be complete; cauliflower fritters seasoned with cheese; mutton croquettes and salad; fruit, confectionery and coffee. With a young housekeeper's pride, Madame A—— took me over her house, which was furnished in European style, with an occasional touch of Orientalism. In the centre of the reception-room was a low brass tripod on

SERAGLIO POINT. GOLDEN HORN.

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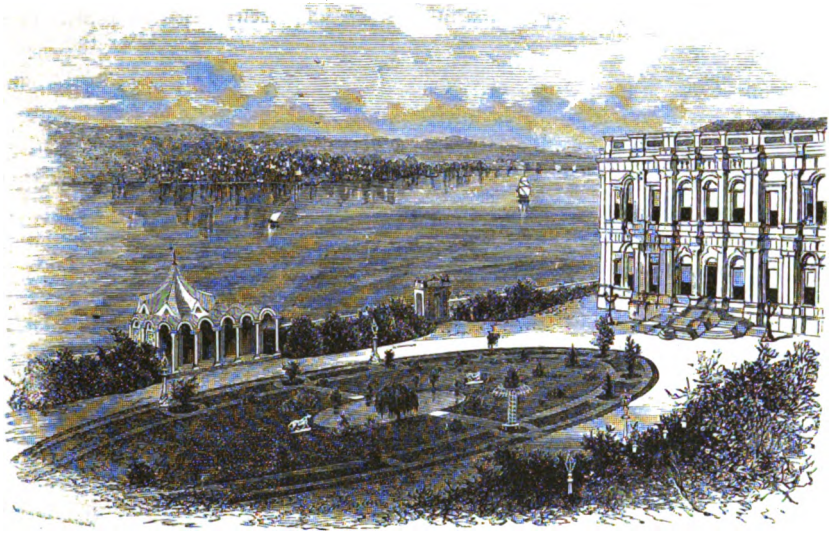
which rested a covered brass dish about the size of a large punch-bowl. In cold weather this is filled with charcoal to warm the room. "Cold comfort," I should think, when the snow falls, as it sometimes does in Constantinople, and there the Greek and Armenian ladies lean back on their cushions, smoke their cigarettes and have a good view up and down the street. There was a pretty music-room with cabinet piano and harp, and opening from that the loveliest little winter garden. The bow-window was filled with plants, and orange trees and other shrubs were arranged in large pots along the side of the room. The wall at one end was made of rock-work, and in the crevices were planted vines, ferns and mosses. Tiny jets of water near the ceiling kept the top moist, and dripped and trickled down over the rocks and plants till they reached the pebbly basin below. The floor was paved with pebbles—white, gray, black and a dark-red color—laid in cement in pretty patterns, and in the centre was a fountain whose spray reached the glass roof overhead. There were fish in the wide basin around the fountain, which was edged with a broad border of lycopodium. A little balcony opening out of an upper room was covered with vines, and close to the balustrade were boxes filled with plants in full bloom.



THE SULTAN'S NEW PALACE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

But the housetop was my especial admiration. It was flat, with a stone floor and high parapet. On all four sides close to this were wide, deep boxes where large plants and shrubs were growing luxuriantly. Large vases filled with vines and exotics were placed at intervals along the top of the parapet. Part of the roof was covered with a light wooden awning, and a dumb-waiter connected with the kitchen, so that on warm evenings dinner was easily served in the cool fresh air of the roof. The view from here was magnificent — the Golden Horn, Stamboul with its mosques and white minarets, and beyond the Sea of Marmora. Where a woman's life is so much spent in the house, such a place for air and exercise is much to be prized, but I fear my pretty Austrian friend will sigh for the

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freedom of Vienna after the novelty of the East has worn off.

Of course we paid a visit to Seraglio Point, whose palmy days, however, have passed away. The great fire of 1865 burned the palace, a large district on the Marmora, and swept around the walls of St. Sophia, leaving the mosque unharmed, but surrounded by ruins. The sultan never rebuilds: it is not considered lucky to do so. Indeed, he is said to believe that if he were to stop building he would die. Seraglio Point has been abandoned by the court, and the sultan lives in a palace on the Bosphorus, and one of the loveliest spots on earth is left to decay. We entered through the magnificent gate of the Sublime Porte, passed the barracks, which are still occupied by the soldiers, visited the arsenal and saw the wax figures of the Janizaries and others in Turkish costume. The upper part of the pleasure-grounds is in a neglected state, and those near the water are entirely destroyed. In one of the buildings are the crown-jewels and a valuable collection of other articles. There were elegant toilet sets mounted in gold; the most exquisitely delicate china; daggers, swords and guns of splendid workmanship and sparkling with jewels; Chinese work and carving; golden dishes, cups and vases, and silver pitchers thickly encrusted with precious stones; horse trappings and velvet hangings worked stiff with pearls, gold and silver thread, bits of coral, and jewels; three emeralds as large as small hen's eggs, forming the handle of a dirk; and in a large glass case magnificent ornaments for the turban. There must have been thousands of diamonds in these head-pieces, besides some of the largest pearls I have ever seen; a ruby three-quarters of an inch square; four emeralds nearly two inches long; and a great variety of all kinds of precious stones. The handle and sheath of one sword were entirely covered with diamonds and rubies. There were rings and clasps, and antique bowls filled with uncut stones, particularly emeralds. It recalled the tales of the *Arabian Nights*. The collection is poorly arranged, and the jewels dusty, so that you cannot examine closely or judge very well of the quality. Those I have mentioned interested me most, but there were many elegant articles of European manufacture which had been presented to the sultan by various monarchs. Near the treasury is a very handsome pavilion, built of white marble, one story high, with fine large plate-glass windows. A broad hall runs through the centre, with parlors on each side. The walls were frescoed, and on the handsomely-inlaid and highly-polished floors were beautiful rugs. The divans were gilt and heavy silk damask—one room crimson, one blue and another a delicate buff. A few large vases and several inlaid Japanese cabinets completed the furniture: the Koran does not allow pictures or statuary. The view from the windows, and especially from the marble terrace in front, is one of the finest I have ever seen. The pavilion

MARBLE STAIRCASE, PALACE OF BESKIK-TASCH.

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stands on the highest part of Seraglio Point, two hundred feet above the water: below it are the ruins of the palace, and the gardens running down to the shore. Just before you the Bosphorus empties into the Marmora; in a deep bay on the Asiatic shore opposite are the islands of Prinkipo, Prote and several others; and on the mainland the view is bounded by the snow-capped mountains of Olympus. On the right is the Sea of Marmora. To the left, as far as you can

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

see, the Bosphorus stretches away toward the Black Sea, its shores dotted with towns, cemeteries and palaces; on the extreme left the Golden Horn winds between the cities of Stamboul and Pera; while behind you is St. Sophia and the city of Stamboul. It is a magnificent view, never to be forgotten. There are several other pavilions near the one just described. A small one in the Chinese style, with piazza around it, has the outer wall covered with blue and white tiles, and inside blinds inlaid with mother of pearl. The floor was matted, and the divans were of white silk embroidered with gilt thread and crimson and green floss. A third pavilion was a library.

From the Seraglio we drove to St. Sophia. Stamboul can boast of one fine street, and a few others that are wide enough for carriages. When the government desires to widen a street a convenient fire generally occurs. At the time they proposed to enlarge this, the principal street, it is said the fire broke out simultaneously at many points along the line. As the houses are generally of wood, they burn quickly, and a fire is not easily extinguished by their inefficient fire department. Then the government seizes the necessary ground and widens the street, the owners never receiving any indemnification for their losses. I need not attempt a minute description of St. Sophia. We took the precaution to carry over-shoes, which we put on at the door, instead of being obliged to take off our boots and put on slippers. A firman from the sultan admitted us without difficulty. We admired the one hundred and seventy columns of marble, granite and porphyry, many of which were taken from ancient temples, and gazed up at the lofty dome where the four Christian seraphim executed in mosaic still remain, though the names of the four archangels of the Moslem faith are inscribed underneath them.

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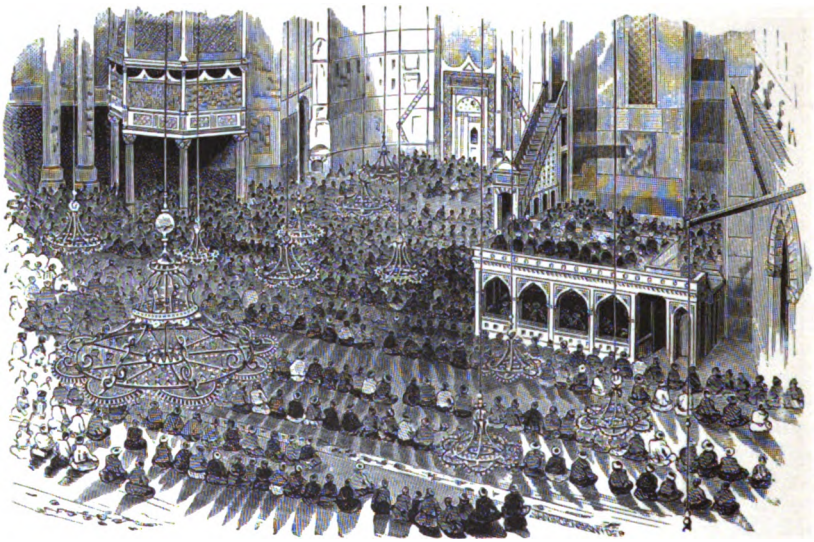
Behind where the high altar once stood may still be faintly discerned the figure of our Saviour. Several little Turks were studying their Korans, and sometimes whispering and playing much like school-boys at home.

The mosques of Suleiman the Magnificent, Sultan Achmed and Mohammed II. were visited, but next to St. Sophia the mosque which interested me most was one to which we could not gain admittance — a mosque some distance up the Golden Horn, where the sultan is crowned and where the friend of Mohammed and mother of a former sultan are buried. It is considered so very sacred that Christian feet are not allowed to enter even the outer court. As I looked through the grated gate a stout negress passed me and went in. The women go to the mosques at different hours from the men.

Not far from here is a remarkable well which enables a fortune-teller to read the fates of those who consult her. Mr. R——, who has lived for thirty years in Constantinople and speaks Turkish and Arabic as fluently as his own language, told me he was once walking with an effendi to whom he had some months before lent a very valuable Arabic book. He did not like to ask to have it returned, and was wondering how he should introduce the subject when they reached the well. Half from curiosity and half for amusement, he proposed that they should see what the well would reveal to them. The oracle was a wild-looking, very old Nubian woman, and directing Mr. R—— to look steadily down into the well, she gazed earnestly into his eyes to read the fate there reflected. After some minutes she said, "What you are thinking of is lost: it has passed from the one to whom you gave it, and will be seen no more." The effendi asked what the oracle had said, and when Mr. R—— told him he had been thinking of his book, and repeated what the Nubian had uttered, the effendi confessed that he had lent the book to a dervish and had never been able to recover it, and feared it was indeed lost. It was a lucky hit of the old darkey's, at any rate.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

An opportunity came at last to gratify a long-cherished wish by visiting a harem. Madame L——, a French lady who has lived here many years, visits in the harems of several pashas, and invited me to accompany her. I donned

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the best my trunk afforded, and at eleven o'clock we set out, each in a sedan chair. I had often wondered why the ladies I saw riding in them sat so straight and looked so stiff, but I wondered no longer when the stout Cretans stepped into the shafts, one before and the other behind, and started off. The motion is a peculiar shake, as if you went two steps forward and one back. It struck me as so ludicrous, my sitting bolt upright like a doll in my little house, that I drew the curtains and had a good laugh at my own expense. Half an hour's ride brought us to the pasha's house in Stamboul — a large wooden building with closely-latticed windows. We were received at the door by a tall Ethiopian, who conducted us across a court to the harem. Here a slave took our wraps, and we passed into a little reception-room. A heavy rug of bright colors covered the centre of the floor, and the only furniture was the divans around the sides. The pasha's two wives, having been apprised of our intended visit, were waiting to receive us. Madame L—— was an old friend and warmly welcomed, and as she spoke Turkish the conversation was brisk. She presented me, and we all curled ourselves up on the divans. Servants brought tobacco in little embroidered bags and small sheets of rice paper, and rolling up some cigarettes, soon all were smoking. The pasha is an "old-style" Turk, and frowns on all European innovations, and his large household is conducted on the old-fashioned principles of his forefathers. His two wives were young and very attractive women. One, with a pale clear complexion, dark hair and eyes, quite came up to my idea of an Oriental beauty. Not content, however, with her good looks, she had her eyebrows darkened, while a delicate black line under her eyes and a little well-applied rouge and powder (I regret to confess) made her at a little distance a still more brilliant beauty. I doubt if any women understand the use of cosmetics as well as these harem ladies. Her dress was a bright-cherry silk, the waist cut low in front, the skirt reaching to her knees. Trousers of the same and slippers to match completed her costume. The other wife was equally attractive, with lovely blue eyes and soft wavy hair. She was dressed in a white Brousa silk waist, richly embroidered with crimson and gold braid, blue silk skirt, white trousers and yellow slippers. They both had on a great deal of jewelry. Several sets, I should think, were disposed about their persons with great effect, though not in what we should consider very good taste. Being only able to wear one pair of earrings, they had the extra pairs fastened to their braids, which were elaborately arranged about their heads and hung down behind. There were half a dozen slaves in the room, who when not waiting on their mistresses squatted on the floor, smoked, and listened to the conversation. Coffee was brought almost immediately, the cups of lovely blue and white china in pretty silver holders on a tray of gilt filigree.

After sitting here a while exchanging the compliments of the day, we passed to the next room, a large saloon with windows and door opening into the court. Here a fountain threw up a sparkling jet of water, and several trees and flowering shrubs, with a profusion of ivy on the walls, made it a very attractive place. The child of the eldest wife, a bright-eyed little boy, was floating chips in the basin of the fountain, laughing and clapping his hands when the falling water upset them or wet his face. The floor was covered with large handsome rugs, and around the sides of the room were luxurious divans: little other furniture seems necessary in a Turkish house. We followed our hostesses' example and seated ourselves on the divans, though not, as they did, with our feet under us, and refreshments were served on a large gilt salver, in the middle of which was a handsome covered dish of Bohemian glass filled with sweetmeats, with vases on each side to match, one holding queer-shaped little spoons with golden bowls. There were also four glasses of water and four minute glasses of pale yellow cordial. Fortunately, the tray was passed first to Madame L——; so I

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watched her movements and learned what to do. She took a spoon from one vase, dipped it in the sweetmeats, and after eating placed her spoon in the empty vase. Then she took some water and drank a glass of cordial. So we each did (it is polite to taste but once), and placed the soiled spoon in the vase for that purpose. I did not need to be told that the sweetmeats were rose-leaves, for the flavor was perfectly preserved.

Madame L—— kindly repeated most of the conversation, which, on their sides, was chiefly composed of questions concerning Madame L——'s family: Was her husband as kind as ever? had he made her any presents lately? Was I married? what was my husband's personal appearance? did I love him? how old was I? where from? and where going? These and similar questions, which are considered perfectly polite and proper, they ask with the curiosity of children.

Then we were invited into a third room, where we were served with violet sherbet, cake and Turkish paste. After partaking of these the ladies sent for their jewel-boxes and displayed their treasures, which consisted of pins, earrings, necklaces, head and belt ornaments — some very handsome, and all composed of precious stones of more or less value, for a Turkish woman does not value an ornament that is not set with precious stones. This was an agreeable change from the former conversation, and when we had admired their jewels breakfast was served. The servants brought a scarlet rug of soft shaggy stuff, which was spread on the floor: a low round brass table, two feet high and three feet in diameter, was placed in the centre of this rug, and we four ladies seated ourselves around the table *à la Turque*. A servant brought a brass basin, which was like an immense wash-bowl with a cullender in it turned upside down: we washed our hands over this, water being poured over them from a large coffee-pot (I should call it) with an unusually long nose, and wiped our hands on handsome towels embroidered at the ends with gold thread. A dish of fried fish was placed on the table for the first course: each helped herself to one, laying it on the table before her (we had no plates, knives or forks), picking it to pieces and eating it with her fingers. When this was ended the débris was thrown on the platter and removed, the

HAREM SCENE.

table wiped off, and a dish of rice and mutton brought: for this we had spoons, but all ate from the dish. Then came an immense cauliflower covered thick with strange-tasting cheese, and the Turkish ladies used their thumbs and first two fingers in conveying it to their mouths. I am very fond of cauliflower, but this was not inviting. The next course was onions cooked in oil: I had to be excused from this also: the sight of their dripping fingers was enough. Then we washed our hands and ate oranges; washed again, and, lighting fresh cigarettes (they had smoked nearly all day), retired to our divans; sipped coffee and listened to an old negress (the story-teller of the harem), who, squatted before us, related marvelous stories in Eastern style. More sweetmeats and confectionery were passed with coffee, and our visit ended. A European woman could not support such a life — at home perfect inactivity, eating, smoking, gossiping, an occasional visit to or from a

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friend, a trip to the bazaar, and a drive—if they possess a carriage—or a row in a caïque to the Sweet Waters on Sunday. This is the life of a Turkish woman of rank.

A note from Madame B—— one morning informed me that the mother and wives of a rich Turkish merchant were coming to visit her, and invited me to be present. I reached her house about eleven, but the Turkish ladies were before me. The appearance of a servant in the hall with her arms full of yashmaks and ferrajas and several pairs of pattens apprised me that I was too late to see their street-dresses. In the reception-room were Madame B——, a lady who acted as interpreter, and the three Turkish ladies. They were uncontaminated by European customs or Paris finery. The mother was exceedingly ugly, as are most Turkish women over forty. A pair of high red morocco boots encased her feet, which were guiltless of stockings. White, full trousers were gathered close at the knee and fell over nearly to her ankles. Her dress was a short purple velvet skirt embroidered round the bottom and up the front with gilt braid in a showy vine pattern; the same embroidery on her black silk jacket, which was open in front, but without any lace; and around her neck was a magnificent string of pearls. Her hair (what there was of it) was drawn back from her face, braided, and the end of the little "pig tail" fastened to her head with a diamond pin composed of four fine diamonds in a clumsy gold setting. Long, pale amber ear-drops completed her adornments, and she flourished—yes, she really did—a large red and yellow bandana! The younger of the two wives was quite pretty. She had brilliant black eyes, good features, and was very attractive in her gay dress. She wore pink slippers, a heavy sky-blue silk skirt with trousers to match, and a yellow velvet sacque open in front, displaying a lace chemisette and a handsome turquoise necklace. Large gold hoops pulled her pretty ears quite out of shape, and her long black hair was braided in broad plaits and tied with a gilt ribbon, which was also wound about her head several times. Altogether, she was quite gorgeous, and rather threw the other wife into the shade. Wife No. 2 was arrayed in a dark-green velvet skirt and a pink silk jacket trimmed with silver braid. She had a garnet necklace and pretty earrings of small pearls and diamonds. Not to be outdone by her mother-in-law on the *mouchoir* question, she displayed a white muslin handkerchief thickly embroidered with gold thread—more ornamental than useful.

They were all curled up on divans sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes when I entered. Madame B—— presented me, and they received me very graciously, asked my age, examined my clothes and inquired if I had any jewels at home. I wore none, and suppose my black silk walking-suit did not impress them greatly. Dress is of the first importance in their eyes, and that and their husbands are the chief topics of interest when they visit each other. Conversation was not brisk, as the necessity of an interpreter is not favorable for a rapid exchange of ideas. After sitting in this room for an hour, Madame B—— informed me that Turkish etiquette required that she should now invite her guests into another room and offer other refreshments, then, after sitting there a while, to still another, and so on through the whole suite of apartments, refreshments (generally coffee, sweetmeats or sherbet) with cigarettes being offered in each. As they would probably remain till four or five in the afternoon, I excused myself, and reached the hotel in time to join a party going to the bazaar, thankful that I did not reside in Constantinople, and wondering how long Madame B—— would survive if she had to endure such visits frequently.

We started for our first visit to the bazaar, crossing the Golden Horn to Stamboul by the old bridge, which has sunk so in places that you feel as if a *ground-swell* had been somehow consolidated and was doing service as a bridge; up through the narrow streets of Stamboul, now standing aside to let a string of donkeys pass loaded with

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large stones fastened by ropes to their pack-saddles, or stepping into a doorway to let a dozen small horses go by with their loads of boards, three or four planks being strapped on each side, one end sticking out in front higher than their heads, and the other dragging on the ground, scraping along and raising such a dust you are not at all sure some neighboring lumber-yard has not taken it into its head to walk off bodily. Fruit-venders scream their wares, Turkish officers on magnificent Arab horses prance by, and the crowd of strange and picturesque costumes bewilders you; and through all the noise and confusion glide the silent, veiled women. One almost doubts one's own identity. I was suddenly recalled to *my* senses, however, by a gentle thump on the elbow, and turning beheld the head of a diminutive donkey. I supposed it to be a donkey: the head, tail and feet, which were all I could see of it, led me to believe it was one of those much-abused animals. The rest of its body was lost to sight in the voluminous robes of a corpulent Turk; and, as if he were not load enough for one donkey, behind him sat a small boy holding his "baba's" robe very tight lest he should slide off over the donkey's tail. I looked around for Bergh or some member of a humane society, but no one except ourselves seemed to see anything unusual. I thought if I were a Hindu and believed in the transmigration of souls, I would pray that, whatever shape my spirit took when it left its present form, it might not enter that of a much-abused and long-suffering donkey.

The bazaar! How shall I describe what so many travelers have made familiar? Some one has called it "a monstrous hive of little shops—thousands under one roof;" and so it is. Each street is devoted to a peculiar kind of merchandise. It would take more than one letter to tell all the beautiful things we saw—cashmere shawls, Brousa silks, delicate gauzes, elegantly-embroidered jackets, dresses, tablecloths, cushions, etc., of all textures and the most fashionable Turkish styles. We looked at antiquities, saw superb precious stones, the finest of them unset, admired the display of saddles and bridles and the array of boots and slippers in all colors of morocco. A Turkish woman never rushes round as we did from one shop to another, but if she wishes to buy anything—a shawl, for instance—she sits comfortably down on a rug, selects the one she likes best, and spends the rest of the day bargaining for it; during which time many cigarettes are smoked by both customer and merchant, much coffee drunk, long intervals spent in profound reflection on the subject, and at last the shawl is purchased for a tenth perhaps of the original price asked, and they part, each well pleased. It takes several visits to see the bazaar satisfactorily, and we felt as we left it that we had but made a beginning.

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GLIMPSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONCLUDING PART.

SCENE IN A BURIAL-GROUND.

THERE is a continuous fascination about this old city. The guide-book says, "A week or ten days are required to see the sights," but though we make daily expeditions we seem in no danger of exhausting them. Neither does one have to go far to seek amusement. I never look down into the street below my windows without being attracted by some object of interest. The little donkeys with their great panniers of long slim loaves of bread (oh, tell it not, but I once saw the driver use one as a stick to belabor the lazy animal with, and then leave it, with two or three other loaves, at the opposite house, where a pretty Armenian, that I afterward saw taking the air on the roof with her bright-eyed little girl, perhaps had it for her breakfast!); the fierce, lawless Turkish soldiers stalking along, their officers mounted, and looking much better in their baggy trousers and frock-coats on their fine horses than on foot; Greek and Armenian ladies in gay European costumes; veiled Turkish women in their quiet street-dress; close carriages with gorgeously-dressed beauties from the sultan's harem followed by black eunuchs on horseback,—these and similar groups in every variety of costume form a constant stream of strange and picturesque sights.

One morning, attracted by an unusual noise, I looked out and found it proceeded from a funeral procession. First came a man carrying the lid of the coffin; then several Greek priests; after them boys in white robes with lighted candles, followed by choir-boys in similar dresses who chanted as they walked along. Such sounds! Greek chanting is a horrible nasal caterwauling. Get a dozen boys to hold their noses, and then in a high key imitate the gamut performed by several festive cats as they prowl over the housetops on a quiet night, and you have Greek, Armenian or Turkish chanting and singing to perfection. There is not the first conception of music in the souls of these barbarians. Behind this choir came four

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men carrying the open coffin. The corpse was that of a middle-aged man dressed in black clothes, with a red fez cap on the head and yellow, red and white flowers scattered over the body. The hot sun shone full on the pinched and shriveled features, and the sight was most revolting. Several mourners followed the coffin, the ladies in black clothes, with black lace veils on their heads and their hair much dressed. The Greeks are obliged to carry their dead in this way, uncovered, because concealed arms were at one time conveyed in coffins to their churches, and then used in an uprising against the government. We witnessed a still more dreadful funeral outside the walls. A party, evidently of poor people, were approaching an unenclosed cemetery, and we waited to see the interment. The body, in its usual clothes, was carried on a board covered by a sheet. When they reached the grave the women shrieked, wept and kissed the face of the dead man: then his clothes were taken off, the body wrapped in the sheet and laid in the grave, which was only two feet deep. The priest broke a bottle of wine over the head, the earth was loosely thrown in, and the party went away. There is no more melancholy spot to me than a Turkish cemetery. The graves are squeezed tightly together, and the headstones, generally in a tumble-down state, are shaped like a coffin standing on end, or like a round hitching-post with a fez cap carved on the top. Weeds and rank wild-flowers cover the ground, and over all sway the dark, stiff cypresses.

A little way down the street is a Turkish pastry-shop. Lecturers and writers have from time to time held forth on the enormities of pie-eating, and given the American people "particular fits" for their addiction to it. Now, while I fully endorse all I ever heard said on the subject, I beg leave to remark that the Americans are not the *worst* offenders in this way. If you want to see pastry, come to Constantinople: *seeing* will satisfy you—you won't risk a taste. Mutton is largely eaten, and the mutton fat is used with flour to make the crust, which is so rich that the grease fairly oozes out and "smells to Heaven." Meat-pies are in great demand. The crust is baked alone in a round flat piece, and laid out on a counter, which is soon very greasy, ready to be filled. A large dish of hash is also ready, and when a customer calls the requisite amount of meat is clapped on one side of the paste, the other half doubled over it, and he departs eating his halfmoon-shaped pie. On the counters you see displayed large egg-shaped forms of what look like layers of tallow and cooked meat, cheesy-looking cakes of many kinds and an endless variety of confectionery. The sweetmeats are perfection, the fresh Turkish paste with almonds in it melts in your mouth, and the sherbet, compounded of the juice of many fruits and flowers and cooled with snow, is the most delicious drink I ever tasted. There are also many kinds of nice sweet-cakes; but, on the whole, I should prefer not to board in a Turkish family or employ a Turkish cook. No wonder the women are pale and sallow if they indulge much in such food!

Being anxious to see a good display of Turkish rugs, and our party having some commissions to execute, we sallied forth one afternoon on this errand. If you intend to visit a Turkish carpet warehouse, and your purse or your judgment counsels you not to purchase, put yourself under bonds to that effect before you go; for, unless you possess remarkable strength of character, the beautiful rugs displayed will prove irresistible temptations. Near the bazaar in Stamboul is a massive square stone house, looking like a fortress compared with the buildings around it. Mosses and weeds crop out of every uneven part of its walls. A heavy door that might stand a siege admitted us to a small vestibule, and from this we passed into a paved court with a moss-grown fountain in the centre. Around this court ran a gallery, its heavy arches and columns supporting a second, to which we ascended by a broad flight of steps. A double door admitted us to the wareroom, where, tolerably secure from fire (the doors alone were of wood), were stored Turkish and Persian rugs of all

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sizes and colors. The Turkish were far handsomer than the Persian, and the colors more brilliant than those I have usually seen. The attendants unrolled one that they said was a hundred years old. It had a dusty, faded look, as if it had been in the warehouse quite that length of time, and made the modern

THE SULTAN ABDUL ASSIZ.

ones seem brighter by contrast. Several rugs having been selected, we returned to the office, where a carpet was spread and we were invited to seat ourselves on it. Coffee was passed around, and we proceeded to bargain for our goods through our interpreter. The merchant, as usual, asked an exorbitant price to start with, and we offered what was equally ridiculous the other way; and so we gradually approached the final price—he coming gracefully down, and we as affably ascending in the scale, till a happy medium was reached, and we departed with our purchases following us on the back of an ammale.

Three days of each week are observed as holy days. Friday is the Turkish Sabbath, Saturday the Jewish, and the Greeks and Armenians keep Sunday. The indolent government officials, glad of an excuse to be idle, keep all three—that is, they refrain from business—so there are only four days out of the seven in which anything is accomplished.

One of the great sights is to see the sultan go to the mosque; so one Friday we took a caïque and were rowed up the Bosphorus to Dolma Backté, and waited on the water opposite the palace. The sultan's caïque was at the principal entrance on the water-side of the palace, and the steps and marble pavement were carpeted from the caïque to the door. Presently all the richly-dressed officers of the household, who were loitering around, formed on either side the steps, and, bending nearly double, remained so while the sultan passed down to his caïque. Abdul Assiz is quite stout and rather short, with a pleasant face and closely-cut beard. He was dressed in a plain black uniform, his breast covered with orders. The sultan's caïque was a magnificent barge—white, profusely ornamented with gilt, and rowed by twenty-four oarsmen dressed in white, who rose to their feet with each stroke, bowed low, and settled back in their seats as the stroke was expended. The sultan and grand vizier seated themselves under the plum-colored velvet canopy, and the caïque proceeded swiftly toward the mosque, followed by three other caïques with his attendants. A gun from an iron-clad opposite the palace announced that the sultan had started. The shore from the palace to the mosque was lined with soldiers; the bands played; the people cheered; the ships ran up their flags; all the war-vessels were gay with bunting, had their yards manned and fired salutes, which were answered by the shore-batteries. The mosque selected for that day's devotions was in Tophaneh, near the water. Several regiments were drawn up to receive the sultan, and an elegant carriage and a superb Arab saddle-horse were in waiting, so that His Majesty might return to the palace as best suited his fancy. After an hour spent in devotion the sultan reappeared, and entering his carriage was driven away. We saw

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him again on our way home, when he stopped to call on an Austrian prince staying at the legation. The street leading up to the embassy was too narrow and steep for a carriage, so, mounting his horse at the foot, he rode up, passing very close to us.

In the afternoon we drove to the "Sweet Waters of Europe" to see the Turkish ladies, who in pleasant weather always go out there in carriages or by water in caïques. Compared with our parks, with their lovely lakes and streams and beautiful lawns, the far-famed Sweet Waters of Europe are only fields with a canal running through them; but here, where this is the only stream of fresh water near the city, and in a country destitute of trees, it is a charming place. The stream has been walled up to the top of its banks, which are from three to six feet above the water, and there are sunny meadows and fine large trees on each side. The sultan has a summer palace here with a pretty garden, and the stream has been dammed up by blocks of white marble cut in scallops like shells, over which the water falls in a cascade. The road to the Sweet Waters, with one or two others, was made after the sultan's return from his European trip, and in anticipation of the empress Eugénie's visit. European carriages were also introduced at that time. The ladies of the sultan's harem drive out in very handsome coupés, with coachmen wearing the sultan's livery, but you more frequently see the queer one-horse Turkish carriage, and sometimes a "cow-carriage." This last is drawn by cows or oxen: it is an open wagon, with a white cloth awning ornamented with gay fringes and tassels. Many people go in caïques, and all carry bright-colored rugs, which they spread on the grass. There they sit for several hours and gossip with each other, or take their luncheons and spend the afternoon. A Turkish woman is never seen to better advantage than when "made up" for such an excursion. Her house-dress is always hidden by a large cloak, which comes down to the ground and has loose sleeves and a cape. The cloak is left open at the neck to show the lace and necklace worn under it, and is generally made of silk, often of exquisite shades of pink, blue, purple or any color to suit the taste of the wearer. A small silk cap, like the low turbans our ladies wore eight or nine years ago, covers the head, and on it are fastened the most brilliant jewels — diamond pins, rubies, anything that will flash. The wearer's complexion is heightened to great brilliancy by toilet arts, and over all, covering deficiencies, is the yashmak or thin white veil, which conceals only in part and greatly enhances her beauty. You think your "dream of fair women" realized, and go home and read *Lalla Rookh* and rave of Eastern peris. Should some female friend who has visited a harem and seen these radiant beauties face to face mildly suggest that paint, powder and the enchantment of distance have in a measure deluded you, you dismiss the unwelcome information as an invention of the "green-eyed monster," and, remembering the brilliant beauties who reclined beside the Sweet Waters or floated by you on the Golden Horn, cherish the recollection as that of one of the brightest scenes of the Orient.

TURKISH COW-CARRIAGE.

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These I have spoken of are the upper classes from the harems of the sultan and rich pashas, but those you see constantly on foot in the streets are the middle and lower classes, and not so attractive. They have fine eyes, but the yashmaks are thicker, and you feel there is less beauty hidden under them. The higher the rank the thinner the yashmak is the rule. They also wear the long cloak, but it is made of black or colored alpaca or a similar material. Gray is most worn, but black, brown, yellow, green, blue and scarlet are often seen. The negresses dress like their mistresses in the street, and if you see a pair of bright yellow boots under a brilliant scarlet ferraja and an unusually white yashmak, you will generally find the wearer is a jet-black negress. Sitting so much in the house *à la Turque* is not conducive to grace of motion, nor are loose slippers to well-shaped feet, and I must confess that a Turkish woman walks like a *goose*, and the size of her "fairy feet" would rejoice the heart of a leather-dealer.

ENTERING A MOSQUE.

We have been to see the Howling Dervishes, and I will endeavor to give you some idea of their performances. Crossing to Scutari in the steam ferry-boat, we walked some distance till we reached the mosque, where the services were just commencing. The attendant who admitted us intimated that we must remove our boots and put on the slippers provided. N—— did so, but I objected, and the man was satisfied with my wearing them over my boots. We were conducted up a steep, ladder-like staircase to a small gallery, with a low front only a foot high, with no seats but sheepskins on the floor, where we were expected to curl ourselves up in Turkish fashion. Both my slippers came off during my climb up stairs, and were rescued in their downward career by N——, who by dint of much shuffling managed to keep his on. Below us were seated some thirty or forty dervishes. The leader repeated portions of the Koran, in which exercise others occasionally took part in a quiet manner. After a while they knelt in line opposite their leader and began to chant in louder tones, occasionally bowing forward full length. Matters down below progressed slowly at first, and were getting monotonous. One of my feet, unaccustomed to its novel position, had gone to sleep, and I was in a cramped state generally. Moreover, we were not the sole occupants of the gallery: the sheepskins were full of them, and I began to think that if the dervishes did not soon begin to howl, *I* should. Some traveler has said that on the coast of Syria the Arabs have a proverb that the "sultan of *fleas* holds his court in Jaffa, and the grand vizier in Cairo." Certainly some very

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CASTLE OF EUROPE, ON THE BOSPHORUS.

high dignitary of the realm presides over Constantinople, and makes his head-quarters in the mosque of the Howling Dervishes.

The dervishes now stood up in line, taking hold of hands, and swayed backward, forward and sideways, with perfect uniformity, wildly chanting, or rather howling, verses of the Koran, and keeping time with their movements. They commenced slowly, and increased the rapidity of their gymnastics as they became more excited and devout. The whole performance lasted an hour or more, and at the end they naturally seemed quite exhausted. Then little children were brought in, laid on the floor, and the head-dervish stepped on their bodies. I suppose he stepped in such a manner as not to hurt them, as they did not utter a sound. Perhaps the breath was so squeezed out of them that they could not. One child was quite a baby, and on this he rested his foot lightly, leaning his weight on a man's shoulder. I could not find out exactly what this ceremony signified, but was told it was considered a cure for sickness, and also a preventive.

We concluded to *do* the dervishes, and so next day went to see the spinning ones. They have a much larger and handsomer mosque than their howling brethren. First they chanted, then they indulged in a "walk around." Every time they passed the leader, who kept his place at the head of the room, they bowed profoundly to him, then passed before him, and, turning on the other side, bowed again. After this interchange of courtesies had lasted a while, they sailed off around the room, spinning with the smooth, even motion of a top—arms folded, head on one side and eyes shut. Sometimes this would be varied by the head being thrown back and the arms extended. The rapid whirling caused their long green dresses to spread out like a half-open Japanese umbrella, supposing the man to be the stick, and they kept it up about thirty minutes to the inspiring music of what sounded like a drum, horn and tin pan. We remained to witness the *first set:* whether they had any more and wound up with the German, I cannot say. We were tired and went home, satisfied with what we had seen. I should think they corresponded somewhat with our Shakers at home, as far as their "muscular Christianity" goes, and are rather ahead on the dancing question.

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One of the prominent objects of interest on the Bosphorus is Roberts College. It stands on a high hill three hundred feet above the water, and commands an extensive view up and down the Bosphorus. For seven years Dr. Hamlin vainly endeavored to obtain permission to build it, and the order was not given till Farragut's visit. The gallant admiral, while breakfasting with the grand vizier, inquired what was the reason the government did not allow Dr. Hamlin to build the college, when the grand vizier hastily assured him that all obstacles had been removed, and that the order was even then as good as given. Americans may well be proud of so fine and well-arranged a building and the able corps of professors. We visited it in company with Dr. Wood and his agreeable wife, who are so well known to all who take any interest in our foreign missions. After going over the college and listening to very creditable declamations in English from some of the students, we were hospitably entertained at luncheon by Professor Washburn, who is in charge of the institution, and his accomplished wife. Within a short distance of the college is the Castle of Europe, and on the opposite side of the Bosphorus the Castle of Asia. They were built by Mohammed II. in 1451, and the Castle of Europe is still in good preservation. It consists of two large towers and several small ones connected by walls, and is built of a rough white stone, to which the ivy clings luxuriantly.

A pleasant excursion is to take a little steamer, which runs up the Bosphorus and back, touching at Beicos (Bey Kos), and visit the Giant Mountain, from which is a magnificent view of the Black Sea and nearly the whole length of the Bosphorus. We breakfasted early, but when ready to start found our guide had disappointed us, and his place was not to be supplied. The day was perfect, and rather than give up our trip we determined to go by ourselves, trusting that the success which had attended similar expeditions without a *commissionnaire* would not desert us on this occasion. The sail up on the steamer was charming. There are many villages on the shores of the Bosphorus, and between them are scattered palaces and summer residences, the latter often reminding us of Venetian houses, built directly on the shore with steps down to the water, and caïques moored at the doors, as the gondolas are in Venice. The houses are surrounded by beautiful gardens, with a profusion of flowers blooming on the very edge of the shore, their gay colors reflected in the waves beneath.

We learned from the captain of the steamer that Giant Mountain was two and a half miles from the village, with no very well-defined road leading to it; so on landing at Bey Kos we made inquiries for a guide, and this time were successful. Horses were also forthcoming, but no side-saddle. I respectfully declined to follow the example of my Turkish sisters and mount a gentleman's saddle; neither was I anxious to ride my Arab steed bareback, so we concluded to try a cow-carriage, and despatched our guide to hire the only one the place afforded. This stylish establishment was not to be had; so, having wasted half an hour in trying to find some conveyance, we gave it up and started on foot; and were glad afterward that we did so. The road was shaded to the base of the mountain, and led through a beautiful valley, the fields covered with wild-flowers. I have never seen such masses of color—an acre perhaps of bright yellow, perfectly dazzling in the sunlight, then as large a mass of purple, next to that an immense patch of white daisies, so thick they looked like snow. The effect of these gay masses, with intervals of green grass and grain, was very gorgeous. We passed two of the sultan's palaces, one built in Swiss style. The ascent of Giant Mountain from the inland side is gradual, while it descends very abruptly on the water-side. On the top of the mountain are the ruins of the church of St. Pantaleon, built by Justinian, also a mosque and the tomb of Joshua: so the Turks affirm. From a rocky platform just below the mosque there is a magnificent view. Toward the north you look off on the Black Sea and the old fortress of

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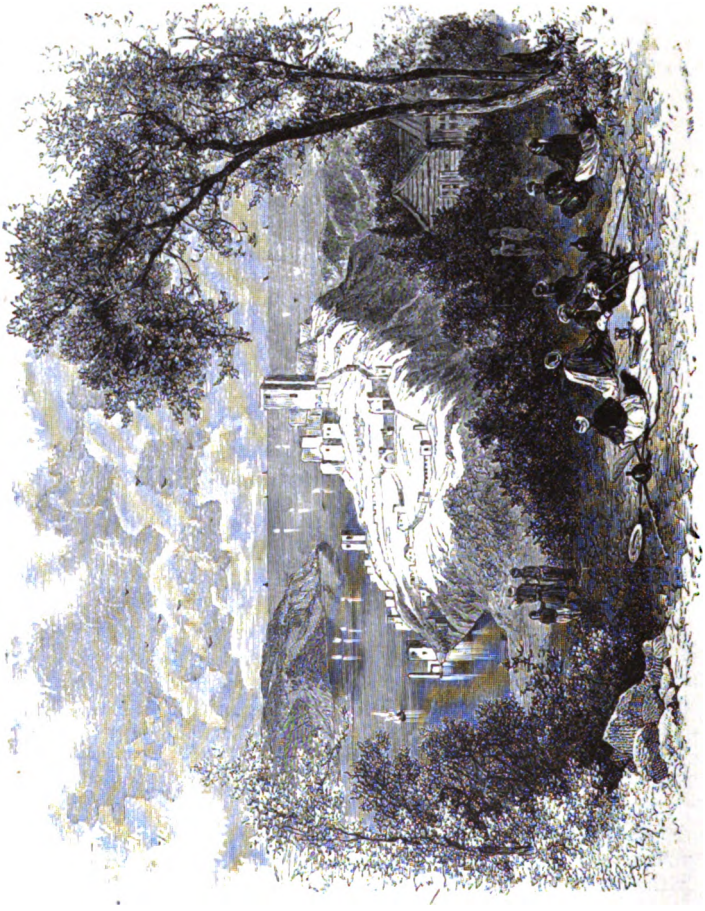
Riva, which commands the entrance to the Bosphorus. In front and to the south winds the beautiful Bosphorus for sixteen miles till it reaches the Sea of Marmora, which you see far in the distance glittering in the sunlight. You look down on the decks of the passing vessels, and the large steamers seem like toy boats as they pass below you. Near the mosque is a remarkable well of cool water. Shrubs and a few small trees grow on the mountain, and the ground is covered with quantities of heather, wild-flowers and ivy. We picked long spikes of white heather in full bloom, and pansies, polyanthus, the blue iris and many others of



FORTRESS OF RIVA, AND THE BLACK SEA.

our garden flowers. The country all around Constantinople is very destitute of trees. The woods were cut down long ago, and the multitudes of sheep, which you see in large flocks everywhere, crop the young sprouts so they cannot grow up again.

Returning to Constantinople, our steamer ran close to the European shore, stopping at the villages on that side. Most of the officers of these boats are Turks, but they find it necessary to employ European (generally English) engineers, as the Turks are fatalists and not reliable. It is said they pay but little attention to their machinery and boilers, reasoning that if it is the will of Allah that the boiler blow up, it will certainly do so;

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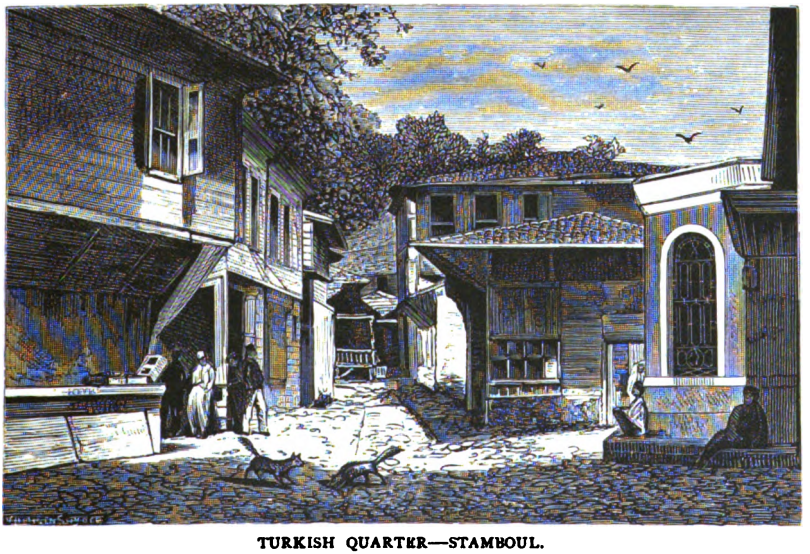
if not, all will go right, and why trouble one's self? Laughable stories are told of the Turkish navy; *e. g.*, that a certain captain was ordered to take his vessel to Crete, and after cruising about some time returned, not being able to find the island. Another captain stopped an English vessel one fine day to ask where he was, as he had lost his reckoning, although the weather had been perfectly clear for some time. In the Golden Horn lies an old four-decker which during the Crimean war was run broadside under a formidable battery by her awkward crew, who were unable to manage her, and began in their fright to jump overboard. A French tugboat went to the rescue and towed her off.

On our way to the hotel we saw the sultan's son, a boy of fifteen. He was driving in a fine open carriage drawn by a very handsome span of bay horses, and preceded by four outriders mounted on fine Arabian horses. Coachman, footman and outriders, in the black livery of the sultan, were resplendent in gold lace. The harness was of red leather and the carriage painted of the same bright color. The cushions were of white silk embroidered with scarlet flowers. It was a dashing equipage, but seemed better suited to a harem beauty than the dark, Jewish-looking boy in the awkward uniform of a Turkish general who was its sole occupant.

Yesterday we took our last stroll in Constantinople, crossing the Golden Horn by the new bridge to Stamboul. This bridge is a busy spot, for besides the constant throngs that cross and recross, it is the favorite resort of beggars and dealers in small wares. Many of the ferryboats also start from here, so that, although long and wide, it is crowded most of the day. An Englishman who is an officer in the Turkish army told us of an amusing adventure of his in crossing the bridge. He had been at the war department, and was told he could have the six months' pay which was due him if he would take it in piasters. Thankful to get it, and fearing if he did not take it then in that shape he might have to wait a good while, he accepted, and the piasters (which are large copper coins worth about four cents of our money) were placed in bags on the backs of porters to be taken to a European bank at Pera. As they were crossing the bridge one of the bags burst open with the weight of the coins, and a quantity of them were scattered. Of course a first-class scramble ensued, in which the beggars, who are always on hand, and



TURKISH QUARTER—STAMBOUL.

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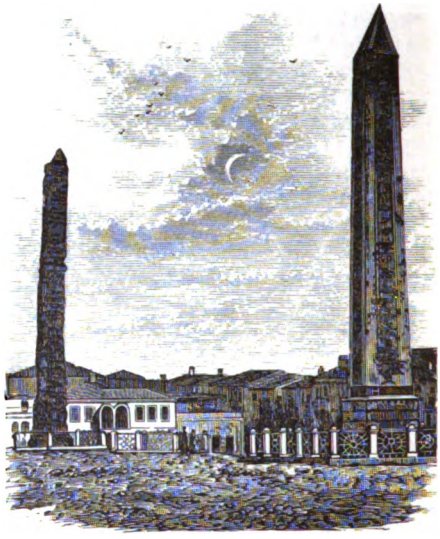
others reaped quite a harvest, and when the officer got the hole tied up the ammale found the bag considerably lighter to carry.

Reaching Stamboul, we made our way through the crowded streets, past the Seraglio gardens and St. Sophia, till we reached the old Hippodrome, which was modeled after the Circus at Rome. Little remains of its ancient glory, for the Crusaders carried off most of its works of art. The granite obelisk of Theodosius and the pillar of Constantine, which the vandal Turks stripped of its bronze when they first captured the city, are still left, but the stones are continually falling, and it will soon be a ruin. The serpentine column consists of three serpents twisted together: the heads are gone, Mohammed II. having knocked off one with his battle-axe. A little Turk was taking his riding-lesson on the level ground of the Hippodrome, and his frisky little black pony gave the old fellow in attendance plenty of occupation. We watched the boy for a while, and then, passing on toward the Marmora, took a look at the "Cistern of the Thousand Columns." A broad flight of steps leads down to it, and the many tall slender columns of Byzantine architecture make a perfect wilderness of pillars. Wherever we stood, we seemed always the centre from which long aisles of columns radiated till they lost themselves in the darkness. The cistern has long been empty, and is used as a ropewalk.

The great fire swept a large district of the city here, which has been but little rebuilt, and the view of the Marmora is very fine. On the opposite Asiatic shore Mount Olympus, with its snow-crowned summit, fades away into the blue of the heavens. This is a glorious atmosphere, at least at this season, the air clear and bracing, the sky a beautiful blue and the sunsets golden. In winter it is cold, muddy and cheerless, and in midsummer the simoom which sweeps up the Marmora from Africa and the Syrian coast renders it very unhealthy for Europeans to remain in the city. The simoom is exceedingly enervating in its effects, and all who can spend the summer months on the upper Bosphorus, where the prevailing winds are from the Black Sea and the air is cool and healthful. Nearly all the foreign legations except our own have summer residences there and beautiful grounds.

Following the old aqueduct built by



OBELISK OF THEODOSIUS.

the emperor Hadrian, which still supplies Stamboul with water, and is exceedingly picturesque with its high dripping arches covered with luxuriant ivy, we reached the walls which protected the city on the land-side, and then, threading our way through the narrow, dirty streets, we returned to the Golden Horn. I do not wonder, after what I have seen of this part of Stamboul, that the cholera made such ravages here a few years since. I should think it would remain a constant scourge. Calling a caïque, we were rowed up the Golden Horn to the Sweet Waters, but its tide floated only our own boat, and the banks lacked the attraction of the gay groups which render the place so lively on Fridays. We were served with coffee by a Turk who with his little brasier of coals was waiting under a wide-spreading tree for any chance

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SHEPHERDS.

visitor, and after a short stroll on the bank opposite the sultan's pretty palace we floated gently down the stream till we reached the Golden Horn again. On a large meadow near the mouth of the Sweet Waters some Arabs were camped with an immense flock of sheep. They had brought them there to shear and wash the wool in the fresh water, and the ground was covered with large quantities of beautiful long fleece. The shepherds in their strange mantles and head-dresses looked very picturesque as they spread the wool and tended their flocks. Our *caïquegee*, as the oarsman of a caïque is called, ought not to be overlooked. His costume was in keeping with his pretty caïque, which was painted a delicate straw-color and had white linen cushions. He was a tall, finely-built fellow, a Cretan or Bulgarian I should think, for he looked too wide awake for a Turk. The sun had burned his olive complexion to the deepest brown, and his black eyes and white teeth when he smiled lighted up his intelligent face, making him very handsome. He wore a turban, loose shirt with hanging sleeves and voluminous trousers, all of snowy whiteness. A blue jacket embroidered with gilt braid was in readiness to put on when he stopped rowing. It must have taken a ruinous amount of material to make those trousers. They were full at the waist and knee, and before seating himself to his oars he gracefully threw the extra amount of the fullness which drooped behind over the wide seat as a lady spreads out her overskirt.

Last night we bade farewell to the strange old city with its picturesque sights, its glorious views and the many points of interest we had grown so familiar with. Our adieus were said, the ammales had taken our baggage to the steamer, which lay at anchor off Seraglio Point, and before dark we went on board, ready to sail at an early hour.

The bustle of getting underway at daylight this morning woke me, and I went on deck in time to take a farewell look. The first rays of the sun were just touching the top of the Galata Tower and lighting up the dark cypresses in the palace-grounds above us. The tall minarets and the blue waves of the Bosphorus caught the golden light, while around Olympus the rosy tint had not yet faded and the morning mists looked golden in the sunlight. We rounded Seraglio Point and steamed down the Marmora, passed the Seven Towers, and slowly the beautiful city faded from our view.

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MONTENEGRO.

NICHOLAS, PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO.

I SAW my first Montenegrin as I was leaving the pretty port of Spalatro, on the Adriatic Sea, for Ragusa in Dalmatia, last autumn. I had been wandering for weeks among the warlike Serbs and Bosnians, along the noble rivers which divide Austria from Turkey in Europe, and had seen many fine specimens of the Sclavic race; but whenever I had ventured to praise the manly qualities which I had so often observed, I was always answered, "You have not seen the Montenegrins."

It was true, and I was constrained to silence. Yet it did not seem to me that there could be, even in the redoubtable Montenegro, the "Black Mountain" of which such wondrous stories were told, men superior in strength of body, in symmetry and suppleness of limb, in heroism and patriotism, combined with stern ferocity and sterling honesty of

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purpose, to my good friends of Servia and Bosnia. I looked forward, however, to a great surprise some day, and had awaited the appearance of the first Montenegrin type with impatient curiosity.

When I saw this type I was for a moment grievously disappointed. Just as the ruined walls of Diocletian's Palace were fading on the horizon, and our little steamer was running well out to sea, my attention was called by a fellow-passenger to a boy of fourteen or fifteen who stood among the peasants and soldiers on the lower deck. The boy was dressed in a white tunic and gray flowing trousers; on his feet were the *opankès*, or cowhide sandals, of his native land; and on his head was the round cap with the red top which every Montenegrin seems to feel it his sacred duty to wear. But I looked in vain for any symptoms of ferocity or of military fervor in this innocent child's face, over which the soft Adriatic breezes played almost caressingly. Was this, then, a representative of the dreaded mountaineers whom the Turks feared as they fear to lose Paradise, of the people who esteem most him who has beheaded the greatest number of enemies in battle, of the little band which fought the French so fiercely at the beginning of this century, and whose descendants have so often since made the Mussulmans lower their standards on the plains of Grahovo? Was this the type for which I had been prepared by so many thrilling anecdotes of heroic actions among the crags and along the edges of the precipices in the Tsernagora?

I was about to turn away, incredulously smiling, when the boy, as if he were conscious of having been keenly observed, turned toward us half defiantly; and then for the first time I noticed that the girdle which he wore about his waist was literally crammed with weapons. An enormous yataghan, whose hilt was encrusted with silver, and which seemed too large for the boy to swing unless he used both hands, was the prominent object in this perambulating arsenal. Grouped around it were two huge, ungainly pistols, each nearly as long as the yataghan; a dagger concealed in a sheath curiously inlaid with silver; and a knife such as every Dalmatian and Montenegrin invariably carries, finding it equally convenient to thrust into his enemy's heart, or to cut the pieces of roasted kid which he eats for his supper.

As the boy turned he instinctively placed one hand upon the hilt of his yataghan. The gesture had nothing of menace in it, but it was a fitting revelation of the national characteristic. Alert, vigorous, shapely, keen, the young mountaineer's attitude at last excited my admiration, and I finally accepted him as the type of his race, expecting, nevertheless, soon to encounter specimens more in accordance with my earliest ideal.

During the two days' voyage which followed my companion entered into the good graces of the young Montenegrin, and found that this sublime boy was already a noted warrior; that he had left his native peaks and rocks because he wished to aid the Christians in Bosnia against the Turks; and, having fought well there, had been sent on a mission to Trieste, whence he was then returning. What was his mission? Ah, that was a secret. He shook his head and looked fierce when some one suggested that he had been sent to buy arms for the Herzegovinian insurgents. Once he smiled scornfully, and then said in a quick, fierce tone, "When we want arms, we take them from the Turks." History certainly confirms his assertion. In 1858, during some one of the many disputes between Turkey and Montenegro, the Montenegrins fell upon an invading army vastly superior in numbers to their own, and disarmed it. A few weeks later an Austrian officer who had visited the Black Mountains announced that he had seen two thousand two hundred and thirty-seven skeletons of Turkish soldiers on the field where this "disarmament" occurred.

He who wanders among the rocks of Montenegro readily understands the character of the people. The little principality has without doubt a more remarkable situation than any other country in the world. Travelers who have looked down upon it from the summit of Mount Lovchen, its dominating peak, say that it

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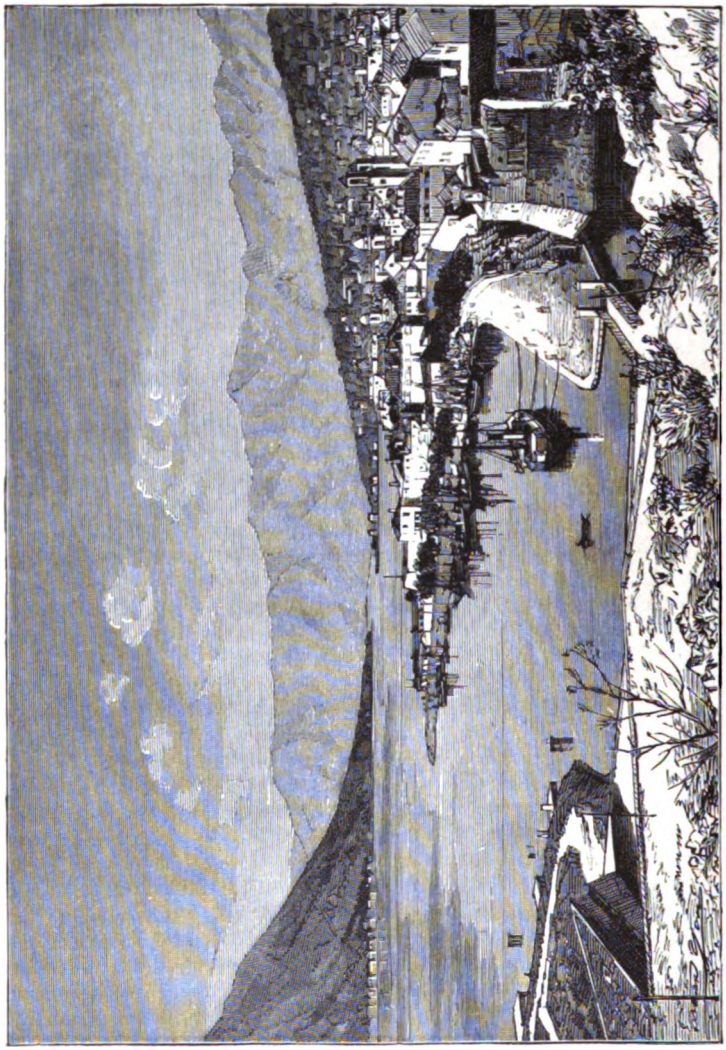
resembles an immense petrified sea. As far as the eye can reach in any direction nothing is to be seen but vast stony waves and wrinkles in the black surface of the rocks—waves and wrinkles which, if one were close to them, would prove gigantic precipices, yawning chasms, valleys deep and sheltered, in which a few hardy Montenegrin women watch the goats and sheep cropping the short grasses among



THE PORT AND CITY OF CATTARO.

the stones. In this delicious southern climate the cloudless blue sky in summer arches tenderly above these frowning and terrible rocks, these colossal walls, and one is led to wonder why, instead of this oppressive and appalling desolation, he does not see hundreds of rich vineyards with their purpling fruits gleaming in the sun, or groves of olives, or lawns watered by picturesque rivers rushing seaward past flower-strewn banks. But the Montenegrin never asks himself

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these questions. Born among the rocks, he loves them, and would on no condition exchange them for the pleasures of fertile valleys or fruitful hillsides. He loves to celebrate in his songs the charms of the paths along the dizzy eminences where he only can tread freely; he compares himself to the falcon; he is in his

A MONTENEGRIN WARRIOR.

glory when his province is invaded, and he is at liberty to fight from rock to rock; to lie in wait for hours behind piles of stone; to leap exultant into the very midst of his foes, brandishing his sword and shouting "Glory to the people!"

The frontiers of Montenegro have always been uncertain. For several centuries the territory has varied in extent according to its fortunes in war. Never for a moment owning the domination of the Turks, its people have been constantly embroiled with them, and have kept such frontiers as they chose to establish, as long as they could, by force of arms. From time to time the Turks have succeeded in forcing their way in: then the Montenegrins have risen and reasserted their rights by driving out the enemy and by cutting off the heads of all Turks left on the battle-field. The Montenegrin was and is cradled to the sound of songs which tell him to hate the Turk, and to kill him whenever and wherever he may meet him. The struggle, the hatred, was never greater than now, nor was Montenegro ever bolder, for behind her stands a power whose prudence in aiding her against the Turk is only exceeded by its firmness and the immensity of its resources — a power that is feared in Turkey—formidable and determined Russia.

Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Montenegro all formed a part of the ancient country of the Dalmatians, which was united to the Roman empire under Tiberius. These various territories were settled, toward the middle of the seventh century, by the Sclavic tribes which came from beyond the Carpathian Mountains. Had these tribes been united permanently, they would to-day have formed one of the most powerful nations in Europe. But up to the date of the Ottoman conquest they were generally separate and distinct. Bosnia was ruled by kings, Herzegovina by dukes, and Montenegro by vladikas, or prince-bishops. The people of each province did deeds of valor, but all save Montenegro succumbed before the fury of the Ottoman sword. The mountaineers have for four hundred and fifty years kept the Turk at bay, although he has succeeded in maintaining a foothold in every one of their kindred provinces except Dalmatia, which is protected by the Austrian flag.

Montenegro is bounded on the north and north-west by the Herzegovina, on the north-east and east by Bosnia, on the south-east and east by Albania, and on the south-west by Dalmatia. In form its boundaries are not unlike a rudely-shaped star. It has no outlet upon the Adriatic Sea, since the Austrians hold the port of Cattaro, one of the loveliest spots in Southern Europe, which would be the only practicable port for the Montenegrins. The principal route to its capital among the rocks and crags, and arrived

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at only by the paths through seemingly inaccessible mountains, leads from Cattaro, which the traveler may reach by steamer from Trieste in a little more than four days. One's first impression on gazing at the rocks around Cattaro is that he is dreaming. Everything seems fantastic, unreal, stagey: one is reminded of a fairy scene in a spectacle at a theatre. The Dalmatian coast, with its vast crags towering skyward, touched here and there with white, which contrasts admirably with their arid reddish garb of stone, does not even prepare one for the wonders into whose presence he is ushered at the "Bocca di Cattaro."

The Montenegrin is generally too sedate to laugh freely at anything: even his good-humor has a glimmer of ferocity in it, so that he but ill appreciates the grotesque accounts given by some writers of the origin of his country. Yet they have in Montenegro a legend, said to have been recited for the first time many centuries ago, to the effect that the good God, when he was occupied in creating the world, strode through space carrying a great sack in which were enclosed all the rocks and mountains, which he sowed down carefully here and there as a laborer sows grain in a field. But as he passed over Montenegro the sack burst open, and the mountains fell in confusion on the spot where they have ever since remained. The name Montenegro, according to that amiable patrician of Cattaro, Mariano Bolizza, who explored the country at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and made a report upon it to the Venetian republic, was given to this section by the Turks, because its gloomy recesses were associated in their minds with so many attacks from enemies whom they could never see nor seize. Whoever gave the land the name, its appropriateness cannot be questioned. When the traveler crosses the Lake of Scutari in Albania, and sees before him an impenetrable amphitheatre of mountains clad in the most sombre colors, of rocky surfaces filled with an infinite number of recesses where the shadows gather, and of uplands covered in summer with thick but dark foliage, and in winter with nothing save the blackened skeletons of boughs, he will strive in vain to discover a better appellation for such a panorama than Montenegro.

MONTENEGRIN WOMAN OF THE UPPER CLASSES.

The population of this little principality is barely one hundred and ninety thousand; and fully one-third of the men are nearly always absent from home, engaged in warlike expeditions. The Montenegrins welcomed the Herzegovinian insurrection with joy, because it gave them a new chance to fight and to kill Turks. They could hardly persuade themselves to obey the injunction which their prince was compelled to serve upon them not to aid the insurrection by organized action in large bodies: they vanished across the frontier two by two, and found their way to the various head-quarters of the insurgent chiefs, where they were received as men who would never yield to the Turk nor listen

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to his promises. So inflamed with rage against the Moslems are the Montenegrins of late years that they cannot even hear the latter mentioned without grasping their weapons convulsively. At the battle near Utowo in the autumn of 1875 these fiery mountaineers broke ranks and rushed with drawn knives upon the battalions of Turks. Nothing could withstand them,

MONTENEGRIN PEASANT-WOMAN.

and the Turks, throwing away their guns, fled as if the foul fiend were after them.

The country is divided into provinces or *nahie*, as they are called — four belonging to Montenegro proper, and four to the Berda, the name given to the mountainous district in the interior. Each of these provinces is subdivided into *plemena*, which correspond to the cantons of Switzerland, and the *plemena* are divided into villages. Every province has a distinctly marked type of inhabitant: people who live but a few miles apart are radically dissimilar in temperament, in stature and in methods of thought; and this is the most curious of the many peculiarities of Montenegro. The finest type of the mountaineer and warrior is the man six feet tall, with grave, thoughtful face, which contrasts singularly with his quick, nervous gait. He generally has high cheek-bones, like an Indian; his eye is black and piercing; his lips are shaded by a square black moustache: there is a slight stoop in his shoulders, accounted for by the fact that he is constantly bending forward as he ascends difficult heights. His feet are huge, flat and ungracious, made for the solid business of gripping the rocks and clinging to them. The Montenegrin of every type is by no means devoid of tact: he is artful in deception when he is treating with an enemy; fond of ambush and stratagem; cruel, sanguinary and unappeasable in revenge; enthusiastic in his friendships; not given to sudden anger, but slow to repent of wrath, even though he may be in the wrong. He is probably the most agile human being on the soil of Europe: he can go anywhere that the chamois can; the goats sometimes hesitate to follow their Montenegrin shepherds when there is a dangerous pass to be crossed. Every inhabitant of the principality, man, woman or child, possesses the most extraordinary power of enduring hunger and thirst: the men will march for days among the rocks, eating nothing but coarse bread made from bitter roots, and now and then descending into the valleys to taste the brackish water in the pools. He who cannot endure tremendous fatigue is looked upon as worthless in Montenegro: the women frown upon him, and his fellow-men abhor him. During the last century the warriors now and then degenerated into banditti, and sometimes made fierce raids along the frontiers; but this practice was so sternly rebuked in 1796 by one of their rulers that it has now quite fallen into decay. The Turks are molested by their warlike neighbors only on occasions when some new broil between the two nationalities has occurred. There is a deep religious feeling among all classes: even the rudest warrior, when he arrives on the hills from whence he can look down to the monastery at Tsettinjé, will doff his cap and

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with bared head will murmur a prayer. In the insurgent camp in the Herzegovina I frequently saw Montenegrins, who were known to be extremely cruel in battle, entering a wayside cottage with the peaceful salutation of "God be with you!" or with the words, "By my God, by thy God!" The effusive Sclavic man-

MILENA NIKOLAWA, PRINCESS OF MONTENEGRO.

ners prevail among these rough men: they kiss when they meet and part; they hold each other clasped in fast embrace for a moment, then they separate gravely and decorously. The stranger among them is treated with the same cordiality, unless he manifest a disposition to resent it.

The Montenegrins have frequently been accused of slavery to superstition, but this is a slander. There are some few remnants of superstitious practices among them, but these are fast fading out. They are far too healthy and vigorous beings to become the prey of any absurdities. Their hearing is wonderfully fine: their sight is so acute that one fancies them boasting when they tell him how far they can see. Their accuracy of aim is remarkable. During the insurrection of 1869, when the Austrian soldiers attempted to coerce some of the mountaineers near Cattaro into obedience to the conscription laws, the riflemen of the insurgents shot into the loopholes of a fortress which they were be-

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sieging, and did it with such precision that no Austrian soldier could maintain his position near the embrasures. The Montenegrin rarely misses his aim, and when he does he considers it a personal dishonor, which can only be wiped out by some glorious deed.

The popes, or priests, of the Greek Church to which the Montenegrins adhere, are fully as warlike as their parishioners. Half a dozen of them are prominent among the leaders in the Herzegovinian insurrection. They rejoice in the deeds which one might imagine that their religion would compel them to reprove. At night they gather around them the young and old men, and with musical voices, although to a monotonous chant, they recite the valorous deeds of their ancestors, and do not forget those which they have done themselves. They love to point to the trophies which they have taken from the dead bodies of their enemies, and to recount the slaughter necessary to secure them. At Tsettinjé there is a priest who was a brave guerilla chieftain in one of the recent wars. Many a Turk has he sent into the other world, and he is very proud of it. On the breast of his black robe are sewn a dozen decorations that he has received for deeds of valor. Nothing is more common than to see a child of twelve or thirteen who has already been in a dozen battles, and who bears as many scars upon his body.

The formation of a regular military system in Montenegro has been of great service in preventing many jealousies and avoiding numerous bloody feuds. There are at present two strong divisions of ten thousand men each, under the command of the prince, and armed with excellent modern weapons. In this valiant little body there is chance for promotion, and the genius and skill which have heretofore been wasted in desultory warfare are concentrated. The army has a general-in-chief, known as the voivoda; and other voivodas hold rank corresponding to that of division and brigadier generals.

The Montenegrin woman is in many respects an object of pity to the travelers who pass through the strange little principality; but there is no woman in the country who would not be grievously offended at any show of sympathy. To work incessantly and to suffer is the destiny of the women of this race. They are not even welcomed into the world: a Montenegrin father, when asked by his neighbor what the sex of his new-born child is, answers, "God pardon me! it is a girl." Sometimes he says, "It is a serpent," which is a poetical manner of expressing his regrets at the birth of a daughter. The girl grows up neglected, and often cursed: she carries fagots of wood on her head, in order that she may earn a few coins with which to buy arms for her brothers. She has no youth: at twenty-five she seems already old. She is married young, and bears and cares for her children while supporting labor in the fields which would be hard even for strong men. She trembles before her father, her brother, her husband: she only awakens to freedom and independence of action when excited by the noise of the combat, to which she frequently follows the warriors. She urges them on, and loads their guns and dresses their wounds. The Montenegrin woman is rarely beautiful of feature, and the coarse work which she performs soon ruins her form. Her virtue is beyond reproach: intrigues are unknown in Montenegro, and gallantry would find a sharp reproof at the point of a yataghan. The women wander unattended wherever they please throughout the country; for, while a Montenegrin warrior would never think of relieving a woman from the heavy burden of fagots or provisions which she may be fainting under, and while he may perhaps rail at her for her weakness, he would not by word or deed offer her the slightest insult. The woman is almost servile with regard to her husband: if she sees him coming along the road, she turns off or passes him rapidly that he may not be compelled to recognize her. Should the warrior be seen wasting his time in loitering by his wife's side, he would be subjected to reproach from the elders in the village. A few years since one could not have found in the whole of Montenegro one woman knowing how to read or write: latterly,

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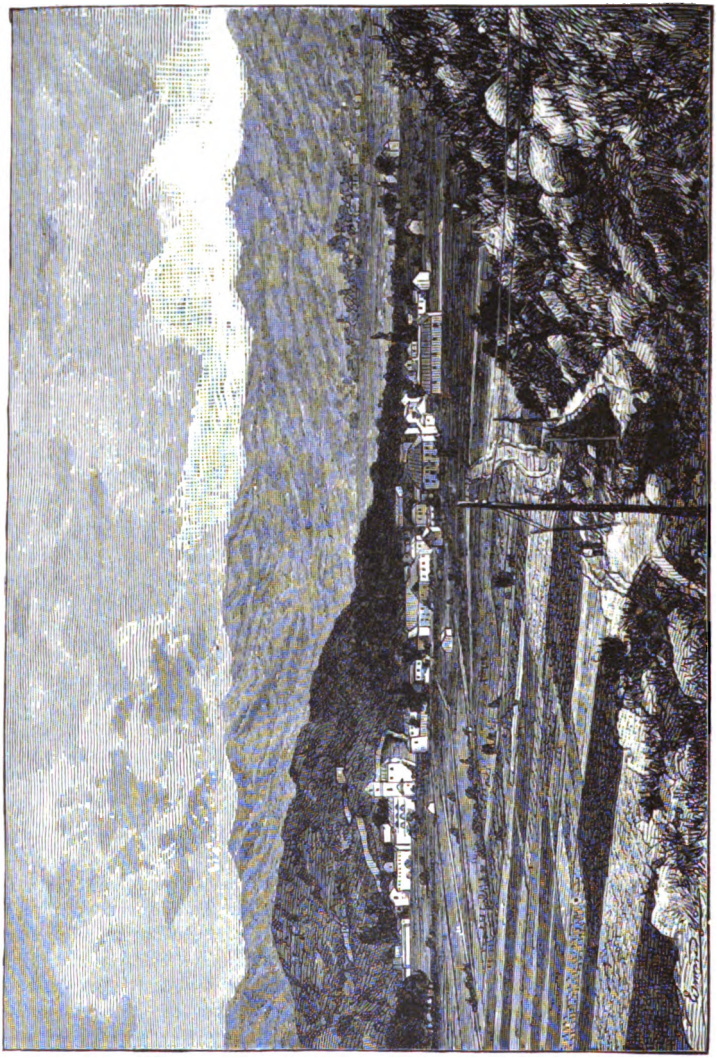
some few schools to which females have access have been established.

The duties of hospitality all fall upon the woman. She it is who unlaces the boots of the stranger when he arrives, and who washes his feet—who serves at table, and holds the flaming pine knot by which the others see to eat. The hus-



TSETTINJE, THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.

band does not even notice the wife, unless it be to request some menial service of her.

It is a wonder that Montenegrin babies ever live through the severe course of swaddling which they undergo from their earliest day until they are weaned. They are strapped to boards and slung over the backs of their mothers, and thus, winter and summer, they make long journeys in the mountains and among the rocks.

When the husband falls ill it is not the wife who cares for him, but his parents.

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Etiquette demands that the wife should appear indifferent to his condition, and should attend to her duties in house and field as if he were in no danger. But when he dies she is expected to burst into loud lamentations, and in all the country round to sing the praises of his courage and his prowess in front of the enemy.

This overworked and much-abused creature has one gracious accomplishment: the Montenegrin woman is exceedingly expert in embroideries, and they are a prominent feature of the national costume. The women work at them when they are walking along the roads bearing upon their heads burdens which seem heavy enough to crush a pack-horse.

White is the national color, and the very height of Montenegrin elegance is a white tunic richly embroidered with gold. A garment of this kind sometimes costs more than three hundred dollars. The ordinary costume of the warrior consists of a tunic descending to the knee and confined at the waist by a girdle; a huge waistcoat, the top of which shows above the loose tunic, and is usually embroidered in gold or studded with precious stones; and trousers of the Turkish pattern, made of blue cloth and knotted below the knees by garters. The prince and one or two other high dignitaries wear a cloak of red cloth, very rich and graceful, over all the other garments. Every warrior wears a small girdle called the *kolan*, which is made of leather or red morocco, and is divided into compartments intended for pistols, daggers, and yataghan. Every boy wears one from earliest childhood, but until he can be trusted with a pistol is allowed to carry only such innocent playthings as a dagger and a small sword. The *strouka* is a garment common to both sexes. It is a broad and long woolen scarf with tasseled ends, somewhat resembling the blanket worn in Southern Spain, and is woven by the old women who can no longer bring wood from the mountains. This blanket is the Montenegrin's only protection from rain or wind or biting cold; and a local proverb says, "Rain or shine, take your *strouka* with you: you can sleep under it or on it." The *opankè*, or hide slipper, which the mountaineers, men and women, wear, is clumsy in shape, but wonderfully convenient for rock-climbing. The Austrian soldiers in the mountains near Cattaro endeavored to adopt the opankès for chasing insurgents, but they discovered that it requires long practice to learn how to walk in them. They are tied on with a multitude of strings, and it is a work of art to learn how to slip them off speedily.

The costume of the women is not ungraceful. The chief article is the *koret*, a long basque without sleeves, which descends to the knee. If the family be rich, this gown is sometimes broidered with costly stuffs. But whether a woman be rich or poor, she usually wears an apron made of silk or of some glistening material, and an ample girdle surmounted with an object very like an enormous doorplate. Into this girdle she thrusts all her sewing-materials, her dagger, her jewels, and such of her broideries as she does not wish for the moment to display. Until the day of their marriage the women wear round caps exactly like those worn by the men: from that moment they always appear in public wearing the *marama*, a vast kerchief of silk or wool which completely conceals their hair and falls down to the waist, covering the shoulders, and giving the wearer the look of a nun.

The *kapa*, which the male Montenegrin wears as his head-covering, has its legend, poetic and sanguinary. The warriors say that the red ground of the cap signifies the lake of blood into which the country has been plunged ever since the great and disastrous battle of Kossovo; that the black border denotes the veil of mourning extended over the whole section; that the golden disk shown emerging from this funereal crape, and surrounded with an aureole, is the Montenegrin sun rising on a bloody horizon, but rising to warm into new life with its generous rays a regenerate and liberated race. No warrior of the "Black Mountain" country would wear any other head-covering than this *kapa* for any consideration whatever.

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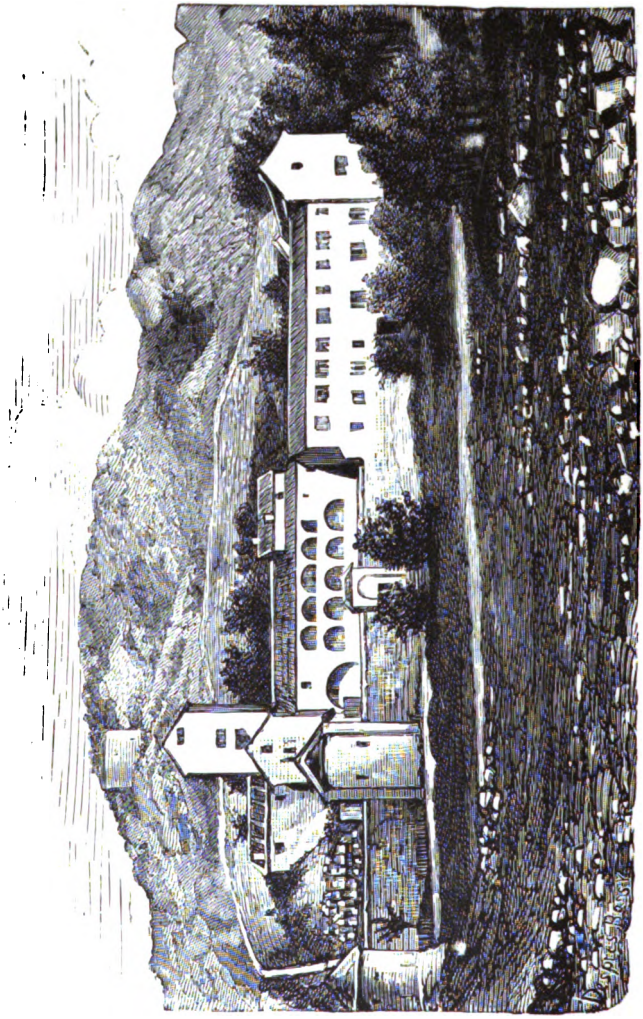
In the old days the Montenegrin vladikas, or prince-bishops, had entire possession of the civil, military and religious power of the country, and the populations, bound to them by mysterious reverence, were passionately devoted to their service. Peter II. was the last of the vladikas. He died in 1851, after a singularly brilliant and satisfactory career, during which he did much to soften the manners of his people. In his early youth he had been a shepherd, but he



THE MONASTERY AT TSETTINJÉ.

was subsequently educated in Russia. Some years before his death he showed rare poetical taste, and on the different occasions when he visited European capitals he was recognized as a man of marked talent in literature. Dying, he designated his nephew Danilo to succeed him. When Danilo came to the throne he announced his intention of relinquishing the old theocratic power with which his family had been invested for a century and a half, and that he would content himself with reigning as civil and military chief of the country. The sen-

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ate ratified this determination, the Russian government lent its powerful support to the new programme, and Montenegro became an absolute monarchy under the hereditary government of a prince. Danilo's assassination at Cattaro in August of 1860 by a returned exile brought to the throne the present prince, Nicholas I., a man of rare talents, fine sympathies and considerable tact in politics. All who have seen this young prince in his simple palace among the rocks at Tsettinjé unite in according him generous praise. In the troublous moments of last autumn, when imprudent action on the part of Montenegro might have precipitated all Europe into war, Prince Nicholas showed great skill in managing his restive people, and in responding soothingly to the irritating demands of the Turkish envoys, who only sought an excuse for invading his territory. The forts which Turkey is allowed to maintain on the Montenegrin border are a perpetual menace to the independence of the little principality, and are the cause of dozens of skirmishes yearly.

Prince Nicholas evidently has a higher opinion of woman than most of his countrymen have; for when he visited Russia in 1869 he left the regency in the hands of Milena Nikolawa, his wife, a lady of much beauty and rare character. The visit of the prince to St. Petersburg was not without political significance: from that time may be said to date the public acknowledgment of the species of protectorate which Russia has established over Montenegro. Russia has made of this little star-shaped province her *avant-poste* in the East. It is even said jestingly in Austria that M. Alexandre Yonine, the Russian consul at Ragusa, the chief Dalmatian town near the "Black Mountain," is the real prince of Montenegro, because through him it is believed that the Russian government directs the policy which, with the aid of Montenegro and Montenegrin enthusiasm, it hopes to carry out. By supporting Prince Nicholas in his mountain-home in his battles against the Turks, and by aiding Prince Milan in Servia to continue rebellious, Russia is steadily preparing the downfall of the Turkish power in Europe, and the reuniting of all the long-separated branches of the Serbo-Sclavic family.

The prince voluntarily abdicated many of his rights as absolute monarch in 1868, and the Montenegrin senate now has very large powers. But the prince is still all-powerful in matters of foreign policy, and the people are quite content that in those his will should be the law.

The route from Cattaro to Tsettinjé runs through one of the prettiest valleys in Montenegro—a valley which gave its name to the reigning dynasty—the Niegroch. But after the charms of Cattaro even the Niegroch seems savage and forbidding. Cattaro has grand old villas with red roofs, terraces loaded with luxuriant blossoms, eminences crowded with poplars and acacias. Out of the labyrinth of crooked but cleanly streets peer little gardens whose rows of shrubs and flowering plants are fantastically trimmed. Over dingy and massive balconies huge ancient vines wind and turn in loving and clinging profusion and confusion. At each step one comes upon half-ruined memorials of Byzantine architecture: a sculptured balustrade is seen through a grove of orange trees; among the citrons one can dimly discern capitals of mouldering pillars, porticoes, artistic bits of iron and steel decoration fastened upon the fronts of mansions, all the chaste and elegant remnants of a vanished past. Here one looks shudderingly for the shades of the Saracens who held the old town in the ninth century, long after the Romans, who esteemed it one of their best ports when they held Dalmatia in their grip, had been forgotten. Many masters have held Cattaro since then: the Venetians left their mark upon it; the kings of Bosnia thought it one of their best strongholds; then the Venetians took it again, and kept it for nearly four hundred years, making it one of the centres of the arts, the learning and the military genius of the period. From 1797 until 1808, Cattaro was successively Austrian, French, Russian, French again, and finally, in 1814, came once more under Austrian domination. The population of the surrounding district has

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never liked the Austrians, and rarely misses an occasion to testify to its repugnance. The commerce of the town is with the Montenegrins, and so are the sympathies of its merchants. It is a brave little fortress-ridden community, which the rocks seem determined to push off into the sea, but which maintains its hold, and serenely survives earthquakes, revolutions, and changes of government.

Were it not for the few stiff and awkward soldiers whom one sees strutting about the entry of the port, one could with difficulty persuade himself that Cattaro is an Austrian town, for the Montenegrin men and women are everywhere to be seen in the narrow streets. Every mountaineer, as he arrives at the dividing-line between the city and the country, is compelled to deposit his arms with a frontier guard when he is going into Austria. This he considers a great indignity, and it is the source of frequent recriminations, and sometimes of bloody quarrels. In the market, which is on the outskirts of the town, the hardy Montenegrin is allowed to bear his weapons about with him.

The traveler leaves the stony hemicycle of the port, the charms of Cattaro, and enters upon a zigzag route dug in the side of the rocks when he departs for Tsettinjé. The prudent wanderer will start before dawn, for as soon as the sun develops his fervor the ascent is almost perilous. On the arid surface the heat beats down with terrific effect: there is no comfort in the gleam of the distant blue sea; above, the crags tower, pitiless and gigantic; the path or staircase winds round and round, never continuing more than a few yards in a straight line; the very monotony of these abrupt turns becomes inexpressibly wearisome. Sure-footed mules, driven by women or children, and loaded with wool, with fish or with grain, often blockade the way, and the traveler is sometimes at his wits' end to contrive an escape from some abyss into which the crowding caravans seem about to urge him. If one escapes without serious adventure in his journey up this tortuous path, he finds himself presently entering upon a wider but still more rocky route, and at last reaches the valley of Niegroch, in a little nook of which Prince Nicholas was born, and where, in a quaint villa erected some years since, the royal family passes some portion of every summer.

LJUBITCH, THE ARCHIMANDRITE AT OSTROG.

The journey from Cattaro to Tsettinjé occupies five hours of active climbing; and if the Montenegrin guide is in a communicative mood, and persists in telling you, in his poetical and rich Serbo-Sclavic language, the legend of every stone which lies by the way, a whole day may readily be consumed. Tsettinjé is a little village composed of two streets among the rocks. There are sixty or seventy small white cottages, the interiors of which are by no means so invitingly clean as one could desire. One or two of the residences perhaps merit the name of mansions: these served in past days as the habitations of princes.

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The hall occupied by the present Montenegrin senate, the government printing-office, the arsenal, the treasury and the "archives," is small and quite devoid of any architectural pretensions. Once upon a time it was the royal palace, and because a billiard-table was brought to it on the backs of men from Cattaro, the people of the neighborhood to this day call it *Bigliardo*. The "palace" at present occupied by Prince Nicholas is a very plain one-story edifice. It once possessed a roof covered with lead, but there came a time when bullets were much needed, and the lead was wrenched off and used to kill Turks with. This was but one of many free-will offerings from the prince to his people for the common safety.

Under a great tree in the centre of the village the warriors meet when rumors of battle are in the air. They sit in a semicircle, smoke much, talk little, decide quickly, and then go forth to slaughter. If they need any inspiration, they have only to turn their gaze in the direction of the "Turks' Tower," a small round edifice on a high rock which overlooks the town. On this tower it has been from time immemorial the custom to nail the heads of decapitated enemies. The prince who preceded Nicholas suppressed this public barbarism, but neither he nor his successor will ever succeed in preventing the Montenegrin who has slain a Turk in battle from cutting off his head. Unimpeachable witnesses assert that fifty-five Turkish heads were brought away from the fight at Utowo last autumn; and Peko the Terrible, who has been one of the most active of the Montenegrin agents in the Herzegovinian insurrection, himself told me that the practice of dissecting an enemy still prevails among his people.

The venerable monastery of Tsettinjé is the only picturesque building in the whole neighborhood. It was erected at the close of the fifteenth century by one of the vladikas, near the site of a cloister which had been founded in 1484, but had been much injured in serving alternately as a fortress against the Turks and a plaything for violent earthquakes. The monastery of to-day serves as the home of the vladika and the archimandrite, the chief of the orthodox religion professed according to the Greek rite throughout Montenegro, and also as a prison for women who need correction.

Prince Nicholas now and then gives a banquet to his warriors in his modest palace, and the spectacle on such occasions is unique in the extreme. From all points in the little principality come tall, gaunt men, clad in their gala costumes, and wearing cuirasses of silver or steel. Gathered around the banquet-table, they are decorous and diffident, saying but little until the prince leads them on to tell of their exploits. Late at night, after the princely festivities are over, the warriors gather in a circle around a little fire in a cottage, and sing songs which are filled with memories of combat.

The prince is cool, hardy and resolute in the midst of danger. He narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a Turk some years since, but he wanders about the country unprotected whenever he pleases, with no fear of a second attempt. His conduct during the disastrous days when Omer Pacha in 1862 succeeded in gaining a temporary victory over the Montenegrins was in the highest degree manly and wise. His father, Mirko, who was a terrible scourge to the Turks, and who was aiding in the complete military development of the principality, was ordered by a treaty signed at Scutari between Omer Pacha and the Montenegrins, at the conclusion of the campaign of 1862, to be expelled from the country. But although the Turks were then in a condition to force a treaty upon the Montenegrins, they could not summon force enough to make them accept its odious conditions, and Mirko the Valiant remained among his native mountains. Prince Nicholas rises often at dawn, and wanders attended by a tiny suite through the streets of Tsettinjé, hearing the complaints of the poor and the oppressed, and the reports of his warriors. He enters the senate-house, and listens to the noisy discussions of the sixteen conscript fathers — discus-

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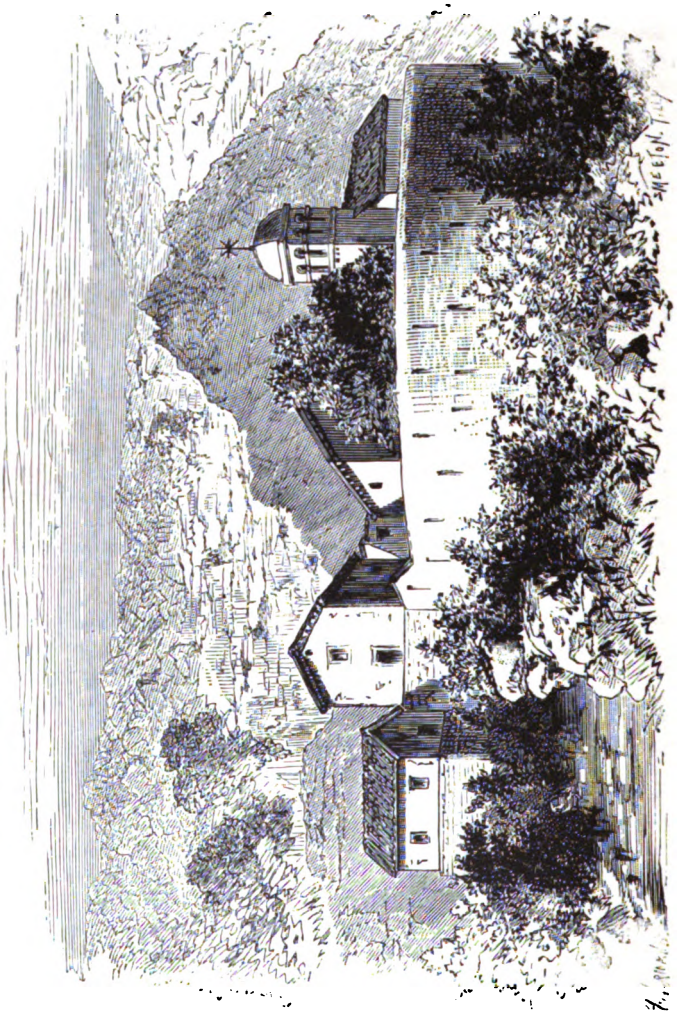
sions always accompanied by the clang of arms. Each senator has his heavy weapons laid upon the desk before him, but keeps his pistols and daggers in his girdle. Each one smokes a long pipe furiously during the session, and when speaking emphasizes his many gestures with it. The prince sometimes makes an address there, and is not surprised now and then to find himself flat-



THE MONASTERY OF OSTROG, MONTENEGRO.

ly contradicted. He visits the prisons, the courts; often acts as counsel for a criminal who has no defender; gives advice to the ignorant; and even settles family disputes. If he gets hungry while promenading, he has only to return to the senate-hall, where the fathers daily roast a sheep whole, and partake of the smoking flesh while still continuing to discuss affairs of state.

In winter the snows rest heavily upon the huge crags, and in the deep valleys the flocks sometimes suffer for food. But the snows do not hinder the mountaineers from making long journeys in pursuit of game or the Turkish soldier:

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indeed, the women are often alone the whole winter-time. When the husbands depart they do not tell their wives where they are going, and no Montenegrin woman would be brave enough to ask her lord and master any indiscreet questions.

Rieka is a pretty little town about three hours' march from Tsettinjé, not far from the Albanian frontier of Montenegro. Near it is a manufactory of arms, recently established by the government. The convent at Rieka was once very famous: in the sixteenth century the vladikas, who were driven out of other fortress-convents by the Turks, took refuge there, and made it one of the centres of the Sclavic learning of the time. Rieka has nothing to recommend it to attention now-a-days save an occasional fair, to which the warriors and maidens come to buy the Albanian jewelry and Turkish pistols and yataghans.

The monastery of Ostrog is one of the curiosities of Montenegro, and is an edifice which is never mentioned in the Black Mountain without reverence. High up among the rocks stand two plain stone structures which form a species of double monastery. In one of them the valiant father of the present prince successfully held at bay a small Turkish army with fourteen men in 1857. The convent is a place of pilgrimage for all the orthodox populations of Montenegro, Bosnia, Albania, the Herzegovina and Dalmatia; and the peasants sometimes endure incredible hardships in braving the storms in these terrible mountain-ways that they may say their prayers at the doors of Ostrog. All the rocks round about are memorials of bloody battles between Turks and Christians; and at this very time the Mussulmans are concentrating troops at Niksitch, a little fortress not far from Ostrog, with a view to attacking Montenegro once more should the Eastern question assume its gravest aspects. Ostrog is also the seat of one of the excellent schools which the Montenegrin government, with the aid of Russia and Servia, has founded within the last few years. In the savage solitude of Ostrog lives the venerable Ljubitch, the archimandrite, who teaches theology, grammar, history and science to the pupils sent him, and waits patiently for them to manifest their "vocation." Some of them don the priestly gown, but none of them ever put aside the weapons which they have worn from earliest childhood.

Climbing to the summit of Mount Lovchen, near Tsettinjé, where the tomb of Peter II., the distinguished vladika, stands out a landmark seen for miles around against the clear blue of the sky, and looking down over the rugged, rocky country stretching away to the sea, the traveler reflects with astonishment upon the energy and will which have built up a state, and protected it for more than four centuries against a formidable enemy, in such surroundings. Montenegro yearly becomes more and more important to the European family; her population, despite the ravages of war, constantly increases; and her political importance is to-day of a very high rank, since a declaration of Prince Nicholas in the stony streets of Tsettinjé may cause the downfall of half a dozen thrones. It is probable that the little country will be permitted to keep her autonomy inviolate, whatever may be the other results of the coming events in which her warriors will take a prominent part. She is universally respected because of her own strength and independence—doubly at this moment because of the mysterious support which she receives from that Russia which has been her occasional ally since the days of Peter the Great.

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THE TARTAR AND HIS HOME.

RUINS OF CHAPEL OF SISTERS OF MERCY AT TIEN-TSIN.

IN the heart of that immense continent which gave birth to civilization lies a region nearly as large as the whole territory of the United States, and into which the scientific explorer is just beginning to penetrate. Six or seven centuries have rolled by since it disappeared from the ken of Europe. At that period it was brought into some prominence by the exploits of a brace of meteoric conquerors.

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Genghis Khan and Tamerlane shed upon it a fleeting light, and made it for a little while attractive to European adventurers. Marco Polo the Venetian, Rubruquis the Frenchman, and Ibn Batuta the Moor made their way to the Tartar court, and procured nearly all the information that was possessed in regard to the country until within the present generation. For that long interval of time it relapsed into Fairyland, and became the exclusive domain of the poets. Its imaginary ruler, Prester John, was better known than any of its real inhabitants; and in our own day Moore, Southey and Coleridge aided each other in peopling it with beings, human and supernatural, more or less preposterous or impossible. Yet the Huns and the Turks—poured down upon Europe, the former from Dzungaria on the eastern and the latter from Turkestan on the western border of the great eastern plateau—were objects sufficiently palpable to the Western eye. They are so yet, especially at this moment, when the lower Danube, the Balkan and the Bosphorus have become the scene of stirring events. Caucasian blood, picked up on their westward route or found in their new home, has pretty well eliminated the Tartar from their veins; and neither the sultan nor M. Andrassy would be quick to claim cousinship with the dwellers on the Hoang-Ho.

VIEW IN THE GOBI.

Politically as ethnically, the Mongolian tide is on the ebb. Europe is retaliating, and the current of invasion sets eastward. Western Turkestan has passed under the sway of the czar, while Eastern Turkestan appears to be held in trust for him until he may care to claim it by a Mohammedan feudatory of China, who has revolted, so far successfully. This movement from the North is matched by another from the South. Mr. Bull climbs, puffing and blowing, from his rich Indian plains, and peeps over the crest of the Himalaya suspiciously and anxiously at the proceedings of his rival. A little daunted, both by the height of the

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fence and by the stunning left-hander dealt him thirty years ago by the Afghans, he has so far made but little headway, and confines himself for the

VILLAGE ON LAKE BAIKAL, DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

present to measuring and consolidating his forces. He sends out scouts, both scientific and political, English and native, with as yet but indifferent success. Somehow, an aggressive movement from the northward seems so much more natural

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and easy in any quarter of the globe than one in the opposite direction. And the mountain-barrier which shuts off Hindostan from the Thibetan plateau is tremendous enough to discourage the utmost energy. The southern edge is the most elevated, the only practicable passes into India being from sixteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. From that altitude the surface slopes gradually north, north-east and west toward the Amour, Central Siberia and the Caspian. As the surface of the Caspian lies fifteen fathoms lower than that of the ocean, Central Asia will be seen to embrace the extreme range of habitable heights. In this diversity of surface, as well as in the character of their soil and geologic structure, its deserts resemble the Sahara. They are held, indeed, to constitute in some sort a prolongation of the waste tract which stretches from Western Africa through Arabia and Persia, and embraces every latitude between the tropics and 48° north. Everywhere dry, with its few rivers losing themselves in the sand and its lakes salt or brackish, this region is everywhere marked by sudden changes of temperature —by extreme heat in the day and cold at night. Moisture and vegetation are wanting to temper the rays of the sun or moderate radiation from the earth at night. The nights of the burning Sahara, within the tropics, are unpleasantly cool, while on the southern slope of the Gobi fluctuations of sixty-three degrees within twelve hours are common, the summer heat reaching 113° a few feet above the sand, 145° at the surface, and 79° two feet beneath. Rain is recorded as failing to reach the earth and passing off in steam! Winter in the same locality is even more trying, – 45° having been observed. More extended observations would no doubt prove this range of one hundred and fifty-eight degrees to be exceeded in some years. Our own plains of Nevada and Utah can hardly match that gambol of the thermometer, notwithstanding the general resemblance of climatic traits between the Asiatic desert and the series of basins extending from Great Salt Lake through Arizona into Mexico. Alkaline plains and beds of salt left by ancient lakes are found in both; and the prevailing elevation of the Gobi proper, from four to five thousand feet, is about the same with that of the borders of the Humboldt and the upper Colorado. A like resemblance obtains in the slender stock of vegetable and animal life. Among tufts of scanty grass as tough as wire and low thickets of wormwood the sage-hen in America and a closely-allied species (called the sand-grouse) in Asia find shelter and food. The less desolate plains which skirt the true desert, and are clothed with better herbage, are the home of a kind of marmot almost the duplicate in appearance and habits of the prairie-dog. The Mongols call it *ogotono*. It appears to be free from the attentions and company of two unwelcome guests of the prairie-dog, and to enjoy more undisturbed domestic privacy; but this security ceases to obtain when it emerges from its front door, hawk, eagle, wolf and fox keeping up a constant lookout for their little and savory compatriot. A less unneighborly neighbor is the antelope—not the single species of the New World, but several of different sizes and styles of head-dress, and all of them fleet, hard to shoot, and capital venison when shot. The yak represents the bison, although existing in a wild state only in the loftiest parts of Thibet, where he climbs rocks like the chamois and defies cold like the polar bear. Domesticated, this powerful and hardy ox is a great dependence of the nomads in most parts of Mongolia. Where, from heat and lack of herbage, he gives place to the camel as a beast of burden, his fleece continues to furnish felt for tents and mats. The use of his bushy tail as an ensign is one of the few reminiscences of their original home preserved by the modern Turks, whose one-, two- and three-tailed pashas never saw, and probably never heard of, the animal whose rear they are proud to place at their head. Their religion aids them in forgetting creatures with whose living representatives they have not constant acquaintance, Mohammed, the idol-breaker, having ruined the future of Mos-

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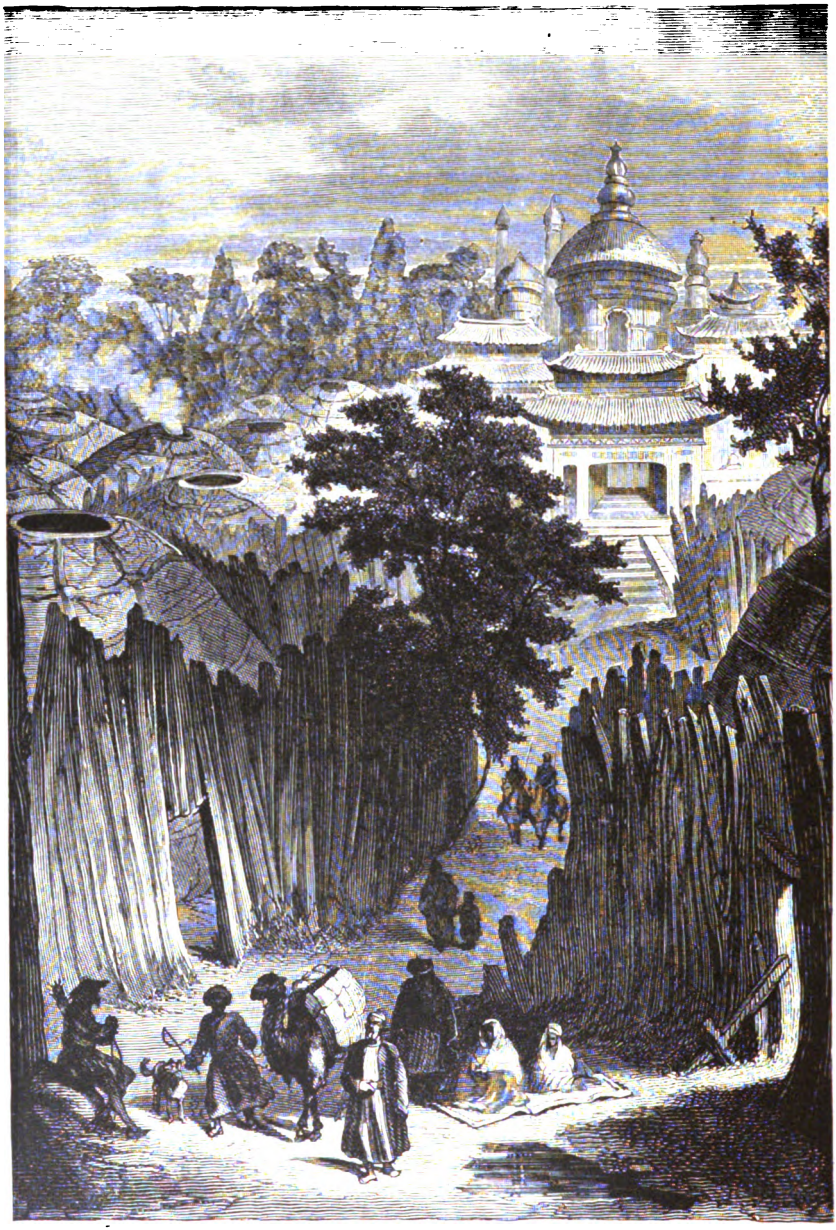

STREET IN URGA.

lem art by forbidding it to depict any animate object.

Solemn as *Bos grunniens*, the most patient of grunters, is in all his ways, the sprightly French abbé, Huc, who penetrated from Peking to Lhassa a quarter of a century ago, managed to extract amusement from him. He thus describes

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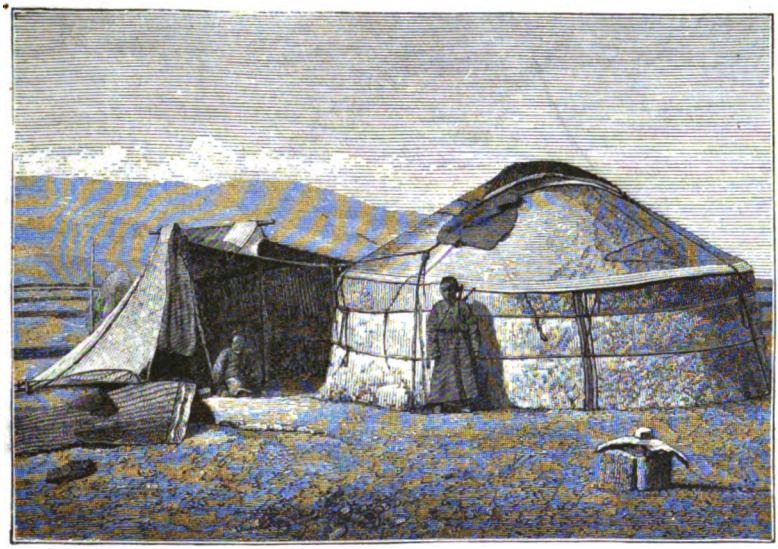
his fellow-travelers through the fields of almost perpetual snows: "These long-haired oxen were real caricatures: nothing can be imagined more absurd-looking. They staggered along with their legs spread apart, borne down with an enormous system of stalactites which hung down to the ground. The poor beasts were so shapeless and so wholly covered with icicles that they looked like gigantic confections in sugar-candy." But they did their work, and carried the gay divine, disguised as a Buddhist priest, safely to his objective point, or we should never have had his book, as truthful as picturesque, yet so romance-like in its style as to beget in the reader the same skepticism he has to struggle against in perusing some other French narratives of travel and adventure—those of Gérard and Du Chaillu, for instance, two gentlemen who put facts in such a disguise of fiction as to make the lion and the gorilla seem fabulous creatures. The clerical dignitary who apologized for having Huc's book on his table, and said a bishop should not be caught reading romances, had some *primâ facie* justification for his jest; but it was doubtless brought the more readily to his lips by a certain pique at the odd parallelism which Huc was not at all reserved in bringing out between some observances common to the Lama and the Catholic churches, such as celibacy, the use of rosaries, masses for the dead, modern miracles, etc. The worthy abbé's faith ran clear through these and other coincidences, found them no stumbling-block, and looked far deeper for the causes which have made the Jesuits so much more successful than the Protestant missionaries in making converts and martyrs among the Chinese. Had he written twenty years later, he might have sustained such a position by pointing to the riot and massacre of Tien-Tsin.



MONGOL YURTA.

The yak has carried us, with M. Huc, to the confines of Thibet, the special patrimony of the Grand Lama. His States of the Church, as we may term them, incomparably more spacious, but incomparably inferior in every other source of interest, to the vale of the Tiber, occupy a secondary section of the Mongolian plateau, embraced between the Himalayan ranges and the Kuen-Lun, running parallel with them to the north. Mongolia may be likened to an oblong dish turned upside down, but the rim or

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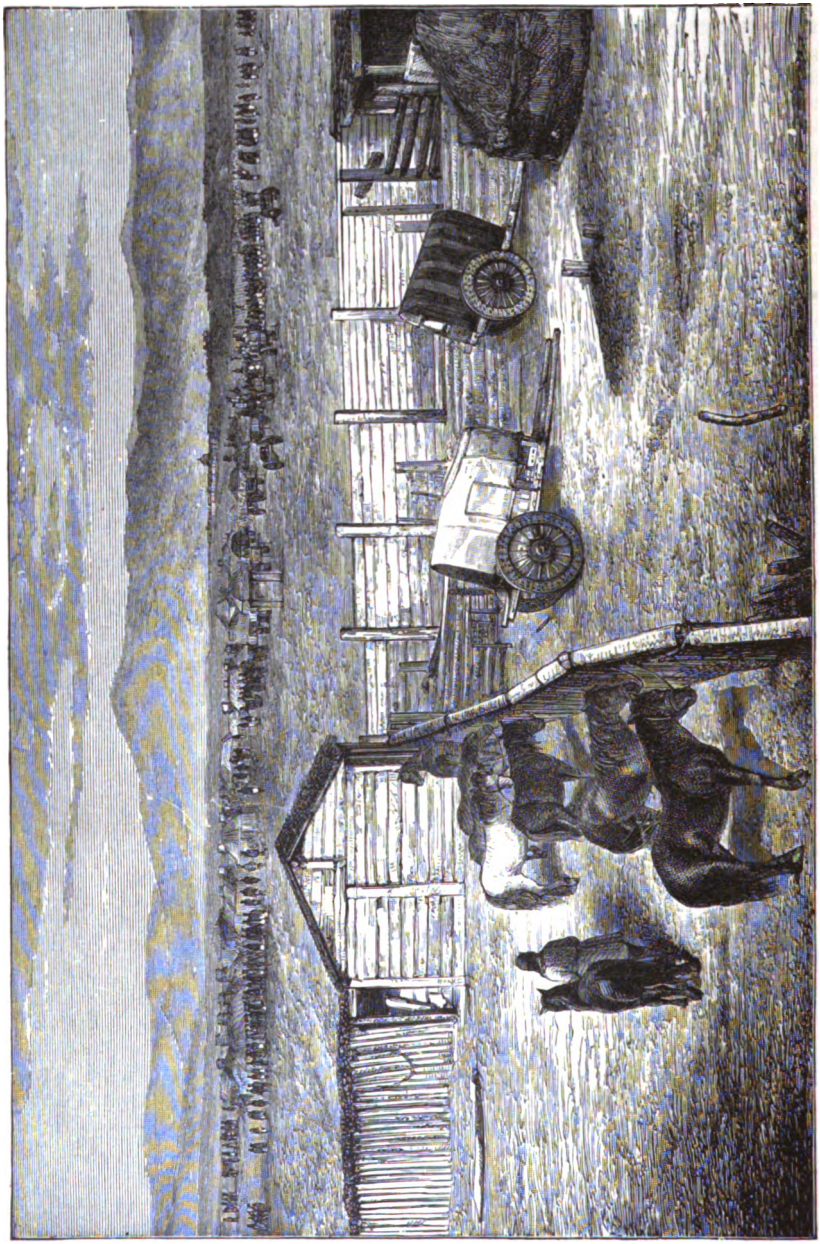
ledge on which the dish in its ordinary position would rest, much deeper on the outside than on the inside, is broad, irregular, and sometimes, as in the case



RUSSIAN CANTONMENT AT UMGA.

of Thibet on the southern border, markedly double. The dish, moreover, is tilted, and, as we have already said, falls in its general surface from the south. The

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northern rim is much lower, both at its base and its summit, than the southern. The eastern edge is skirted by the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, the Chinese Missouri and Mississippi in one, ever shifting and bordered by cold and barrenness in its upper course, but rich and teeming in its lower, and overlooks the Flowery Kingdom, that stretches to the Pacific. The western rim is the Thian-Shan, a group of mountains having its axis with the lines of longitude, yet sending its component ranges east and west—the general trend of the mountains of the Old World, as that of the New-World systems is north and south. The Thian-Shan divides Chinese Mongolia from Russia's new acquisitions on the west, Khiva and Khokan. Its eastern has also been of late years the scene of some movement, politically speaking, the Mohammedans of Yarkand having thrown off the Chinese yoke at nearly the same time with the subjection of their more westerly co-religionists to that of the czar. The difficulties encountered by that potentate in his march of invasion, though, as the newspaper correspondents have told us, serious enough, were not equal to those the authorities of Peking have to overcome in getting at their rebellious vassals. The Chinese forces are compelled to traverse the Gobi in its longest dimensions—a task we are aided in measuring by the circumstance that on its shorter axis to the east eight hundred and seventy miles are passed without coming to a running stream. The Celestial army takes not less than two years for the march to Kashgar and Yarkand. At last advices it had encamped on an oasis and put in a harvest to supply provisions for the next stage. It may well be imagined that no Bohemians are allowed to accompany it, and that few despatches from head-quarters are given to the Associated or any other Press. What light the expedition may lend to our knowledge—or rather dense ignorance—of the Western Gobi must come indirectly and accidentally. It might come sooner and in larger volume if the rebels could join hands with another body of Mohammedan insurgents two thousand miles away in the south-eastern corner of the empire, at Yunnan, and, aided by the three or four millions in China proper who are estimated to be of the Moslem faith, roll back the tide of invasion upon their assailants. But this cannot be expected. There are not enough of them to do more than maintain a chronic local insurrection or a war of raids. The desert is a protection to China against her turbulent feudatories much more efficient than the Great Wall, built for that purpose. It serves to keep suzerain and vassal mutually at arm's length. Unfortunately, it also repels explorers who have no connection with or concern in either, and who would be thankful simply to be allowed to face its terrors without interference from either. The combination of Tartar, Chinaman and desert is an array discouraging to the most ardent of scientific enthusiasts. Nature herself, if not always a friend, can usually be made a friend. Her severest frowns are rarely implacable. She redeems every desert with oases. They exist in the Gobi, green and grateful to the parched wanderer, if not rich with palms, as in the Sahara. Its barren expanse melts gradually at the edges into grassy plains, with often a belt of wooded mountains and clear streams, accompanied by an infinite variety of animate life in forms familiar enough to make the voyager from any and every quarter of the temperate zone feel at home. The fruits of our orchards and the tenants of our fields and steadings, not less than our forest trees, are native among these hills. The raspberry, strawberry, apricot, cherry, plum, spring wild under the shade of oak, beech and fir. Several species of sheep, goats, the red deer, wild-boar, partridge, pheasant, horse, wild-ass or kulan, hare, and of birds most of our best-known kinds, near enough in form and habits to make their affinity unmistakable at first sight, deny all foreign aspect to these ancient and remote solitudes. The mountains of Central Asia, ten thousand miles from our longitude and from one to two miles above our horizon, thus become less distant from us than the trop-

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ics, three days' journey off and close to the level of the sea. We come to wonder what this odd people with their odd ways, so deliberately the reverse of ours,

GENERAL VIEW OF URGA.

are doing with a domain so palpably our own.

On some of the larger pools left on this ancient sea-bottom by the receding

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waves such inhabitants of the ocean-shores as the seal and the earthquake still occur. But such localities are few. The land is as stable as arid. It is the people who are unstable. A nomadic life becomes a necessity with them. They have to chase water and grass from spot to spot. Their farmhouses are tents, and their villages encampments. The habits thus caused extend from the open desert, where fixed abodes are an impossibility, to the more hospitable tracts, and prevent the establishment of settled industry on the latter as well. A Tartar town is but the crystallization of a Tartar camp. Its huts are hardened tents, and its people retain the thriftless and squalid modes of life they learned upon the plains. The only property is what can be moved on four legs—camels, horses, sheep and cattle—with what meagre furniture the camels and horses can carry or draw in a few rude two-wheeled carts. The *yurta*, with the poles which form its frame, is light enough to be readily transported. It is twelve or fifteen feet in diameter and ten feet high in the centre, with a hole at top for the escape of smoke. At a little distance it is said to resemble a pile of earth. Its felt covering, in cold weather sometimes doubled or tripled, is water-proof, and makes the interior much warmer than a canvas tent in winter, and cooler in summer. Luxury, with those who are able to indulge in it, consists in hangings of silk or cotton, wooden floors and carpets.

Rich and poor meet on the same platform of utter ignorance of soap, and a disuse of the rare article of water almost as total. The brackish pools and wells are indeed as little fit for washing as for drinking purposes. "The stagnant pool that beasts would cough at" (were it not that or nothing) is the rule. It serves, however, for making the national and universal drink, tea, as the true Briton pronounces the questionable water of the Thames unequaled for beer. In the brick-tea of Mongolia we are not to recognize the classic Johnsonian and Cowperian beverage. The mode of preparation is disgusting: the vessel in which the tea is boiled is never cleansed. Salt water is generally used, but if unobtainable salt is added. The tea is then pared off with a knife or pounded in a mortar, and a handful of it thrown into the boiling water, to which a few cups of milk are added. To soften the brick-tea, which is sometimes as hard as a rock, it is placed for a few minutes among hot argols (the "buffalo-chips" of our prairies), "which impart a flavor and aroma to the whole beverage. This is the first process, and in this form it answers the same purpose as chocolate or coffee with us. For a more substantial meal the Mongol mixes dry roasted millet in his cup, and as a final relish adds a lump of butter or raw sheep-tail fat." Sugar is unknown. The tourist ambitious of assisting at a Mongol feast will have to carry his supply with him. Still, style will assert itself everywhere. Each member of the family owns his or her own private and particular cup, and carefully cleans it with the tongue at the end of the meal. The fashionables have them of pure silver, made by the Chinese; while the clergy maintain the fine old Teutonic and Scandinavian custom of using human skulls cut in half and tastefully mounted in silver. Here is a new market for the Comstock Lode, and a neat solution perhaps of the silver question. The body of the cup can be provided on the spot in any quantity, the people of the Gobi not burying their dead, but leaving them to the wolves and vultures. This revolting practice places them beneath their distant cousins, the American Indians, who do what they can to protect poor mortality from such desecration.

We are here speaking, as we shall chiefly in the rest of this article, of the Mongol pure—or impure—and simple, as he appears within the limits of the Chinese empire. West of the Thian-Shan Mountains he shades off into the Caucasian race and civilization, though still migratory and hampered in progress by that method of existence. Lamaism stops with that range, and gives place to the religion of Islam, a monotheistic and non-sensuous creed far superior as an elevating influence to the debased and

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MONGOLS WORSHIPING "OBO."

debasing superstition of Eastern Mongolia. In the latter region it is estimated that one-third of the male population are lamas, or members of the sacred order. The head of the Church, or Dalai-Lama, resides with his assistant of the second rank at Lhassa in the south. On the northern side of Mongolia, at Urga, resides a third impersonation of Deity, who shares his name of Kutuchtu and superhuman character with others of less note and power scattered through the country. To judge from the engraved photographs of two of these gentlemen, they would not be singled out in an American crowd as divinities, or even divines. These dignitaries are, indeed, kept down to a very terrestrial grade of intelligence by the policy of the Chinese government, which takes care to encourage the transmigration of the soul of the deceased hierarch into a successor distinguished rather for

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stupidity than the reverse. It thus secures more manageable tools for controlling the superstitious masses beyond the Great Wall, and thereby maintaining the peace of the frontier. In this object it seems to succeed, the ancient spirit of the hordes having died out, and what disturbances occur lying at the door of the Mohammedans.

Dolon-Nor, two hundred miles north of Peking, on the extreme eastern edge of Mongolia, is the only manufacturing town of the Mongols, and it is more than half Chinese, the two races, as in Urga, occupying distinct quarters of the city. Its industry is the production of idols. These are distributed from its foundries over the whole domain of the Grand Lama, and are not unknown in much more distant countries where their sacred character is universally conceded. The specimens seen in museums do not speak highly for the Dolon-Nor art-school, but they are turned out at a cost hopelessly discouraging to artistic competition from South Kensington, Düsseldorf, Rome or Birmingham.

LAMA IN FULL CANONICALS.

The fear shown by China of a handful of nomads scattered over a vast wilderness, and scarcely equaling in number the population of two of its seaboard cities, is explicable only by the singular compound of timidity and tenacity which marks the policy of the empire and the disposition of the Chinese. The Great Wall, built twenty centuries ago to resist the incursions of the Mongols, is standing evidence that this policy is a traditional one. We may here add that the prevailing impression that this extraordinary barrier failed in the purpose of its erection is not altogether well founded. Of course, the wall could not be perfect as a fortification and constitute a Gibraltar thirty-three hundred miles long. No garrison could defend so long a line. It was on some occasions passed. But that in the long run it deterred invasion is evident from history, and from the facts that it is still serviceable and still forms the boundary between China and the turbulent foes — now her tributaries more or less punctual and submissive—against whom it was designed to protect her. A chain of detached forts would have been more in harmony with the teachings of military science; but raiding-parties would have made their way through the intervals with more ease, frequency and effect than over a sheer continuous parapet seven yards high and nine thick—too high for them to scale, and too broad for any engines at the command of the assailants to batter. The detached forts are there, too,

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as they were around Paris in 1870. We think it will be conceded that she would not have been worse off with the curtain in addition. John Chinaman, standing on the heights of Vauvres, might have adduced his much-ridiculed wall with no little force and point. China would have been fortunate had she been as well protected on her opposite border, facing the sea. The ruins of the imperial pavilions near Peking prove that her most serious sufferings from invasion of late years have been caused by attacks on that side.

She is apprehensive of danger from a new assailant on the side of the desert more formidable than the Mongols. Communication with Siberia, for many years limited to the one inland port—if we may use the expression—of Kiachta, was last winter cut off entirely by formal notification from the court of Peking to that of St. Petersburg. The provocation to this summary step was unwittingly furnished by a pair of modest octavos, an English translation of which lies before us. The author, Lieutenant-Colonel Prejevalsky of the Russian army, was deputed by the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg to explore the country between Kiachta and Thibet. This he undertook in a series of journeys in the years 1870–73. The funds at his command did not enable him to reach Lhassa, but he crossed the Gobi at two points, penetrated it at another for a third of its width, and, following generally the upper Hoang-Ho and the Great Wall, pushed beyond the southern extremity of the latter into the Kuen-Lun Mountains. An ardent naturalist, he brought back valuable contributions to science, geographic, zoological and botanical. His collections embrace three hundred species of birds, forty-two of mammalia, seventy of reptiles and fish, over five hundred of plants, of which one hundred are new, and more than three thousand specimens of insects. It was not, however, with what he taught the outside barbarians in regard to its weather, its rocks, its plants and its animals that the jealous government of the Central Kingdom found fault. His remarks on the character and condition, physical, military and political, of the frontier population were the ground of offence. The gallant colonel's observations on that score are certainly not flattering. He thinks both Mongols and Chinese arrant cowards, the officials corrupt and tyrannical in the extreme, and the soldiers much more of a terror to friends than to enemies. He declares himself convinced of "the rotten state of China and her tributaries. They are all alike, and

LAMA KUTUCHTU.

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nothing but ignorance on the part of Europeans could invest them with any of the attributes of power or majesty." The hostilities between the Mohammedan insurgents and the Chinese would be ludicrous were they not attended by so much cruelty and rapine. Their forays and skirmishes "simply amounted to this: One set of cowards tries to outwit another: as soon as either side has succeeded, *Væ victis!*—woe to the fallen enemy!" No prisoners were spared: men, women and children were alike put to death. At a siege the assailants withdrew at the hour of taking tea, to return to the investment next morning and discharge their clumsy matchlocks at the walls till the recurrence of another noonday lunch. The Mohammedans adopted that proceeding at the fort of Chobsen, retiring daily two-thirds of a mile to their camp, when the garrison availed themselves of the opportunity to come out and supply themselves with water for their own tea. After six days employed in this way the siege was raised.

The arrival of a body of troops was always the signal for a stampede of those they were sent to defend. Poultry, cattle, household goods and everything else stealable were snatched up and carried into the hills. The unhappy villagers thus suffered the horrors of war from both parties. The natural result was, that broad tracts once fertile and populous became howling wastes.

Such statements were not calculated to commend Russian tourists to favor at Peking. The sudden drying-up of the Siberian teapot cannot surprise us. Twenty millions of pounds is its annual supply. The tea is borne across the Gobi eight hundred miles from Kalgan, a town of seventy thousand inhabitants, one hundred and forty miles north-west of Peking, on the backs of camels. The usual load is four chests of one hundred and eight pounds each. The cost of transport is about four cents a pound. There is also a return trade, some travel, and a Russian mail four times a month each way. To European and American minds a railroad suggests itself. Not so to the Chinese. Their views are precisely the reverse. They would like to see the Gobi wider and if possible more barren, with its mountain-edges, northern and southern, broader and higher. The range on the northern side is a hundred and seventy-five miles wide, from Kiachta to Urga, and embraces what Prejevalsky, fresh from Siberia, considered some fine valleys, with plenty of wood and water. From his account we should liken it to the northern part of Maine. A much milder climate and less arctic vegetation greeted him on his descent into the alluvial plain of Peking, only one hundred and twenty feet above tide. Here "snow is rare: if it fall occasionally at night, it generally thaws the next day. Wintering birds abound, and we saw thrushes, mountain-finches, greenfinches, rooks, bustards, kites, pigeons and wild-ducks." This in December.

Of Peking, described for us by many other visitors, M. Prejevalsky has little to say. It seems to have appealed more powerfully to his nose than to his eyes. His most valuable acquisition in the capital was an imperial passport. "Respect this!" was an inscription not without meaning, for it brought him through numberless difficulties thrown in his path by private and official persons.

This requisite for the journey was more easily provided than some others. It was impossible to procure a native guide. No offer of reward would tempt either Mongol or Chinese to accompany the Russians on the long desert march. At a village where the Catholics maintained a mission they hired, by advice of the clergy in charge, a Mongol convert as interpreter. But "after the first day's march he deserted, carrying off one of our knives and a revolver. This happened during the night, and he had probably laid his plans beforehand, as he did not take his clothes off when he turned in to sleep with the Cossacks."

Currency was another trouble. "Cash" are the small change. They are strung on a cord, five hundred in a bunch. Half a dollar's worth of them weighs about eight pounds. This is the only Chinese coin, silver being used by weight and cast in wedge-shaped ingots, from

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RUINS OF THE EMPEROR'S SUMMER PALACE.

which the required amount is cut as needed. The rate of exchange between these two forms of money varies in almost every town and city. "In some places, thirty cash count as a hundred; in others, fifty, seventy-eight, eighty,

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ninety-two, ninety-eight, are worth no more." Add that the silver is of all grades of impurity and the scales of all grades of dishonesty, and you can estimate the delights of a tour through the remote interior of China. "How not to do it" is reduced to the most profound and perfect of sciences.

It was something that our St. Petersburgers did finally get out of Peking. They, their camels, two horses and one dog—a Russian setter named Faust, who stuck faithfully by them through two years' journeyings, and succumbed at last to the hardships of the desert when only a few days' march from its close—moved northward, and then along the southern skirt of the Gobi to the west. East of Kalgan they found a well-peopled region, with good roads on the main routes, a large traffic in two-wheeled bullock-carts, and "countless herds of sheep, cows and horses in every part of the steppe." The trying part of the trip lay to the left. They reascended the desert plateau, and followed it westwardly through the territory of the Toumet tribe of Mongols till they reached the western abutment of the In-Shan Mountains on the northern or left bank of the Hoang-Ho. At the town of Bantu they crossed that river into the sandy desert of Ordos, formerly called Ho-Nan, which forms a square some two hundred miles on a side, enclosed within a bend of the Hoang-Ho. Huc, moving with a caravan, had passed directly across Ordos, but Prejevalsky clung to the river-valley, recrossing at Ding-Hu into the desert of Ala-Shan, which connects Ordos, with only the intervention of the river, with the Gobi beyond. At the farther frontier of Ala-Shan they reached the outliers of the Kuen-Lun, and thence for five hundred miles the route lay among and over elevations which attained in some places sixteen thousand five hundred feet. Their first climb from the arid waste of Ala-Shan brought them upon a ridge green and misty with moisture and rich in animal and vegetable life. The people seemed to change with their habitat. The oblique eye, broad cheekbones and flat face of the Mongols were replaced by the more regular features of the Tangutans, long-faced men with beards and a gypsy-like physiognomy. This race is described as possessed of more energy and intelligence than are the pure Mongols. They build cabins in some places, and cultivate the soil—an approach to Chinese industry the Mongols cannot constrain themselves to make.

MONGOL SOLDIER.

Though the Mongolian is the pervading race of all Upper Asia, it is divided, like our aborigines, into tribes and families, which maintain their distinctions even when their individuals or subdivisions are separated by thousands of miles.

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Thus, the people of Ala-Shan and Ordos, whose territory crosses, with the desert, the Hoang-Ho and extends into China proper, are of the same kindred with the western horde which a century and a half ago made the latest Tartar demonstration on Europe. The readers of De Quincey will remember his vivid description of the fate which befell this migration when the vigorous hand of Catharine II. came to deal with it, and how in 1771 it was kept upon the trot at the spear-point of the Cossack across half Asia, until the few wretched survivors found shelter within the confines of the Chinese empire.

CHINESE CAVALRY.

The language of the Tangutans differs from that of the Mongols, and is the same with that of Thibet, the population of which country is mainly Tangutan. The home of the race is around Lake Koko-Nor. Upon the borders of this lake, lying ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and possessing no outlet, M. Prejevalsky made a long stay. The population is very sparse, and Nature untouched. The Mongolians do not harm birds, and their arrows and matchlocks can do little harm to larger game. The argali might often be seen grazing among the domestic sheep, although still wary enough to prevent their leading it within easy rifle-shot. The wild ass, apparently the same species with the Persian, showed itself on the open plains in herds of from ten to fifty, and near the banks of the lake in larger assemblages of several hundred. Rumor told of wild horses and wild camels, but they were to be found in a region some days' journey to the northwest which circumstances placed beyond Prejevalsky's reach.

Here was the very halting-place for him. A new scientific province lay open before him. He was hospitably received by the ruling princess, who held the reins of government for her minor son, and accorded all respect to the passport of her suzerain the emperor. The stranger's first and only interview with this lady is thus noted: "We met her with the young prince near Djaratai-Dabas, on their way to Tonkie to transact business. The latter eyed us with a sort of stupid curiosity, but the princess demanded our passport, and after reading it through remarked to her attendants that we were perhaps emissaries of the em-

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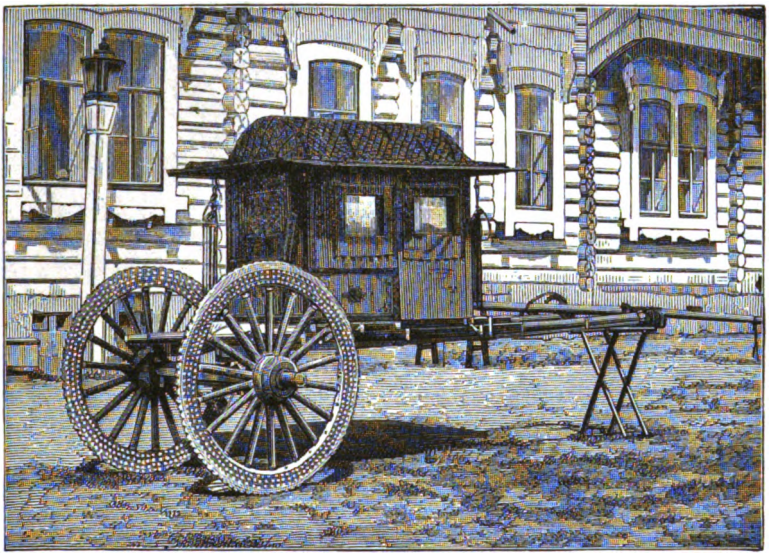
peror of China to report everything we saw to him. She then bade them give us guides, and we separated after an interview which did not last more than half an hour."

Equally obliging was the uncle of the young *wang* or prince. This personage was a *gigen*, or first-class priest, but his temple had been destroyed by the Mohammedan insurgents, and thus thrown out of business he occupied himself chiefly with politics. "He was an excellent fellow: . . . the greatest kindness he showed us was in forbidding his subjects from entering our tent except on special business; so that for the first and only time during the expedition we lived near the natives without being disturbed by them."

The attentions of the people were certainly oppressive, and took every form from thievery to worship. Here, in Koko-Nor, the latter phase predominated, and the unlucky colonel had divinity buckled on his back whether he would or no. His wonderful guns, his safe passage through the country most infested by rebels, his collection of skins and



CHINESE CARRIAGE.

plants, the attention paid him by the magnates and the concealment of the purposes of his journey, combined to build up for him the character of a saint. The populace prayed to the Russians and their rifles, and the princes brought their children to be blessed. "As we approached Dulan-Kit a crowd of two hundred men assembled to worship us, kneeling on each side of the road." Intelligence of these proceedings had doubtless something to do with the decision arrived at at Peking to cut up Russian exploration by the roots.

Our traveler was little less put to it to escape the honors and responsibility of a physician than to avoid those of a saint. Human suffering is always vigilant for relief, and the first demand made by barbarians upon civilized visitors is apt to be for medical assistance. Prejevalsky had quinine with him, and its efficacy in the cases it suited produced an impression of his medical powers. The neighboring temple of Kumbum was famed for its school of medicine, and he deems it not impossible that it might teach European physicians something of value in regard to remedies supplied by the plants of the locality. This is the habitat

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of the true rhubarb, lost or degenerated in Europe.

The colonel's contributions to the resources of Thibetan physic were not confined to quinine. On the principle *populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, he treated his importunate patients to the panacea of a German quack. This cure-all consisted in a bunch of needles set on a spring and used as a scarifier, ointment being afterward rubbed in. The Koko-Norians hailed it with enthusiasm as an emanation from Buddha. The precious instrument was presented to a Mongol chief, "who at once began to practice with it on his aide-de-camps, although they had nothing earthly that ailed them." The next tourist to Kumbum, utterly ignorant of Prejevalsky, may perhaps return it to Europe as a boon which science owes to the Thibetan school of medicine. If nothing more mischievous were ever sent to or brought from Asia!

Of the seven thousand lamas formerly resident at this seat of science, the greater part have been dispersed by the Mohammedan insurrection, but are now expected to return and resume their researches and devotions. They have done, and will do, however, less for the development of the natural wealth of this elevated region than the hardworking Chinese, who are occupying the choice spots with colonies. The latter have opened coal-mines at one point, and have an opportunity of testing the Californian experience of their countrymen on the gold said to be found in almost every mountain-stream. These washings are not more inaccessible than those of the Nevada originally were, the great Yang-tse-Kiang—called on these its upper waters the Murui-Ussu—flowing within three hundred miles of Lake Koko-Nor on the south-west, and the Hoang-Ho, only a day's march from the lake, skirting the eastern front of the plateau for hundreds of miles. The Chinese name for the stream called by the Mongols Murui-Ussu signifies "Gold-sand River." At the spot where Prejevalsky

MONGOL GIRL.

struck it the width of its channel is seven hundred and fifty feet, but the bed from one bank to the other is over a mile wide, and the natives told him it was not only filled in the rainy season of summer, but sometimes overflowed. At the lowest stage of water there were a few fords. The current is very rapid, as may be supposed from the enormous height of the mountains which overlook the narrow valley. Two hundred and thirty miles below, the country was said to become comparatively level and open, and to sustain a large agricultural population. Five hundred miles south by west, a journey of twenty-seven days over mountains not more difficult than some our travelers had passed, lay the Thibetan

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capital, Lhassa, looking down upon the Brahmaputra and up to the Himalaya. But their purse was exhausted, and with heavy hearts they turned back. It can-

MONGOL PRINCESS.

not be many years before their work will be supplemented by explorers pushing from the opposite direction through Nepaul and Burmah.

The ridge forming the northern frontier of Thibet where it was crossed by the Russians is sixteen thousand three hundred feet above sea-level, and seven thousand five hundred above the plain of salt-marshes which borders it on the north. The height of the pass is fifteen thousand three hundred feet. In December there was nevertheless but a slight covering of snow on the northern slopes of the highest summits, and on the return march in early spring this had disappeared. The latitude, 36°, is not low enough to account for the absence of perpetual snow at such an elevation. The dry winds from the Gobi explain it.

The distress of men and animals from the rarefaction of the air at such heights is of course great. The camel has been known to drop dead. One of Prejevalsky's, indeed, expired near the summit, and the others were barely able to walk. The yak is better suited to the work, and in the wild state prefers the peaks. Caravans always carry a large reserve force of camels or yaks, but in snow-storms all may be lost. A caravan in the winter of 1870 left Lhassa with three hundred souls and one thousand beasts of burden. In a violent storm, followed by intense cold, fifty men and all the animals save three camels—which were kept

MONGOL PRINCESS—REAR VIEW.

alive by feeding them on barley—perished.

At the lower elevations ruling in this region, of from ten to twelve thousand

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feet, the discomforts of physical exertion and of every-day life are marked. Water boiling thirty or forty degrees below the heat required at the level of the sea, food is less easily cooked, even with good fuel. And when, in winter, the only fuel obtainable, "argols," or dried manure, has to be sought for under the snow, the obstacles in the way of a savory roast or a cup of tea must be discouraging to the best house- or tent-keeper. Of meat our traveler had no lack. Game is abundant, and M. Prejevalsky was astonished at the abundance of animal life. He "could have fed a regiment" with his rifle. A man who could do that has a right to claim the largest liberty in his sporting narratives. An antelope, cornered on an isolated crag, springs one hundred feet into the ravine below, the swifts shooting out from the cliff and following him in his descent, and gallops off as if nothing had happened. The *kuku-yaman*, or mountain-sheep, brought to like extremities, springs *up*, though not to such a vertical distance. It does it also in stress of food. The grass being parched, it leaps into the trees to feed upon the leaves! Says the colonel —and who that has been to Kan-Su will dare to impeach him?—"I myself, in May, 1871, saw two of these animals on a widespreading elm fourteen feet from the ground." We believe this fully, and would, with some slight concession as to the angle which the trunk of the elm or its main branches made with the ground, accept twenty-five feet. Even had we never seen a goat on a roof, we should feel bound to credit travelers' tales, so many of them have been disputed, so many of them proved true, and such an infinitesimal proportion proven false. Old Marco Polo comes out brighter, clearer and sounder with each modern expedition to the realm of the Grand Khan. Japan, Ethiopia and Borneo turn out queerer in the reality than in the pages of the most fanciful of the old voyagers. He of the worst repute in this maligned class, Mandeville, is in process, albeit slow and partial, of vindication. What can be said more incredible of the antipodes than the circumstance conveyed in their name, that their heads are where their feet ought to be?

THIBETAN PHYSICIAN.

We have no idea that the Kiachta interdiction will last long. The czar is not the man to be bowed out in that fashion. China's experience of the results of such a line of policy on her seaboard ought to assure her of its futility on her inland front.

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LAPLAND.

MANY travelers have given us accounts of the midnight sun as seen in polar latitudes, and of that long day when for months the sun neither rises nor sets. Yet it must be that these descriptions are unsatisfactory to the majority of readers. Leaving aside those acquainted with practical astronomy, who has not wondered where the sun appears, or what its course with regard to the horizon in those latitudes where it does not set daily as with us? The accounts of a

THE MIDNIGHT SUN IN THE POLAR CIRCLE ON THE 21ST OF JUNE.

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dozen Arctic explorers might be cited, not one of whom answers this query. We must therefore work out the problem without their aid—evolve it, as it were, from the "inner consciousness." We know that except at the equator the sun can never appear directly in the zenith, and there only twice a year, when it is in one of its equinoctial points or colures. In our latitude we always notice that the sun is south of the zenith point at noon: even when highest in the heavens, June 21st, it casts a shadow northward at noon. Of course the farther north we go the lower in the south will the sun appear to be, yet at or near the North Pole it remains for months above the horizon. Does it then describe a circle above the southern horizon? Evidently so, but then at the North Pole every horizon must be a southern horizon. There, the north pole of the heavens—the point to which the northern extremity of our axis points—is directly overhead: therefore, in whatever direction we point, except upward to the zenith, it is a southern direction, and the sun must appear to travel around the entire horizon every twenty-four hours. But only at the poles of the earth could the sun be at the same height above the horizon during any whole day. When it reached its highest point, that would be noon: when it reached the opposite or lowest point, that would be midnight. After June 21st, at the North Pole, the sun would sink below the horizon for a minute, and this short night would increase until the sun ceased to appear at all for months. As there can be no eastern, western or northern points of the horizon at the North Pole, every wind must blow from the south. Possibly some of our Arctic sages base upon this fact, somewhat, the theory that there is no ice in that "open polar sea." The English Arctic expedition sent out last fall is nobly prepared for the enterprise, and it is hoped will actually reach that long-sought latitude, 90°, where you are at one and the same moment in every possible longitude, since the meridians of every place on the globe must meet there at a point which might be covered by the sole of the foot.

Of the midnight sun from the summit of Mount Avasaxa in Sweden the French traveler Count Goblet d'Alviella says: "All at once a thin vapor covers the red globe, which seems motionless amid a gauze of purple fringed with gold. It is midnight! Naturally, our Americans had brought a bottle of champagne: needless to add that our first *skaler* was 'To the Midnight Sun!' Meantime, the great luminary had continued its course, and the morning had succeeded to the evening while the glass was at our lips." Of course this traveler omits to add the very interesting fact that the position of this midnight sun was due north.

At Stockholm the Swedish guide had said to M. d'Alviella's party: "Bear in mind that once in Lapland you will find nothing to eat—not even if you paid its weight in gold." This was considered an exaggeration, and only a small supply of tea, biscuit, potted ham and Liebig's "extract of meat" was taken. This sin of omission was deeply repented at Haparanda, where two small barley cakes were all that could be procured, and at Matarengi a few white ones from the pastor of the place. The count's course was up the Muonio, which empties into Bothnia Bay, to Pajala, near the frontier of Finmark; thence by land part of the way to Karesuando and across the swampy *fjelds* to the source of the Alten, on which the journey was continued to Hammerfest, the most northern town on the earth, and from there by sea to the North Cape. Formerly, a journey to the North Cape was so hazardous an undertaking that only a great scientific or commercial interest could induce an inhabitant of the temperate zones to attempt it. Now there is an excellent steamboat service all along the Norwegian coast, and up to the very foot of that dreary promontory. The North Cape is now the goal of the indefatigable tourist. To "do" Rome and Athens has become vulgar—Africa and the South Pacific Islands are too common. To scale the bleak cliffs of the Magero serves his turn at present, until the North Pole becomes practicable. Among the tourists to the North Cape, M. d'Alviella mentions two

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newly - married couples — English of course—"who had selected the Frozen Ocean for the scene of their honeymoon."

This traveler, like many others, remarks upon the imperious haste of tourists. With what reason? Their object is a purely business one: it is to "do" places of historic or other interest; and once they have stood upon the spot, the object is accomplished. One of these typical tourists on his return from Syria was asked some simple question about Jerusalem. Apparently, all he knew was the fact that he had been there; and in justification of his ignorance he asked indignantly, "Do you expect a fellah to cwam (cram) when he is traveling?"

KARESUANDO, A LARGE TOWN IN LAPLAND.

The fixed population of Lapland is in the southern part of the country, and composed mostly of farmers. Even the smallest farms have generally three or

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four buildings, set around the four sides of an open square. These buildings comprise the living rooms, kitchen and stables, separated from each other only by a partition of planks, the cracks being filled in with moss. Frequently, the walls are pasted over with the copies of some popular periodical. Every parish has its primary school. We are assured by other travelers besides D'Alviella that in all parts of Scandinavia illiteracy is rare, though the principal source of education is not the schools, but that mutual instruction by the domestic hearth during the long sunless winters, which Herodotus accused the hyperboreans of passing in sleep like certain bears and other animals. The Lapland schoolmaster enjoys a salary of twenty-five dollars a year, and a bonus of fifty cents for every child instructed. The priest is not much better remunerated, and his labors are of the hardest; for he has to shriek as if his small audience was half a mile away. It seems that the Lapps estimate the missionary's merit wholly by the power of his lungs. Though the Lapps are converted to Christianity, they still retain many of their old superstitions. The aurora borealis, always splendid in high latitudes, fills them with terror. Nothing can convince them that it is not a sign of divine wrath, and they generally shriek and howl during all the most brilliant part of this phenomenon.

The Lapps are short of stature, seldom over five feet, have coarse, straight dark hair, and the men are beardless. Sore eyes are almost universal among them, caused, it is supposed, by the blinding sunlight reflected from the snow and by the smoke of their huts, for it is only in Southern or Swedish Lapland, among the fixed population, that comfortable and clean houses are found. The best of the huts of the nomad Lapps are built of flexible poles bound together at the top around a circular opening, which serves as a chimney and freely admits the rain and snow from above. This framework is covered with coarse cloth in summer, and over this cloth in winter furs are placed. The floors of these huts, which are generally only six or eight feet in diameter, are also covered with furs. On the inner walls of the tent are hung pots, wooden bowls and other household utensils. A small chest contains the trinkets and holiday apparel of the family. Near the tent a shelf or platform raised between two trees, out of the reach of dogs and wolves, serves as the larder. This is approached by a sort of ladder, and generally contains curds, cheese, milk and reindeer flesh. Some of these nomads own as many as a thousand or fifteen hundred reindeer. These are enclosed in a rude pen at night, and are milked about twice a week. The milking of the reindeer is a very exciting and picturesque scene to a traveler. As most of them are very wild, they are first caught by a sort of lasso, and then the head is fastened down to a log. Once thus secured, the milch reindeer submits to the inevitable and stands quiet while being milked. The milk is very rich, aromatic in flavor, and makes excellent cheese. As soon as the herds have cropped all the moss and grass in the vicinity of the temporary settlement, which rarely comprises more than two or three families, tents are struck, household goods packed up and a new location is sought.

The summer life of the Lapp has the charm of freedom and independence about it, but in winter he often suffers intolerable hardships. The reindeer moss, which M. d'Alviella describes as a "peculiar lichen, yellow as saffron," constitutes the only food of the reindeer in winter; and when the snow is more than three feet deep the Lapp is obliged to assist his herds by scraping away the snow with his rude and primitive implements. As may be easily imagined, this is a most laborious task. The Lapp, however, does not mind the cold. In a temperature that would freeze a Southerner even when running at full speed, if surprised by a snow-hurricane he will lie down and sleep, and when the storm is over rise, shake off the snow and stoically pursue his way.

The coast of Swedish Lapland is everywhere pierced by deep *fjords*, sometimes many miles in length, and everywhere forming immense swamps and

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marshes—the paradise of the mosquito, which breeds and swarms there to an extent inconceivable in other parts of the world. "No words of mine," says M. d'Alviella, "could describe the tortures which these vampires inflicted upon us during our day's march in the fjeld. . . . They were in actual clouds, and frequently hid the landscape from us behind a fog of black dancing spots. They felt like a close rain of needles dipped in venom." At one place on the Muonio the party adopted the mosquito armor of the country, "a sort of helmet of strong linen," with an opening for the eyes curtained by netting. "Our whole bodies," he adds, "were simple masses of blisters, and we were almost driven to follow the

LAPP FAMILY IN SUMMER COSTUME.

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example of an Englishman who, we were told, flung himself into the river, maddened by the torture of the stings." D'Alviella often speaks of the great heat in Lapland. This seems a little strange till we consider the fact that, as the sun is continually above the horizon in summer, the warmth accumulated in the soil is not radiated at night as with us. The summers are short, but the crops grow and ripen in a wonderfully rapid manner.

The great event in life of the Fjallapps

A LAPP CAMP IN THE FJELD.

is the annual trading-visit to the various winter fairs which the Swedes, Norwegians and Finns have established on the coasts here and there, or in the well-watered valleys. Many Lapps travel immense distances to attend these; and as every bargain is ratified by a full glass of brandy, the brain becomes confused, and the poor Lapp is often outrageously swindled by crafty traders. To these

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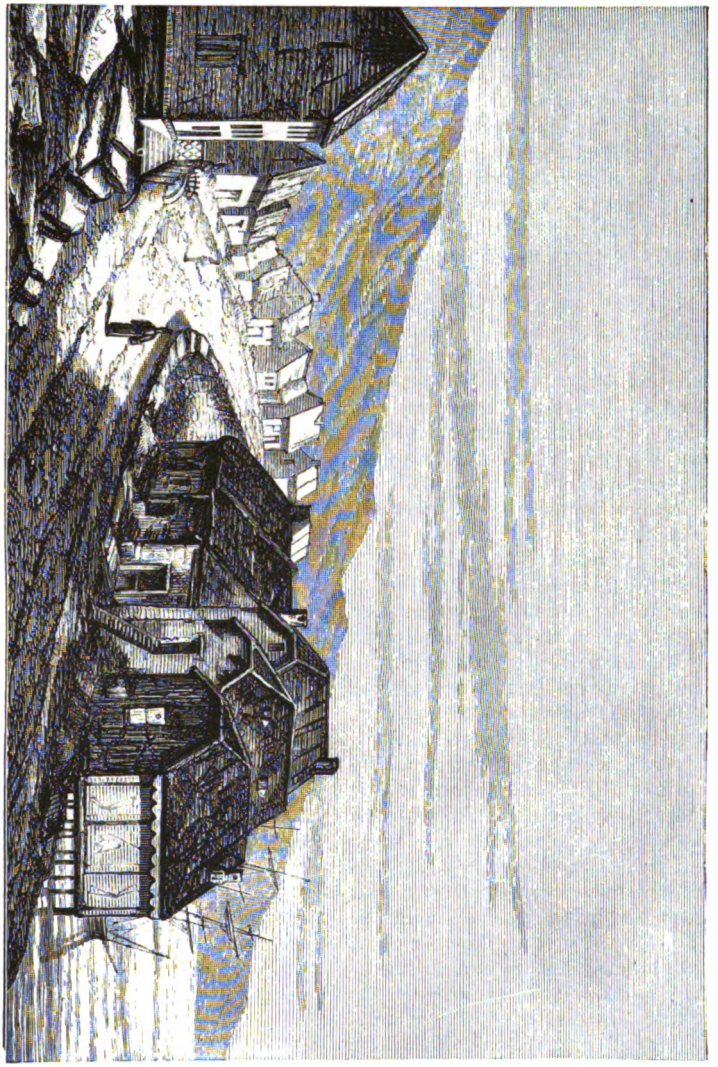
fairs he carries reindeer skins and horns, and various articles carved from the latter. In return for these his first desire is brandy and tobacco, and then knives, axes and various household utensils. The Lapps, both men and women, are great smokers, and on approaching their tents the first thing a stranger hears is a whining voice begging for "tabac" or "braëndi." This passion with them, as with the



THE HIGH STREET OF HAMMERFEST.

South Sea Islanders and all savages, is universal. The Lapp is very seldom seen without his pipe except when at his meals.

M. d'Alviella was impressed with the hospitality and the honesty which he found everywhere in the North. In Sweden the winters are a succession of festivities, and as four or five meals a day is the common custom, strangers often find the weather less trying than the hospitality of their entertainers. It

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is not surprising that the social pleasures of the table should assume a vast importance in latitudes where during the long, cold winters there is no sun, or only a few faint rays in the middle of the day. Before sitting down to the table in Sweden every guest goes to the sideboard, where he prepares his appetite for the serious business of dinner by drinking various *liqueurs* and eating a quantity of bread, butter, anchovies, caviare, cheese, etc. sufficient to satiate the strongest Southern appetite; but to the Swede these are but the prelude, like the overture of an opera. One of the dishes which passes as soup is composed of cream, sugar and green gooseberries—"excellent, but rather indigestible," says the polite Frenchman. About the cities in Sweden pleasure-gardens and casinos are common, and are mostly patronized on Sunday afternoons. Whole families are often seen seated on the ground before some rustic show, each member sucking candy-sticks with that "almost comic gravity" which seldom forsakes the Swede. M. d'Alviella mentions their "unfailing politeness." Even boys touch their hats to each other, common cartmen exchange salutations however often they meet, and no Swede enters even a shop without uncovering his head. In Lapland, general culture being less, the manners of the people are less urbane, but their hospitality is even greater. "In their eyes the stranger is a guest sent by the Lord." He also declares that they are scrupulously honest. While in many countries to steal simply to satisfy the craving of hunger is counted a light offence, "here no one would touch a crumb of that white bread which is a luxury even to the rich." Many Lapps possess no small amount of money and treasures in many forms, but their country is one where you "might die of hunger on a sack of gold." In 1867 the wealthiest people of Southern Lapland were reduced to eating bread made of bark and moss.

At Niska, on the Muonio River and in latitude 68°, M. d'Alviella was entertained by a hospitable Swedish merchant whose white two-storied house stood on a beautiful lawn. At Karesuando, still farther north, a bleak and barren place, the host lived in a pretty, comfortable house, agreeably contrasting with the miserable dwellings of the parish. Here it was difficult to obtain horses, as they are not used for farm-work or for any regular express. Karesuando did indeed own four, but as it hardly paid to feed them for the chance of their being hired by problematic travelers, they had been turned loose to browse in the forest, and they had not been seen by any one for a fortnight. However, the whole parish generously turned out, scoured the woods for them, and in four days brought them home in triumph. These secured, a man for each horse had to be hired to keep off the mosquitoes. Without this precaution the horses would have been maddened and blinded by their stings. Saddles and bridles are unknown in those regions, blankets and ropes constituting the entire equestrian accoutrement. The ground of the fjelds was so marshy and uncertain that a guide had to precede the party, sounding the soil with a long pole. Altogether, a journey across the fjelds of Lapland in summer, blinded by mosquitoes, sweltering from the heat and in constant danger of sinking into quagmires, must be something terrible.

When we consider how many millions of mosquitoes may be developed from one small pool of stagnant water, it is easy to imagine how they swarm where there are thousands of acres composed almost wholly of low, marshy land. Scientists were long unable to account for the strange manner of building of the ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland. Herodotus (book v., chap. xv.) describes those dwellings minutely, but offers no explanation. It is now summed up in one word: *mosquitoes!* The same kind of lake-dwellings is now used by the natives of the delta of the Orinoco and in the Gulf of Maracaibo, who, when asked why they build their houses out in the water, answer that it is to avoid the mosquitoes. Possibly, in former ages our ancestors were tormented by species of this insect much larger and more redoubtable than those of to-day—

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monsters bearing about the same relation to our mosquito that the plesiosaurus does to the common alligator.

Russian Lapland is a desolate region compared even with Swedish Lapland, yet the Russians have always been eager and persistent in maintaining their empire there. They have installed themselves on the numerous fjords indenting the shore, planted their flag upon the coasts,

THE ENTRANCE OF THE SATTERFJORD, NEAR BODO.

founded naval establishments for their war-fleets, and carefully protected commercial outlets for their northern provinces with that wise perseverance which is a characteristic of the policy of the nation.

"During some days of the journey over Russian Lapland," writes M. d'Alviella, "we lived as in a dream in the light of the unchanging day." It was so new and strange to see the sun continually, day after day, above the horizon. It was

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as if the travelers were emancipated from all the habits of ordinary life. All notion of time was lost. Hours and days were so blotted out of consciousness that after sixty hours there was a dispute among the members of the party whether they had been two, three or four days afloat on the river.

After a tedious journey by land and by the Alten River, the party neared the town of Kantokeino. They were very impatient to reach this place, whose luxury and general opulence had been extolled all along the route. Five thousand Lapps, it was said, lived there with their reindeer herds! A cluster of three or four miserable moss-roofed cabins near a little wooden church was at first taken for the suburbs, but proved to be the town itself. "Decidedly," says the count, "the illusion to which we had been victims since we left Haparanda was assuming proportions more and more alarming: we began to tremble for Hammerfest." The interior of one of these cabins was remarkably clean and comfortable. It was inhabited by the pastor, from whom the fact was learned that the four or five thousand Lapps only camp at Kantokeino in winter. In summer they retire with their herds to the western mountains.

The Lapp dialect and costume resemble those of the Finns, but otherwise the two races are very distinct. Finns constantly intermarry with Swedes and Norwegians, while unions even between Lapps and Finns are regarded as monstrous anomalies. Some ethnographers class the Lapps among the inferior branches of the Mongol race, and the Finns among the Caucasian. M. d'Alviella accepts this classification.

From Trondhjem, the principal town on the Norwegian coast, to Hammerfest, there is a regular steam service, which the government of Norway supports by an annual subsidy. A telegraph extends from the former town to Bodo, and is to be continued to Hammerfest, which, according to this traveler, is the most northern town on the globe. There he found all the ordinary amenities of civilization—good beds, delicious food, kind hosts and music. He heard a piano there played by a young Norwegian lady who was educated at Trondhjem and spoke French and English fluently. This piano was at that time, doubtless, the most northern one in the world, as the count declared, but there is one now on board the leading ship of the English Arctic expedition which may soon play "God Save the Queen!" at the North Pole.

After reaching the North Cape, and climbing its summit—lat. 71°, that of the magnetic pole—observing that the only vegetation there was the reindeer-lichen and a few pale clusters of the forget-me-not, the goal was reached, and the count commenced his homeward journey. Like other travelers, he repeats the fact that the sea never freezes at the *Nordkap*, owing to the Gulf Stream, which carries its equatorial warmth even among the eternal snows of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, where the "Aurora Borealis builds her luminous colonnades and her enchanted palaces in the soft blue of perpetual night." He is enthusiastic over the manners and the institutions of Scandinavia, which have "realized in a corner of the earth lost in mist and snow the ideal of a free, instructed, prosperous and religious democracy."

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SAHARA.

OF the portions of the earth's surface least explored and understood, the great African desert, El Sahara, takes a foremost rank. Until within a few years almost all the accounts that travelers have given of its arid sands, its suffocating heat, its simooms, its wonderful palm-groves covering the oases, its fleet horsemen and its caravans laden with the fabulous treasures of the East, have savored too much of the stories of the *Thousand and One Nights*. Romancers will be believed, by most people, before the careful observer and exact recorder of facts: if this were not so, the notion that Sahara is such a terribly dangerous region to cross on account of the rarity of its springs and oases would not have prevailed so long after the account of Strabo, which likens the oases to the spots upon a leopard's skin. To be sure, this is somewhat of an exaggeration, though we know at the present day that about one-third of the whole two millions of square miles of Sahara—that is, nearly seven hundred thousand square miles of its surface—constitutes fertile oases. Caravans led by experienced guides and protected by treaties against attacks of plundering Arabs and Berbers nearly always arrive at their journey's end without having undergone any other sufferings than those caused by the terrible heat by day, the extreme cold of the nights and the annoyance of sand-storms.

One of the latest accounts of travel in the Great Desert is that of the Count Goblet d'Alviella in 1873. He left Constantine, the principal town in the province of the same name, situated on the northern boundary of Algiers, and in about a week, traveling by diligence, he reached the famous gorge of El-Kantara, the *Foum-es-Sahara*, or "Mouth of the Desert," of the Arabs. The air was cool and bracing; and on entering this pass the transition was like that "from an ice-house into a furnace." The burning rays of the sun, reflected from the polished ramparts of chalk on either hand, gave a foretaste of the breath of the desert. Near the terminus of this defile is an old Roman bridge, from which the pass takes its name. Crossing this bridge, the defile widens, and the northernmost oasis of Sahara, El-Kantara, in all its glory, bursts upon the sight like a scene of Fairyland. M. d'Alviella says of it: "Not only did this first glimpse of the landscape of the Sahara surpass my own ideal vision of an oasis, but it far surpassed all the descriptions which I had ever read. I expected to see gardens—I saw a forest; and what a forest! What

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grace in the lines! What depth in the tints! What charm in the contrast of those enormous palm trees, with rugged trunks and fantastically fringed foliage, standing in ranks like the avenues of a nursery-ground, and yet as compact as the masses of a virgin forest, with the harsh and rigid perspective of endless plains and arid mountains eternally burned by the fierce sun of the desert!

THE GORGE OF EL-KANTARA.

How strange and beautiful were the hedges of cactus and groves of banana trees seen through a wide-stretching framework of red rocks!"

At El-Kantara the women so far disregard the injunctions of the Koran that they go unveiled, and even bare-headed. They, or at least the younger ones, are generally counted beautiful by travelers. Their long black hair, gracefully ar-

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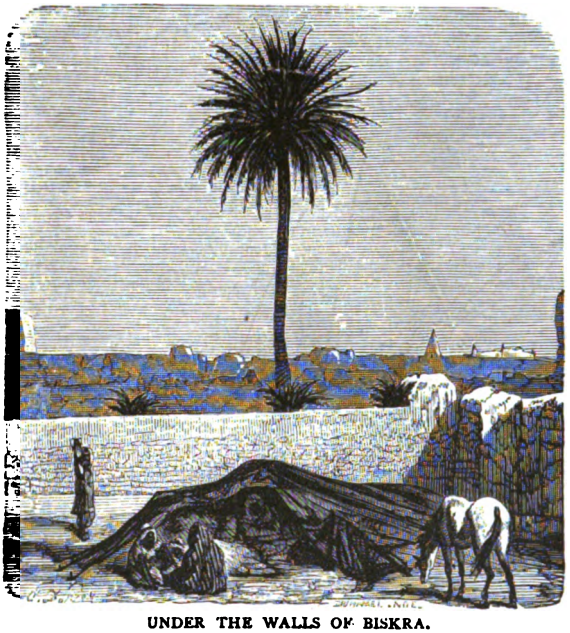
ranged, makes a fine setting for their oval faces, which are generally of a golden olive tint. Their forms are strong and supple, their eyes at once bright and languishing. The testimony to the wearing of veils by Eastern women is so universal that one is almost startled on reading what Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs says upon this point. He had superior advantages for observing, for, being a physician at the court of the sultan of Morocco, he had the entrée to the harem. He says that "veils proper are not used in Morocco or anywhere else by Mohammedan women." They simply cover their faces with their shawls or mantles. On the occasion of his first visit to the ladies of the harem, who were supposed to require medical treatment, he requested them to uncover their faces, which they refused to do. As he insisted, Mr. Camphor, the chief of the eunuchs —all of whom, he says, have very fragrant names, as Mr. Musk, Mr. Attar-of-roses, and so on—was despatched to the sultan for orders. He soon returned with this gracious answer: "Our lord says that you are only a Roumi, and but lately a dog of a Christian. The ladies need not observe any ceremony on account of you." Dr. Rohlfs had become converted to the Mussulman faith for reasons of policy, it seems. This explains the sultan's message. Thus, the doctor had opportunity of daily observing the charms of the sultan's ladies. "They were mostly very young creatures, with very full figures. Their dresses and ornaments, often rich and valuable, were covered with dirt, and some part of their clothes was generally torn. Most of them appeared to come [to the ante-room] out of curiosity to see the 'dog of a Christian.'" He adds that, although foolish and trifling, they were very friendly, and seemed to consider doctoring a very pleasant way of killing time; and had he not taken the precaution to request Mr. Camphor not to bring such and such ones after a few visits, he would soon have had the whole harem about him. He took good care not to administer any medicines, as, had one of these treasures died, he would have been placed in an awkward predicament; for the cause would have been at once fanatically attributed to the doctor.



UNDER THE WALLS OF BISKRA.

But to return to the Count Goblet's journey. Beyond El-Kantara the fantastic ruts which indicate the road are strewn for miles with round pebbles; and after leaving the defile of Sfa the last barrier to the full view of the desert is passed. The scene so much resembles the sea that the French troops on first emerging from this pass burst out in chorus, "The sea! the sea!" At evening the resemblance is striking. The vast plains, light-gray in color, blend into the semicircle of the horizon, and the oases, dark spots here and there, look exactly like distant islands upon the open

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sea. The illusion is perfected by the waves of sand at the foot of the abrupt cliffs forming the desert's northern boundary.

An hour's travel from this point brings the diligence under the walls of Biskra, or "Biskerah," as we see it on English maps. Avenues of cypress made by the European settlers lead to the plantations on this oasis. European taste has also

WOMEN OF NÄIL BATHING.

cut glades through the forests of date-palms. Among tufts of banana trees street-lamps project, and bare telegraph-poles stand out from the deep shadows of the palms. Opposite the European grocer lives the Arab merchant; the French hotel joins the Moorish café; in the streets the linen coat of the colonist or the plain uniform of the French soldier rubs against the silken haïk or bournous of the majestic, slow-moving sheik; and everywhere the contrast between

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Eastern and Western civilization is prominently displayed.

Biskra and the island of Madeira are the two places in the northern hemisphere where the heat is most uniform throughout the twenty-four hours of the day; but at the latter place the temperature at all seasons is nearly the same. At Biskra the heat, which from November to April is bearable, rises in summer to about 86° Fahrenheit, falling at night only from five to ten degrees: sleep becomes difficult, the appetite languishes and a simoom of any considerable duration causes fearful mortality. Europeans in Biskra at this season would gladly exchange their fate with the dwellers in the hottest parts of the desert, where the refreshing coolness of the nights compensates in some measure for the burning suns of mid-day. Beyond the palm-groves surrounding the European town of Biskra, the oasis yet extends far enough to embrace six native villages, whose tall minarets rising above the European roofs present a strange and incongruous sight. In one of these outer towns there is a hot sulphur spring feeding an enclosed piscina, where the Europeans bathe, and the natural basin is used by the natives, and especially by the women of Naïl. The count saw a dozen of these ladies, who by their costume, or absence of costume, reminded him of Japanese bathers. It seems that the young women of that town have an evil reputation, and that their lives outrage both Christian and Mussulman laws of propriety. They swarm in the Moorish cafés, where they amuse the loungers by dancing to the music of their tambourines and the clinking of their heavy metal ornaments. Their conduct, however, does not seem to lessen their chances of matrimony, almost all of them marrying, and living properly thereafter.

Two days were passed in the deep solitudes of Morran, undulating plains covered with pebbles and gravel-heaps torn away from the Atlas Mountains by erosion. Vegetation has never wholly disappeared from this region. On the hillocks are found thistles, artemisia, thorny mimosas and the tamarind. In almost every oasis there is a town of more or less importance, built on a hill and protected by a muddy ditch and a crenellated wall, with a bridge or two before its gates. The houses, crowded together on both sides of the narrow lanes, are built of yellow clay, cube-shaped and without either windows or chimneys. The doors are closed with a sort of hurdle or frame covered with a matting of palm-leaves. Doors of palm-boards do exist, but they are great luxuries. The cooking is done in inner courts. Of course chairs are unknown, the people eating and sleeping upon mats, according to the custom in all the East. Wherever there is a spring there an oasis is formed—a little green island, forming a grateful contrast to the barren sands surrounding it. For the most part the Sahara oases are distributed in long lines, "like beads on a necklace." This distribution is by some attributed to the moisture of air-currents; but M. Réclus and others consider it as due to subterranean watercourses following the slopes and rising here and there to the surface. These oases are *par excellence* the home of the date-palm. No less than thirty-seven varieties are found in the Mourzouk region. The date tree constitutes the wealth of the people. The fruit supplies delicious and nourishing food not only to man, but to camels, goats, horses and dogs. Goats and camels are fed upon the kernels, which are crushed for this purpose. The houses are generally built on the most barren portions of the oasis, while the more fertile soil is reserved for plantations. Under the tall palms, apricot, peach, pomegranate and orange trees are seen laden with fruit. Around the trunks of trees grapevines are trained. Barley, wheat and maize ripen under this forest of trees, and beneath all the other vegetation grasses fill up every inch of soil capable of being irrigated.

In these oases, warm and perfumed like a hothouse, you hear the croaking of frogs under the thick sedges of the pools: birds build their nests in the dense foliage, and make the air musical with their songs. Yet, as a rule, these

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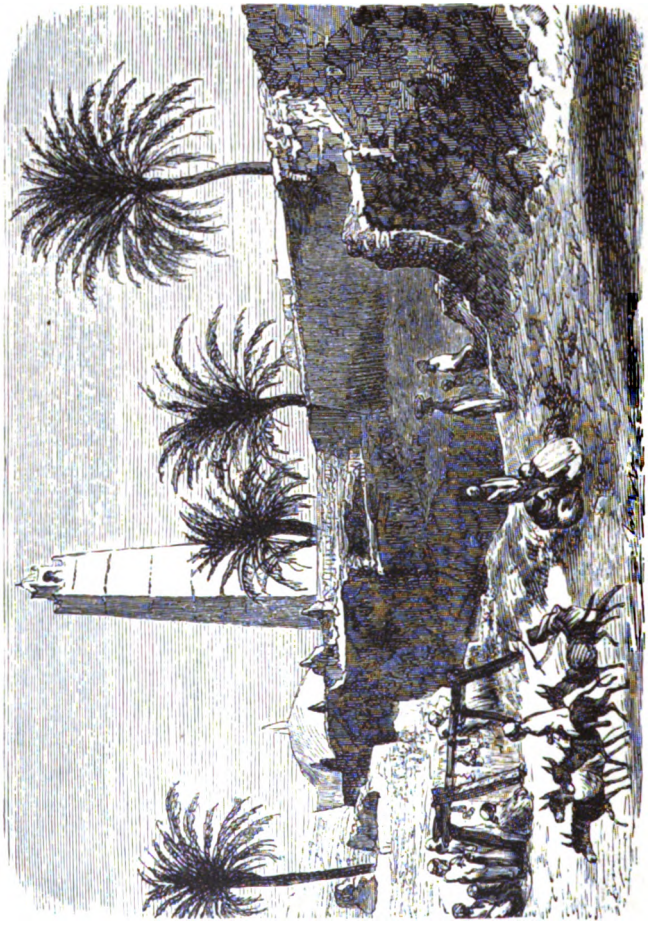
gardens are unhealthy places. Long ago this fact was known, for the Cæsars of the Lower Empire made them their Botany Bay, sending their convicts there that they might the sooner be rid of them. Doubtless they might be rendered salubrious by proper draining and attention to the decay of the luxuriant vegetable matter. The drains are so inefficient that heavy rains often wash away not only the grains and shrubs, but even the palm trees. If reservoirs could be constructed, as it is hoped they some time will be, these precious waters might be preserved and prove a blessing instead of a curse. The construction of reservoirs, moreover, would render it possible to extend the plantations, and thus avoid the too compact masses of vegetation under the palms and in the dense shade where the purifying influence of the sun's rays cannot penetrate and dissipate the miasmatic exhalations.



ENTRANCE OF A VILLAGE NEAR BISKRA.

The Arab settlements on the oases are governed by a sheik, and his rule is at once paternal and despotic. To him European travelers present letters, generally from the French commandant at Constantine, which ensure a very courteous reception. M. d'Alviella was furnished with a "circular letter" from this officer, which he gave, on nearing an

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oasis-town, to one of the horsemen of the party, who galloped off with it to the sheik; and shortly after the latter, followed by the chief inhabitants, would come out to welcome him. After many salaams and a movement as if to kiss the hand of the guest, the sheik would take the bridle and lead him within the walls and to the door of his own house; then conducting him into the principal reception-room and seating him, he would ask several courteous questions. Presently an enormous dish of *kous-kousou*, garnished with dates, would be set before him. This national dish of the Arabs consists of a large quantity of stewed mutton in a highly-seasoned, thick and yellowish broth. On first having this food placed before him without knife or fork, D'Alviella was exceedingly embarrassed. The sheik, noticing this, plunged his hand into the dish, selected the largest piece of meat, and tearing off the best parts gave them into the hand of his guest—a high honor, according to Arab etiquette. After the count had eaten, the dish was taken to his attendants or escort, who ate before the sheik and his people. Then each one wrapped himself in his bournous, and, stretching himself upon his mat, slept until daybreak.

ARAB WOMAN IN A PALANQUIN.

The testimony of travelers as to the merits of the "ship of the desert," the camel, is rather conflicting. According to Palgrave, the reputation which this animal has among Europeans for fidelity and docility is wholly unmerited, unless by "docility" we understand "stupidity." His gait is awkward, shambling, and much like a cow's. He takes no heed of his rider, but goes straight on when once set going, because too stupid to turn aside. "His only care," says this writer, "is to cross as much pasture as he possibly can; and whenever his eye catches sight of any plant, kicks and blows alone can prevent his stopping to eat it. He will never attempt to throw you off his back, such a feat being far beyond his limited comprehension; but should you fall off he goes right on, grazing as he moves, and not caring what has become of you." The trappings of camels are often rich and beautiful, and generally decorated with tassels or metal pendants. When women of the better classes travel in the desert upon camels, they are provided with gayly-painted palanquins covered on all sides and closely curtained. When the camel is to lie down to receive his burden, his driver gently pulls his bridle downward, accompanying the movement by a sound made in the throat and somewhat resembling that of a carpenter's plane. The milk of the camel is rich and agreeable in taste, but cannot, it is said, be made into butter by any process. Arab owners may become more or less attached to favorite camels, but for their horses their affection is often extravagant; and according to many authorities these gentle beasts are beyond all praise. They

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are small-sized, generally fourteen or fifteen hands high, remarkably full in the haunches, and the shoulders are elegant in shape beyond every creature of the species. They are very slightly saddle-

DESERT HORSEMEN.

backed—"just the curve," according to Mr. Palgrave, "which indicates springiness without any weakness." The head is broad, and so tapering at the nose that the animal can "drink from a pint cup," or should be able to do so to fill the Arab's ideal. His eyes are soft and intelligent, his ears small and pointed, his legs clean and well bound with sinews that seem made of hammered iron. The hoof is neat and round, the coat smooth and shiny, the tail long and thrown out in a perfect arch, the mane long but light, and the movements quick and graceful. These horses are "chestnut or gray, light bay or iron-color: white or black are less common; full bay, flea-bitten or piebald, none." The full-blooded Arabian steed is fleet of foot, and will endure twenty-four, and even forty-eight, hours of travel on the desert without food, drink or rest. He is commonly ridden without bit or bridle, but is so sensitive to the slightest movement of the knee or the thigh, to the slightest check of the halter and the voice of the rider, that there is not the least difficulty in managing him. The rider really feels himself "the man-half of a centaur, not a distinct being."

At Tamerna M. d'Alviella parted with his escort and joined the caravan which he met at that place. From this stage the real desolation of Sahara commences. The only animals seen are lizards, scorpions, horned asps, and a species of large beetle which leaves long, arabesque-like trails in the sand as it moves; the only vegetation a few tufts of *drinn* (*Arthratherum pungens*), a few shrubs of a kind of heather found also on the Peak of Teneriffe, 10,000 feet above the sea, and a little blue flower, the *Malcomia Africana* of the botanist. On the horizon everywhere are sandhills, and nothing but sandhills, scattered about like wave-crests on a troubled ocean. No caravan ever ventures into these solitudes without one or two professional guides, who lead the way on foot. These guides are called *khebirs* (noble), and are everywhere held in respect. The fate of the caravan and the life of the traveler are in the hands of the khebirs. Should they make a mistake between two chains of sandhills, or pass beyond a well or pool where the supply of water may be renewed, intolerable suffering if not death would be the result. But their vigilance and keen intelligence are scarcely ever at fault. They run here and there, dart from hol-

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low to hollow, mount the sandhills, continually gesticulating to indicate the course of the slow-moving caravan that it may avoid useless turnings and ascents, and to encourage and cheer the weary train. And yet these men, who have thus traversed the distance three times over on foot, will be perfectly con-

A SEA OF SAND.

tent, when the halting-place is reached, with a handful of dates and a mouthful of water, like the common camel-drivers.

On the second day's march of the caravan a sand-storm occurred. The horizon turned yellow, then violet; the tops of the sandhills began to smoke like volcanic cones in eruption; the south wind, laden with sand and gravel, fell in gusts upon the face, blinded the eyes, dried the throat and burned the skin. All sat motionless in their saddles, heads bent and wrapped in the bournous, abandoning themselves completely to the instinct

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of the horses, which occasionally staggered and halted, "scarcely able to stand against the semi-solid atmosphere." Yet, according to Palgrave, the Arabs laugh at our stories of sand-storms and consider them as fables. The simoom or "poisoned blast," however, they treat seriously enough. The simoom is a sort of furnace-like blast of short duration, and seldom accompanied by much sand. In the one experienced by Palgrave in Arabia he could not understand why the darkness was so great, because the atmosphere was free from sand or dust. He describes it as a stifling blast, or, to use his words, "So dark was the atmosphere and so burning the heat it seemed that hell had risen from the earth."

PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

The second day's march of the caravan after the sand-storm encountered by D'Alviella was a terrible one. All the horsemen had to dismount to save the lives of their exhausted animals. The count had himself "hoisted on the three least heavily-laden camels in succession, when the last of the three lay down and refused to rise," so that he also was obliged to walk. Four of the seven camels of the caravan had been left behind, but just at the moment when endurance seemed no longer possible the khebir announced the oasis of Tarzout, discerned on the far horizon by his practised eye, and an hour later the blessed sight of its luxuriant palm-groves revived the almost exhausted traveler. Tarzout, he says, with its multitudes of dome-roofed houses, looked absurdly like a city of gigantic beehives. When the last chain of intervening sandhills was reached a trumpet-blast sounded from the city walls behind it. "Never," says the traveler, "did music strike so deliciously upon my ears."

Tarzout is located in the district of Sahara known as the Wady-Sûf, which has a population estimated at twenty-five thousand. The cultivation of the soil in this district is upon what might be called the crater plan. The first work after selecting a suitable depression among the sand-downs is to dig one or two yards below the surface and throw the sand up into a sloping wall. On the top of the wall thus raised is constructed a hedge of palm-branches, and above this is erected a low wall of gypseous concrete. When the drifting sands outside reach the level of this rampart, another wall of the same materials is built upon its crest. And yet these basins would soon be filled with sand but for the eternal vigilance of the settler, for the Sahara sand mocks at all barriers. When it drifts over these walls into the crater-gardens it must be scooped up and "dumped" outside. This is severe toil, but only one of the many precautions necessary to success in gardening in the Wady-Sûf. When, despite every

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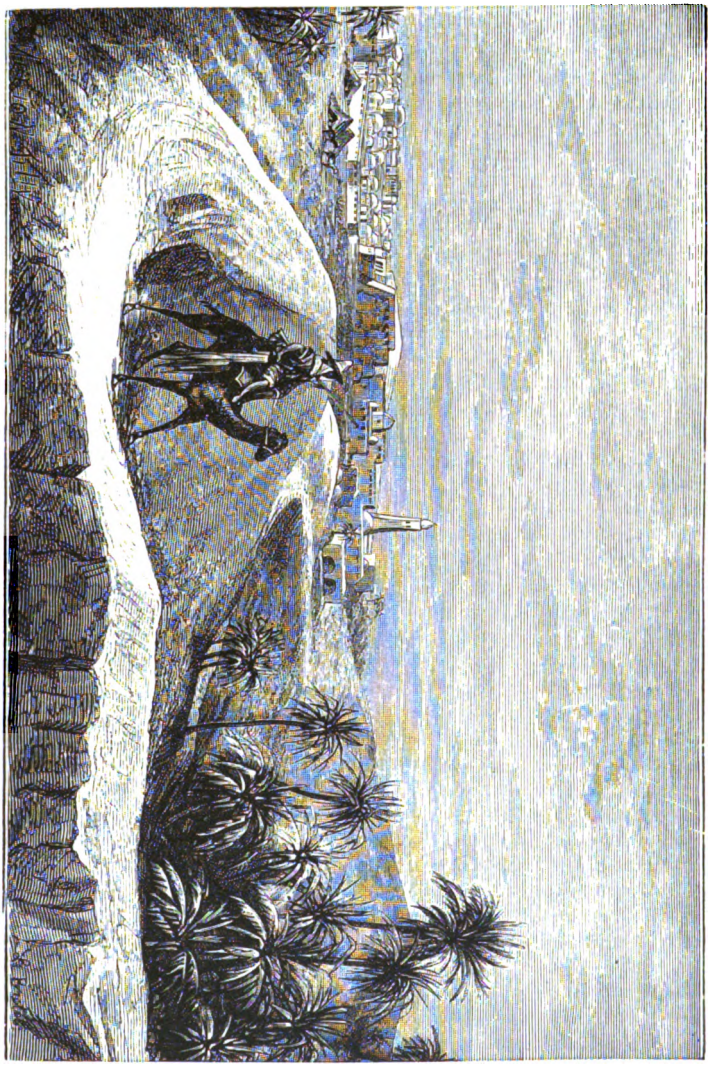
care, the palm trees show signs of withering, these gardeners have a novel way of restoring them: this is to dig around the base of the trunk and cut off the upper roots. If the tree survives this heroic treatment, it does so by throwing out new roots below those extirpated, and then it secures a new lease of life. These gardens are generally from six to fifteen feet deep and contain from five to one hundred trees.

Two-thirds of the population of Wadv-



VIEW OF EL-WAD, IN THE SANDY DESERT.

Sûf are nomads, who monopolize the raising of cattle and sheep. In summer they keep their flocks on the pasture-lands of Tunis and Tripoli. The Adouans (or Sûfs proper) and a few Jewish families make up the rest of the population. The Adouans alone practice agriculture, and notwithstanding the hard conditions of desert life the population increases faster than the means of sup-

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port, and every year many Sûfs migrate to Tunis, Tell and other places, where they become smiths, masons, merchants, etc. They seldom become citizens, however, in any true sense, and sooner or later return to the desert, for which they preserve the same attachment that the Swiss do for their mountains. When they have amassed a certain fortune they generally make a pilgrimage to Mecca to purify themselves from the taint of the infidel. Thus becoming hadjis, they add the prestige of sanctity to wealth, and, returning home, take several wives, from whose industry at the loom they profit, buy negroes, whom they hide in their cellars or send southward whenever a French column comes their way, and thus in pious idleness realize the ideal of Mussulman life. There are some four thousand looms in the Wady-Sûf, and the total value of the haïks or bournouses which they produce is estimated at six hundred thousand dollars.

Tarzout has about three hundred houses. Guemar, its neighbor, is a more important place. It has twelve mosques, four palaces, seven or eight hundred houses and a population of about five thousand. The principal *zaouïa*, or palace, is "such as we find in the descriptions of the *Thousand and One Nights*," if we may credit the statement of the Count d'Alviella. It is the residence of a division of the religious order of Tidjani, and presided over by Si-Mamar, brother of the grand marabout or head of this order, who resides at Temasin. Si-Mamar was always dressed in a rose-colored or sky-blue silken haïk, which set off to great advantage his lofty stature and dark skin. He received the traveler with distinguished courtesy, showing him over the palace, and after a light repast of dates and coffee led him upon the terrace to enjoy the prospect, "an immense perspective of domes and palm trees, with a background of sandhills in every direction. Seen from that height, Guemar and Tarzout form an unbroken line of gardens." Among the costly decorations of this palace there were European easy-chairs in the style of the last century, lustres of palm-wood, with ostrich eggs for girandoles, long piled carpets, heavily-embroidered silk cushions, and numerous rich vases of foreign manufacture.

From Guemar to the oases of Zgoum, Dbila, Bihima and others, lying south, M. d'Alviella traveled with a military column which was joined by Si-Mamar and other dignitaries. On nearing any town gray-bearded old men came out in procession to meet the general commanding the column, kissing his hand, the toe of his boot or the skirt of his tunic, exclaiming, "Health and greeting unto thee, O son of the sultan! We place ourselves and all that we possess at thy mercy," with other variations of Oriental hyperbole. The old men also kissed the saddle, the sandals and the haïk of Si-Mamar, who sat in grave state upon his richly-caparisoned horse. At Zgoum, at the hour for *diffa* (or dinner), there came out from the gates of the town a long file of women and children bearing smoking vessels of kouskousou, baskets of dates and jars of water upon their heads. The officers dined sumptuously in the only tent. A whole sheep, still hanging upon the pole upon which it had been roasted, roast fowls, hares and gazelles, with a dessert of dates, palm-heart salad, locusts grilled like shrimps, mushrooms, truffles and omelettes of ostrich eggs, composed the *menu* of that occasion. The cooking was in the French style. The repast was frequently disturbed by great tumults caused by the arrival of deputations bearing contributions or bringing petitions or prisoners to the military authority. At Bihima the reigning sheik was solemnly deposed. He was a thin, withered old man, who had been accused of taking part in insurrections which are ever recurring in the Wady-Sûf. At the words of the French general, which were translated by an interpreter, the old man was quite overcome. He trembled and grew pale, but soon recovering himself, said with what might have been a fine irony had he been acquainted with the history of France, "Long live the *court* of France! May Allah preserve its power longer than mine!" A *spahi*, or native cavalryman, then divested him of his insignia of office.

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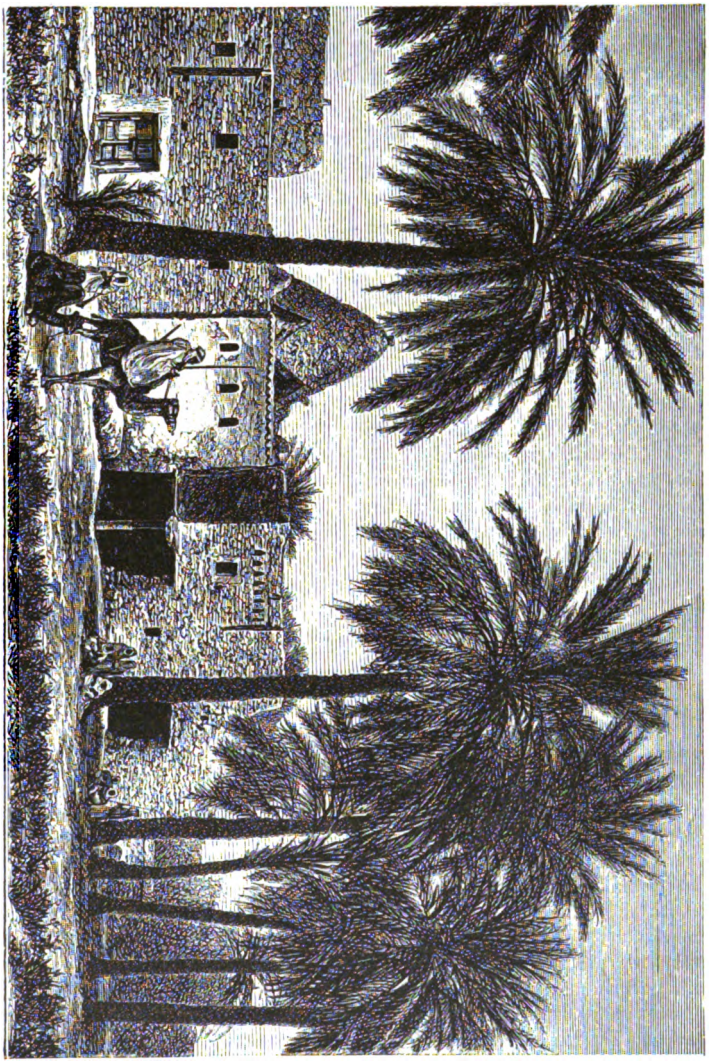
a scarlet mantle, and placed it upon the shoulders of his successor, who affected to refuse it, his eye all the while dancing with triumph and pride. The old sheik with lingering steps and bowed head then turned sadly toward his home. Ingratitude and political servility are not common to the East alone, but nowhere else do they display themselves with such brazen frankness.



ENTRANCE OF THE VAULTED STREET AT TUGGURT.

On the 27th the camp broke up, and the division returned to its head-quarters at Tarzout. "Tents were struck in a twinkling; every man was buckling on his knapsack or saddling his horse; the bleating of sheep and the neighing of horses mingled with the guttural protestations against their loads by several thousand camels: the red cloaks of the spahis as they dashed past carrying orders contrasted with the white bournouses of the camel-drivers prostrate on the sand at

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their morning prayers; here and there on the plain groups of men were warming themselves by the expiring flames of the braziers as they paled in the early glow of the dawn. At length 'boot and saddle' sounds. The *goums* start first as videttes. Then the general commanding-in-chief, with his staff and his escort of spahis; then the regiments of infantry, among which the Turks are remarkable for their martial bearing. In the centre are the ambulances and the train-mules, with two small pieces of mountain artillery. The cavalry marches on our flank, as do the camels, presenting a strangely picturesque effect as string after string of their protuberant profiles appear upon the tops of the successive sandhills."

The first halt was at Kouinin, a place of about two thousand inhabitants, built on the slope of a wide plateau bounded by great masses of sandhills. It is one of the most picturesque spots of Wady-Sûf. Its dome-roofed houses are crowded together within a stone wall pierced by three enormous gates surmounted by crenellated turrets. The following day, El-Wad, the chief town of Wady-Sûf, was reached. Its reputation for wealth and splendor is widespread throughout Sahara. Official statistics fix the population at eight or ten thousand. M. d'Alviella considers its reputation rather unmerited. This town was to have furnished the military column with fifteen hundred camels; but these not being forthcoming, the march was delayed eight days, during which only about one hundred were presented. The excuse was that the nomads had left, going toward Tunis with the camels on the approach of the military. The inhabitants were thereupon informed that they would have "to defray all the expenses of the troops until the stipulated number of camels was made up, and to pay a large fine for every day's delay." This gives some notion of the iron rule of the French in Algiers. The inhabitants of El-Wad, on learning these hard conditions, despatched messengers in search of the nomads, but without success.

From El-Wad to Tuggurt the journey occupied four days. The route is over unbroken lines of sandhills, often so steep and so yielding beneath the camels' feet that they could not advance until their drivers had made a sort of road with their sticks. Several times the caravan crossed dried-up *wadys* (streams), whose beds were dense thickets of the plants already noted. The water of these wadys lies within a few feet of the surface, which accounts for the luxuriant growth of the vegetation. There is a tradition that streams of water once flowed through these places, but that the Christians, retreating before Islamism, placed a spell upon the waters and shut them all underground. Many interpret the legend spiritually rather than literally; but Duveyrier and others accept the theory that a river — possibly the Niger of ancient geographers — once flowed through this region.

Toward noon of the third day after leaving El-Wad the caravan arrived at the oasis Taïbet-el-Gueblia, the only inhabited one upon the route. Si-Mamar had, without the knowledge of the count, despatched a runner to the marabout informing him of the caravan's departure; and scarcely had the tents been pitched under the walls of Taïbet when a procession came out bearing jars of milk, dates, hot kouskousou, two fowls and a gazelle. All were thankfully accepted except the last, which was considered too beautiful to be eaten. After this stage the sandhills decreased gradually in size and number: the final one being climbed, Tuggurt with its four hundred thousand palm trees burst upon the sight. In the centre of this marvelous forest is a circular opening through which appeared the minarets of the city before any other portion came into view. The houses of this town, which is almost a perfect circle in form, are mostly built of baked clay, but the mosque, the *kasbah*, or palace, and some of the houses of the rich families are of rough stone cemented with plaster. The outer wall, flanked by spacious towers, is some ten feet high and surrounded by a muddy ditch. The sands accumulate in great banks on its outer edge. A large part

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of its inhabitants are converted Jews, who occupy a special quarter of the town, as do the free negroes. All the trade is centred in the "morning market," outside the walls, and the "evening market," occupying a wide square in the centre of the town. In the same square stands the famous mosque built

INTERIOR OF AN OASIS: TAPPING A PALM.

by a merchant of Tunis, who sent its white marble pillars all the way from that city on the backs of camels. The count's tent was pitched in the court of the kasbah, formerly the palace of the sultans, but now in a dilapidated condition, and divested of all ornament save a Masonic symbol made of palm-branches by some passing military occupant. On the day following his arrival at Tug-

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gurt, D'Alviella visited the interior of the oasis. The luxuriance of the vegetation was such as he had never beheld. Under the giant palms and in the shade of their plumy heads were growing water-melons, beans, carrots, cabbages, grass for cattle and other vegetation. The yield of the date tree is at least twenty-six pounds annually. Its fibres are made into ropes, mats and baskets; the trunk supplies props for terraces and wells. Palm wine, a fermented drink highly esteemed in the desert, is made of the milky juice drawn from the top of the tree when it becomes old. Getting this juice is rather a difficult operation, effected by climbing to the very top of the tree, making an incision, inserting a reed, collecting the sap in a jar and then lowering the jar to the ground by a rope.

The water-supply of the oases of Sahara has puzzled many a traveler. Generally it is believed that it is due to rains that sink into the basin of the desert in the Touaregs Mountains, and also in the Atlas chain, and being arrested by solid clay-beds form underground watercourses that feed the natural springs and the artesian wells. This theory accounts for the springs found on the tops of conical hills, the hills being formed gradually by the falling away of the sand from the ascending water. The natives from time immemorial have made rude artesian wells, but since the introduction of the improved boring implements of the French these have been multiplied. They are of different depths, varying from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty feet, and some of them yield over eight hundred gallons a minute — one hundred and fifty gallons more than the famous artesian well at Grenoble.

The last oasis of importance visited by M. d'Alviella before returning to Constantine was Temasin, said to have been joined to Tuggurt in former times by a continuous forest of palm trees where now are found only lagoons and chains of sandhills. Temasin is surrounded by gardens and enclosed by a rectangular wall. In front is a pretty oval lake whose blue water reflects the flourishing vegetation upon its borders. The *zaouïa*, or monastery, of the famous religious order of Tidjani, is outside the city. "Seen from without, it is an imposing fortress, whose lofty buildings are grouped beneath a central dome and sheltered by a double crenellated enclosure." The grand marabout, being prepared for the visit of M. d'Alviella by his brother, Si-Mamar, came down in person and conducted his guests into a reception-room, where boiling coffee was presented in cups of French china. The communities of this order, which extends throughout all the Mussulman world, have a double object—that of organizing mutual assistance on the principle of religious fraternity, and that of maintaining the integrity of the Mohammedan faith in Eastern society. Their resources are derived wholly from pious foundations and voluntary gifts, which, if the official reports are to be credited, surpass, in certain districts, the whole amount of taxes paid to the state. They operate by religious ceremonies, by the preaching of the priests or marabouts, by the teaching of the *tolbas* (scribes or clerks), the practice of charity, the distribution of amulets, and even by the fabrication of miracles. They wield an enormous influence, owing to the extent of their ramifications, and their power has increased since the French conquest. The latter fact is easily explained when we consider how strong are the ties that bind civil to religious society in all the Mohammedan countries. "Deprived of their political independence by the French ascendency in Northern Africa, the natives eagerly turned toward associations which were in their eyes symbols of the resistance of the Mussulman element to infidel rule. On the other hand, these associations provided the malcontents, like the fanatics, with a weapon all the more powerful for being formed of secret societies on the principle of implicit obedience to the supreme head of the order." The Tidjani have their secret passwords and signs of recognition, and constitute a hierarchy extending from the grand master or caliph to subaltern agents, messengers, standard-bearers, etc. At their general assemblies they initiate candidates with solemn

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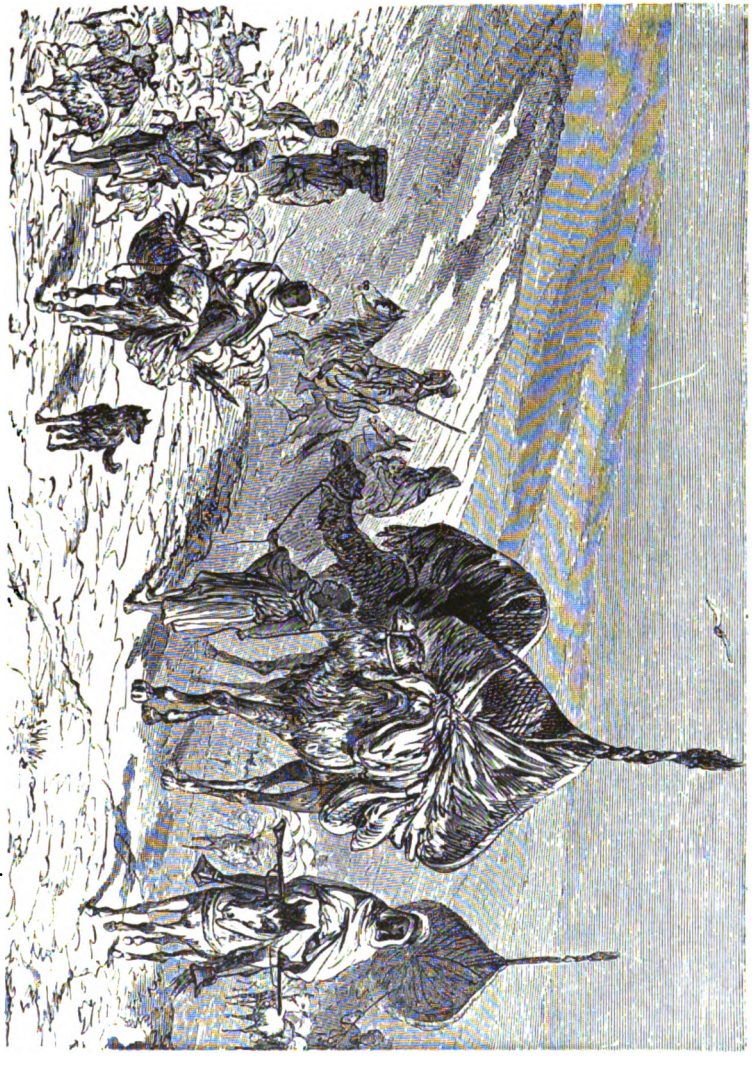
ceremonies and mystic forms. The candidate, being properly presented, is interrogated by the sheik in due form, the secret work is communicated to him, he is invested with the symbolical girdle, seated upon a carpet, furnished with a certain repast, and then he receives the diploma or guarantee that he is a brother of the order. From that moment he becomes the slave of the order or of his



A TRIBE ON THE MARCH

superiors—a *thing*, "like unto a corpse in the hands of the washer of the dead, who turns it about at his pleasure." The stories of the Old Man of the Mountain and his fanatical haschish-eating followers recounted by Marco Polo are scarcely more incredible than the accounts of the obedience of the brothers of the order of Tidjani. The fortunes of the last three *sherifs*, obscure impostors, unknown one day and the next appearing as leaders of a formidable insurrection,

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are attributed to the workings of this order.

The Tidjani do not take vows either of poverty or celibacy; consequently, they amass riches and practice polygamy under the sanction of their religion, like all the followers of the Prophet. The fairest women of the various parts of Sahara, and, it is said, several European women, grace the harems of the chiefs of the order. The beauty of European women is ranked high, at least among the Moors, for they believe "that in Paradise, instead of black-eyed houris, they will be blessed with the companionship of *blue-eyed, golden-haired English girls.*"

In the palace of the grand marabout at Temasin the corners of the principal reception-room are filled with every species of pottery, from the finest egg-shell china to the coarsest European ware. Never, even in the fashionable houses of his own country, had the count "seen a more heterogeneous collection." Globes of silvered glass, such as the French hang in their gardens, served as lids for soup-plates of white delf; sets of rare Sèvres china were displayed on the coarsest pottery trays; vases of Bohemian crystal competed with public-house mugs; a common kitchen clock stood by the side of a fine chronometer, the gift of a French general. In one room was displayed a fine barouche presented by the bey of Tunis, who sent this useless present in separate pieces on the backs of camels.

With regard to the future of Sahara, travelers and writers differ widely. M. d'Alviella believes that the nomadic tribes who migrate with their flocks northward every year to escape the heats of summer will disappear "when the inevitable progress of colonization shall have closed the mountainous region of Algeria between the Mediterranean and the Atlas Mountains against their periodical migrations." Faidherbe, in his *Revue Maritime*, declares that rain is becoming more and more rare in Sahara, that the native races are becoming extinct, and that soon the crossing of the desert by caravans will be a tradition of the past; that the wells will be filled up, the palm-groves die out, the cities disappear, and the Great Desert become the theatre of a few ostrich-hunters and date-growers, established in the oases nearest to fertile regions. Others, however, believe that as there can be no cheap and practical outlet for the productions of the rich districts of the Soudan through the sea, its natural communication with the Mediterranean is across Sahara, which will in time, through the extension of European enterprise and colonization, be covered with scientifically cultivated oases, flourishing towns and railways. Of course, it is supposed that the climate will be modified and improved by the genius of man, as it has been in Egypt. On the other hand, a project has been recently started for converting the Great Desert into an inland sea, by removing the sandy barrier that separates the Atlantic Ocean from the vast internal depression which is supposed to have been originally covered by its waters. Much ridicule has been cast upon this scheme, which seems, however, not more chimerical than some of the objections that have been raised to it. One of these is that if carried out it would have a disastrous effect on the climate of Europe, which, it is contended, owes its present mildness to the drying up of the sea that once occupied the Sahara, the hot winds generated on the large expanse of sand having caused the retreat of the ice and snow to the higher portions of the mountains. If, therefore, the desert were inundated, the snow-line, we are told, would eventually return to its ancient limits, considerable portions of Italy, Spain, France and Switzerland would be enveloped in perpetual snow, and the Rhine, Danube and other rivers would be changed into great glaciers. This, it must be confessed, would be a heavy price to pay for securing direct and easy communication with Timbuctoo. It is comforting to reflect that the mere pecuniary cost of the undertaking must be sufficiently great to prevent capitalists from engaging in it until it has been considered in all its bearings.

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